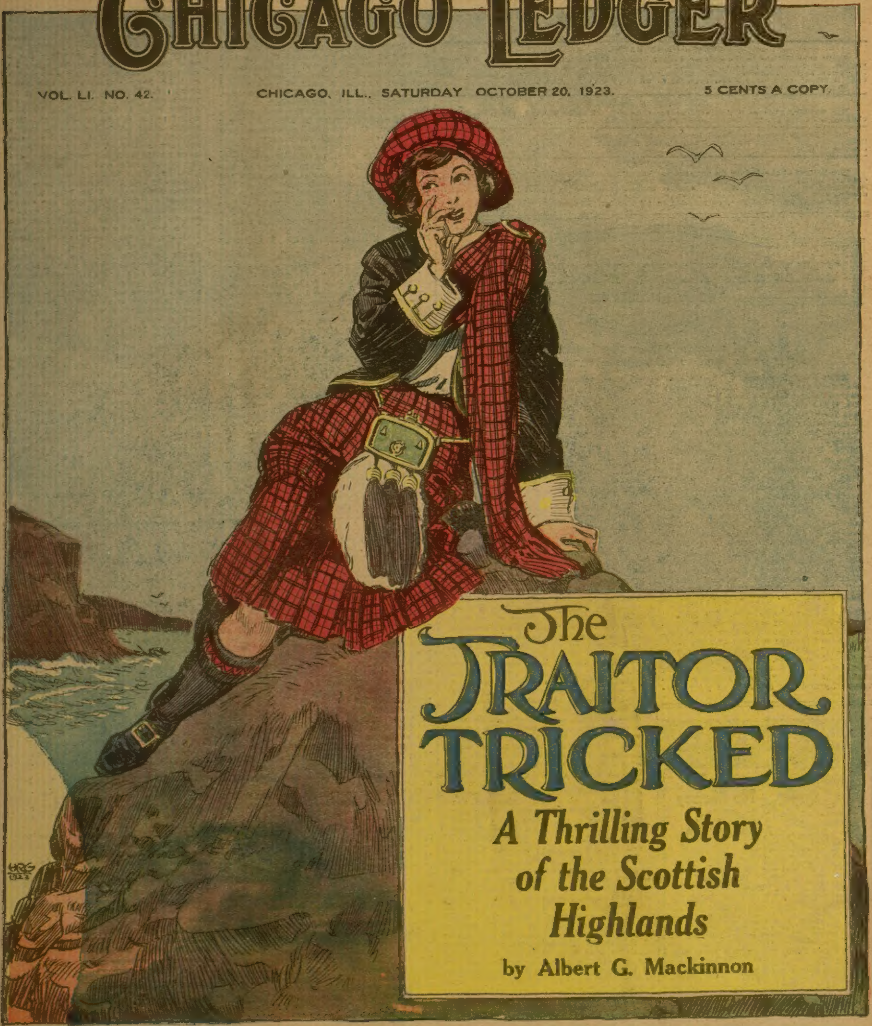
BEST SHORT STORIES COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. LI. NO. 42. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY OCTOBER 20, 1923. 5 CENTS A COPY.



The TRAITOR TRICKED

A Thrilling Story of the Scottish Highlands

by Albert G. Mackinnon

One of the strongest detective stories to be published this year, will appear in next week's Ledger. It is by Mona Cangi and it has all the elements which go to make an absorbing tale. You'll like the mystery, the action and the love story. Be sure to read

The Beggar's Coin

Another Red Letter Story, complete in the next issue, is The Black Witch's Staff, by Albert G. Mackinnon.

Sure Relief
FOR INDIGESTION

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1923, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

VOL. LI. OCTOBER 20, 1923. NO. 42.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $3.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

All rights in stories purchased by the Ledger revert to the author following their publication by us. All persons are warned against repriating them without first obtaining the consent of the author.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editors of the Ledger do not consider handwritten manuscripts. They purchase jokes, drawings and poems only by special arrangement with professional writers and artists. It is assumed by the Editors that manuscripts unaccompanied by stamped addressed envelope are not desired returned by their writers.

No articles are purchased; only fiction in all lengths. Payment is made on acceptance.

TELL ME YOUR PROBLEM

PEGGY PARSONS

A word of counsel when the heart is in it May clear a year of trouble in a minute.

Dear Miss Parsons: I have been married four years and have one sweet baby girl almost 3 years old. In those four years my husband hasn't lived with me nine months. He cares nothing for the baby nor me. I have the friendship and love of a very good man whom I dearly love. I haven't the money to obtain a divorce from my husband so I stay with my parents and work and keep my baby. Her father supports neither of us. Is it wrong to accept money or aid from this man who says he loves me and my child? I don't know, and I'm anxious to do right for my baby's sake as her father has done her wrong. I am 19 years old. I have gray eyes, fair complexion, dark bobbed hair. Should I give this man up? If I do, it will break my heart, for I love him better than my life, yet for my baby's sake I want a father for her. FRENCHIE.

Yours is a pathetic case. No doubt it is the outcome of a very young marriage. Are you positive that your husband does not care for you and his little daughter? Be sure of this before you think of divorce. When you have definitely decided upon this and think that it is the only way to better matters, why not ask the help of your parents with whom you make your home? It isn't right for you to accept money from this man unless it is understood to be a business loan. Do your parents know that you have accepted or expect to accept money from him? Perhaps they could assist you in your financial matter until you are better able to earn more. Be patient and be mighty sure before you take any steps toward divorce. Does your husband know that you need help? Let me hear from you again some time?

Spectacles FREE!

On Trial

Send No Money

I Will Not Accept a Single Penny Until You are Satisfied

I guarantee a perfect fit or will make no charge whatever. I have convinced over 200,000 men and women that my large "True Vision" glasses with handsome shell rims, are the finest and most durable spectacles to be had. I want to send you a pair at my own risk, without one penny in advance. These splendid glasses will enable you to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, see far or near. They will protect your eyes, preventing eye strain and headache. All I ask is that you send me your name, address and age.

Don't Send a Penny I Trust YOU I know that these finely ground glasses will give you such "True Vision" and splendid satisfaction that I insist on sending them on FREE TRIAL, so you can see what a remarkable bargain I offer. When they arrive, put them on and see with what ease and comfort they will enable you to read, work and sew, see clearly at a distance or close up, by daylight or lamplight.

If after wearing them 10 days and nights you are delighted with them and think them equal to spectacles selling elsewhere at $15.00, send only $3.98, otherwise return them and there will be no charge. Try them NOW—They are SENT FREE. They will come packed in a beautiful gold-lettered spectacle case. Try them for 10 full days at my risk and expense. Send the coupon now. Send no money.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

RITHOLZ SPECTACLE CO.

Dept. 0W40, 1462-64-66 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me a pair of your spectacles on 10-day FREE TRIAL. If I like them I will pay $3.98. If not I will return them and there will be no charge.

Name.................................... Age.......

Post Office..

Street and No.......................................

Box No............R. F. D.........State..........

—

My Dear Miss Parsons: I am a girl 17 years old and am considered good looking. I have been going with a boy since last Christmas. I have found myself very much in love with him. Sometimes I think he loves me and sometimes I think he doesn't. He gets mad if I refuse to let him kiss me when he wants to and he doesn't have very much respect for me. He also insists upon my doing wrong, but I love him too much to think of giving him up. He has told me many times he wasn't coming to see me again, and the very next day he would come back and say he couldn't stay away, and then tells me he loves me better than any one else on earth. He told me he didn't want to marry, but that he just couldn't stop coming, and lots of people say things about me that are not true. Miss Parsons, please help me in my love affairs. The boy is 20 years old, has dark brown eyes and black hair. Please help me find some way to make him respect me without his stopping. I could never stand it if he should quit. What do you think best for me to do? Please tell me how to act to catch a real nice boy or to get one to love you. Also tell me how to make fingernails that are picked far down, grow back. What must one do to have white hands and red lips? BILL.

My dear, how could you let yourself fall in love with a young man whom you know does not respect you? Surely you do not believe he loves you when he shows no respect for you. Perhaps his constant calling upon you is due to your good company. Do not be so sure you cannot give up this young man, when you know he wants you to do wrong. It is much better for you to forget one of this type. A young man who is very much in love with a girl is very eager for her to be a good, wholesome one of whom he can be proud. Will power is the best remedy for fingernails that are picked far down. No doubt you are somewhat nervous and unconsciously pick at your nails. About the only cure I know for this is will power and plenty of it. They will grow in rapidly if you keep your hands in your lap when they are idle. Quinine or some other bitter application would be a good reminder. Red lips are obtained by keeping the body clean from impurities. If your system is kept in the proper condition your lips will become a brighter color. Lemon juice is an excellent bleach for the hands.

—

Dear Miss Parsons: Is there any way to restore dark brown hair back to its natural color after having bleached it with peroxide? BROWN EYES.

If you discontinue the use of peroxide on your hair it will gradually return to its natural color. It will help to shampoo the hair frequently and massage the scalp to increase the flow of the natural oil in your hair.

—

My Dear Miss Parsons: Will you please help me out? Here is my question: I am a real good looking girl and would you tell me how I can have long eyelashes and have them turn up at the ends? I have a few blackheads; how may I get rid of them? May I come again? BABE BEAUTY.

If it were an easy matter to have long, curling eyelashes I am sure there would be very few of us not attempting to beautify our eyes. But, if Nature hasn't supplied us with a pair of such lashes it is a task to create them ourselves. However, if you apply vaseline at night they may become heavier and silkier, and by shaping them to curl with your forefinger and thumb whenever you have an opportunity they may be inclined to curl in an attractive manner. To rid your skin of blackheads it is first necessary to thoroly cleanse the skin with a good facial soap, then rid your body of all impurities by eating plenty of fruit and drinking at least six glasses of water daily and avoiding any rich pastries and candies. Try this for awhile and see if the blackheads do not disappear within a short time. I shall be glad to have you write as often as you wish.

—

Dear Madam: Being a steady reader of the Chicago Ledger for the last two years I come to you to give me the answer to my problem as follows: My father sued a man for a store bill and got judgment for it. While dad was away this man paid me part of the account after being served with the papers by the bailiff, and received my receipt for the amount paid. Later on he paid over the balance, but I said that if he had been crooked he could have gone to law and they would have awarded him the decision that by accepting part of the account I accepted a full payment; but dad thinks otherwise. Therefore I ask you to kindly answer thru the Ledger the law for such a case in the Province of Ontario, as we often meet many problems like these and would not like to lose money by not knowing the answer to such a simple problem. M. R.

As you state your case, it seems to me that the man owing your father the money would have to pay the entire amount due, even tho part of it was accepted, but not knowing the laws of the Province of Ontario I am unable to enlighten you on this subject. It is better that an attorney who studies and knows these laws, settle your problem.

—

Dear Miss Parsons: We are two cousins and would like for you to help us just a little as we are in doubt of our sweethearts. I (Mary) am 20 years old. I am going with a man 25 years my senior. He seems to love me dearly and has asked me to be his bride and promises me a nice home. But, Miss Parsons, he does not come to see me very often and he lives only about one mile from me. There is a young man 25 years old and I like him so much better than I do John, but he has never asked me to be his wife. He comes more often than John and I cannot help but feel that he loves me much better. I (Ruth) have been going with a man 32 years old for three years and am engaged to him, but have met a young man 20 years old and I feel that I love him much more than I do Bill, who is mad at me for going with the other young man. Altho he has not asked me to be his wife I feel that he loves me dearly and will ask me. But, there is another girl with whom he sometimes goes, but I do not think he loves her. Do you think he will give her up for me? I am 18 years old and the other girl is 14. This other young man is all I could dream him to be, while Bill is drunk most all the time and I feel that our married life would be an unhappy one. Must I break my engagement with him? TWO UNDECIDED COUSINS.

I am sure you do not mean that the man to whom you refer is twenty-five years your senior. Isn't he 20 years old, and not twenty-five years older? That would be a terrible difference in your ages. To you both, do not consider marriage to either of your fiances unless you are truthfully in love with them. No marriage is happy unless there is love and lots of it, and when you are undecided in the least it is much better to forget it completely. Ruth, I am unable to tell you whether or not your new acquaintance will give up the younger girl for you. If he really cares for you he will give up all of them for you. Be sure before either of you make up your minds definitely.

* * *

Horse Thieves Around

By C. E. Lewis

"FATHER, the horses are gone!"

Miss May Watkins came in from the barnyard just as breakfast was ready, and brought with her a pail of milk.

"Gone? Are our horses gone?" cried Mr. Watkins, with his hands upraised. "Why, girl, you must be blind! There are no horse thieves around this town and nobody would steal our horses."

"But, father, I tell you they are gone!" protested Miss May. "I have looked everywhere for them and I can't see hide nor hair of them."

"But they must have got out," said the old man.

"Yes, they must have," agreed Miss May, "but they have had some outside help. I am positive they were stolen. You had better go and get the sheriff at once."

It was a very meagre breakfast Mr. Watkins sat down to, for he was in a great hurry to get away. The sheriff, with a young man, lived over at Charlotte, nine miles away, and there was lots of walking to be done to reach him.

Mr. Watkins arrived, to be told that the sheriff was absent, as he had gone to another part of the country on business and was expected back about 4 o'clock.

He did not arrive, but there was no great anxiety until a late hour, and then nobody knew where to look for him. He had left Charlotte about 4 o'clock and was last seen coming thru the woods to shorten the distance.

By taking a short cut thru the woods the sheriff could shorten the distance by three miles and could not expect any adventures. He had one, however. He had gone about a mile and a half, when two strange men jumped out at him and to his surprise, the men said:

"So you are after us, are you?"

"I am on my way home," said the sheriff, taking notice that the men were hard-looking cases.

"Well, you may get there in a week's time," laughed one of the men who was doing most of the talking. "We are sorry to detain you, but we must do it. We are going to bind you with these ropes, and if you open your mouth we will use clubs."

"But what's the idea?" asked the constable.

"Never mind, but do as we tell you!"

The sheriff could hardly believe that two men would attack him that way, as the country was a very peaceful one. He thought it best, however, to obey what they said and to take his revenge at the right time. The two men securely bound him and he was taken to an old torn-down shanty a few rods away. It was a house that the woodchoppers sometimes used for shelter and there was straw in it to make a good bed.

The sheriff was ordered to sit down and make himself at home, and that if he even thought of getting away he would be disappointed. When night came he was told he would have to stay there, and he leaned up against the building and got a few winks of sleep. What the men were going to do he could not tell until midnight, when they had a whispered conversation, and one went out while the other stayed awake to watch.

The fellow was gone about two hours, and when he came back he had Mr. Watkins' horses. He was riding one and leading the other.

"Horse thieves, eh?" said the sheriff to himself. "Well, they don"t know much about these woods or they would not have ambushed me. A hundred people pass this way tomorrow and they will give me help."

It was known next day that something had happened to the sheriff. Something had happened, as we know. He did not fight against the men who captured him because he thought of another way.

When the day had fully dawned one of the men went out to break wood for the breakfast and brought back some

(Concluded on Page 9.)

GOODYEAR RAINCOAT FREE

Goodyear Mfg. Co., 3119-R Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. If you want one, write today.—Adv.

* * *

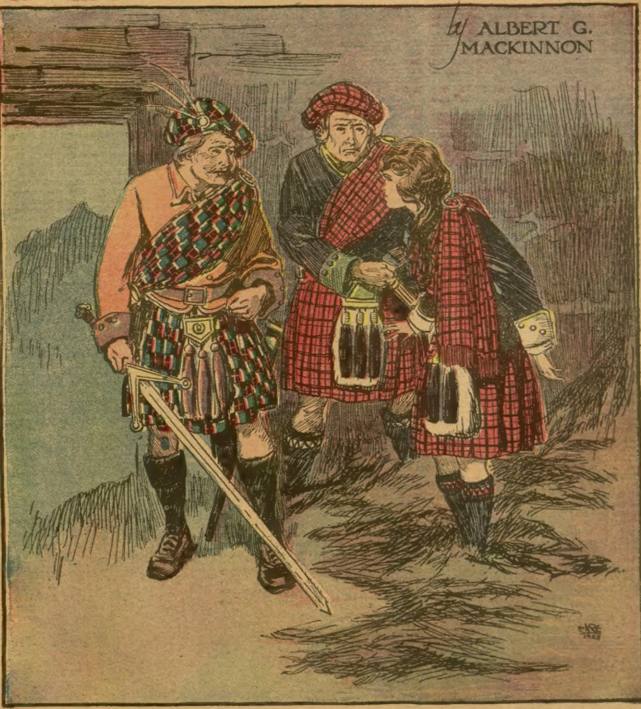
STOP WHISKEY

An Odorless and Tasteless Treatment.

Any lady can give it secretly at home in tea coffee or food, and it costs nothing to try! If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of whiskey, beer or wine, send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines Co., 1006 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you absolutely free, in plain wrapper, a trial package of this wonderful treatment. Write today and be thankful all your life.—Adv.

The TRAITOR TRICKED

by ALBERT G. MACKINNON



With a Cry Mary Macdonald Suddenly Sprang to Her Feet, and With Blazing Eyes Faced the Two Men.

I.

THE WAITING GAME.

A SPIRIT of mischief possessed Mary Macdonald for the moment as she glanced roguishly at the big Highlander who was standing awkwardly in front of her. She little realized that beneath the uncouth exterior of the man was hidden a veritable magazine of explosive passion.

"Your argument is just six feet two inches long, Donald, and with a breadth to match," she laughed. "I suppose that is considered quite sufficient for girls who have never lived outside of Mull. You would make just a splendid husband for your clanswoman, Susan Mackinnon. She would worship every inch of you; but I am different. If your growth had gone to brains instead of body I would have admired you more. Really you and I would get thru in half an hour all we could talk about, and then we would have to be silent the rest of our lives or go on repeating ourselves, which would be foolish."

"It all comes of your father sending you to Edinburgh to be educated. What's the good of learning if you have to live in Mull all your days!" retorted her companion in Gaelic, the only language he knew. "A strong arm for the claymore is what a lass should look for in the man who woos her, and you know how many——"

"O dear, yes," interrupted the girl, "all the people you have killed, if they had you in Edinburgh they would have hanged you long ago. You are a bonnie fighter I don't doubt, but scalps have no attraction for me."

"Mull is not Edinburgh, and you will soon find that out. A woman here must choose the man who can defend her. So you had better leave all your pretty notions behind you, and take the hand that alone in Mull can protect you."

The big fellow's voice became husky with emotion, as he laid hold of her arm in passionate entreaty.

"The only hand!" she exclaimed with a laugh, shaking herself free from his grip. "What would the Chief say to that?"

The words leapt from her lips before she had time to think, and next instant she could have bitten her tongue out for uttering them. A scowl passed over Big Donald's face, and the dark eyes lit up with the flash of jealousy.

"The Mackinnon?" he sneered. "He is Chief just as long as I choose. Make love to him if you like, lass; but it will be tying a cord round his neck. If he thwarts Big Donald he has not the arm that can protect himself, let alone another."

"You think too much of your six feet," she retorted, "and forget yourself. The Chief knows how to deal with rebellious clansmen."

She tried to cow him with her glance, for secretly his mood made her uneasy. She knew that the only way to handle a man of his nature was by bullying him, and she regretted now that she had roused his anger and had thoughtlessly turned it against the Chief.

"You would wed a title; but it will be an empty one before you win it," he sneered as he turned on his heel, and the evil look in his eye haunted the girl as she stood watching his bulky figure moving up the glen.

"He is plotting mischief," she said to herself, "and I must warn Ronald so that he must be on his guard. The worst is, he is as conceited in his own way as Big Donald, and as sure of himself. Besides, he is so generous-minded that he would never suspect a clansman."

The girl hesitated for a few minutes what she should do.

"I cannot go up to the Castle and seek an interview," she said with a maidenly blush at the very thought. "Such an act would be misunderstood. As soon as the Chief knows that I am back from Edinburgh he will come and see me I know; but that might not be for days, and I must tell him of his danger. If I sent a message he would only laugh at my fears. Let me see—did I not hear that he was hunting on the hill today? Yes, he will be somewhere up in those woods, but where? One might as well search for a needle in a haystack."

Then her eyes rested on the wide expanse of sand in the bay beneath. The tide was far back. Some rocks stood prominently out about a quarter of a mile from the shore. They were bare at that moment, but in a short time the incoming tide would surround them.

"I remember that danger trap. Many a person has been drowned there before now. Still it is worth the risk. If he is anywhere in the woods and I am out there he is sure to see me sooner or later, and come to my rescue. What a surprise he'll get when he finds that it is all a woman's plot!"

Quickly she descended to the beach, and walked out over the wet sand toward the rocks. Then she seated herself on the highest of them, and, facing the sea, pretended to be unconscious of the stealthy waters which were racing in behind her and cutting off all retreat. Soon the yellow sand gave place to the rippling waves, for she felt sure that somewhere in the woods the man she loved was roaming, and that before long he must perceive her danger.

At last she heard a shout and the splash of an oar. It was no complimentary expression the young Chief had used when he sighted the girl on the rocks.

"That mad woman down there has cost me the finest boar of the season," he muttered to himself as he gazed in anger at the fluttering skirt. "It would serve her right to leave her to her fate, but I suppose I must bring her off."

In a grumbling mood he descended to the shore, and launching a punt which lay there rowed out to the rocks. His back being toward Miss Macdonald he did not recognize her.

"Jump in," he called over his shoulder. "I really wondered if such a silly person as you was worth the saving."

"Not sillier than yourself," came the answer with a merry laugh, "and as it is I who am doing the saving I am beginning to think that your poor gratitude is not worth the pains I have taken."

At the sound of the voice young Ronald had sprung to his feet, and now faced the speaker with a look of astonishment.

"Mary! Wherever have you dropped from?"

"From Skye, the home of the angels," she answered with a roguish gleam in her eyes.

"But I thought you were in Edinburgh."

"Yes, but my uncle, Lord Macdonald, happened to be there on business and brought me back to his home last week, and yesterday I came over from Broadford. I have finished my education. You have no idea of all the learning that has been crammed into this poor head."

"And left no room for wisdom," interrupted the young man, "or else I would not have found you in such an insane plight."

"For which your stupidity is responsible," she added.

"Goodness! I don't see how I am to blame, when I thought you were hundreds of miles away. You women jump at such absurd conclusions."

"Whose connecting links of argument you have not the sense to see. Despite all your density I am really the rescuer and you are the headless one who has gone to sleep on the rocks while your enemies are secretly plotting your destruction."

"Well, if you stand there talking your feet will soon be wet with the tide. I capitulate. I admit my inability to argue with a woman of such learning." As he spoke he held out his hand; but she drew back.

"Capitulation is not conviction," she answered, "and a woman is not satisfied with anything else. I will not budge an inch until you are made to see and admit sincerely your real danger and grasp my hand for support."

"Well, as you cannot argue with the tide you will have to prove your case quickly, for I am not going to show myself fool enough, despite your judgment, to have lost my best boar and spent my time in rowing out here all for nothing. If you persist in perishing, don't you see what an ass you will make of me?"

"Which, of course, would be one method of winning my argument," she retorted.

"Yes, a woman's one," he laughed back.

Mary Macdonald stepped up a little higher onto the rock. She was conscious of the fascination of her person as she looked down at the rower, and was not inclined to overlook this very substantial aid in her reasoning.

"In the one day I have been in Mull I have learned more than you have done for six months. Don't you see that MacLean is seeking a quarrel with you? He wants your lands," she said in a serious tone.

"But he is afraid to try to take them," responded the Chief with a smile. "He knows that I am too strong for him. If that is your news it is a bit stale."

"He will not be afraid tomorrow," she replied, not taking notice of his sally.

"Why tomorrow?"

"Because he will have Big Donald on his side."

At this the young Chief laughed right out.

"You would need pretty strong proof to convince me of Donald's disloyalty. Why, he is the best fighter in the Clan, and it is fear of him that really keeps the island in peace."

"My evidence is just five feet four inches in height, with light brown hair and blue eyes, and a tongue, to use Bible language, that is a bit unruly."

"In fact, just yourself, I see," Ronald interrupted again with a laugh. "I am quite willing to take such evidence to heart."

"Your head is what I wish to influence just now."

"And for that I will require something more definite than a woman's intuition. But look, the water has cried time; so you must come aboard," he said, holding out his hand again.

"Promise to meet me tomorrow night on the shore here at 9 o'clock, and I will provide you with evidence more acceptable than myself."

"Not more acceptable, but more convincing, perhaps," he added lightly as he assisted her into the boat, and then rowed to land.

II.

THE WATCHING GAME.

"A WOMAN'S intuition is really the key to the unwritten language of personality," said Mary Macdonald, as she sat in her room that evening. "Not a bad sentence, that, for a schoolgirl! How it would have delighted Miss Smart's heart, and been the envy of the class," she laughed to herself. Then a somber look crept into her eyes. "Perhaps Big Donald was right, after all. Possibly I should not have gone to Edinburgh to be educated. How little these town girls know of life in these islands. Here I am on my very first night at home reading rebellion and murder in Big Donald's eyes. Honest fool! I deciphered his mind like a book. In that flash of revenge I spelled out the word MacLean; in the road he took and the determination in his step I recognized his purpose, plotting with MacKinnon's rival. The thing is as clear as daylight. If MacLean gets Donald on his side then he has got the balance of power and the Chief will have to be wary. If only I can find out their plans! Ah, I have an idea now. It is at least worth trying."

Mary Macdonald took two scraps of paper, and imitating the handwriting of a man, she wrote on both: "Meet me tonight at the shepherd's cottage two miles above Doire Shuaig, at 7." The one she signed Donald MacKinnon, the other Hector MacLean. "In the morning I will send the one to MacLean and the other to Donald," she said to herself. "That will most likely bring them together at the old cottage. There is a big heap of straw in the corner. I will hide myself there and overhear what they say. They are certain to talk about their plans, and, each thinking that the other has appointed the meeting, they may not discover the ruse until at least I have got their secret."

In the morning she secured two trusty bearers, both had instructions not to tell who sent them and to leave the notes at the homes rather than see the persons concerned.

Then, as evening came on, she started for the shepherd's hut above Doire Shuaig. It was a lonely spot, and when the flocks of sheep were being herded on other pastures it was quite deserted. Sunset was beginning to bring that soft light which is peculiar to the Scottish hills when she reached the place. For a few minutes she stood at the door looking enraptured at the beautiful scene which stretched at her feet.

"When will man be shamed by Nature's silent rebuke?" she sighed, as she entered the deserted hut.

There were two apartments divided by a wooden partition, against this in one of the rooms, lay a heap of straw. Scrambling amongst it the girl covered herself completely. A big crack in the boards, against which she placed her mouth, gave her sufficient ventilation to breathe. There she law in suspense, waiting the denoument of her plot.

Soon a step sounded on the floor, and she knew by its heavy tread that it was Big Donald. Another followed, and she heard the two men walking into the room where she was. They were in the middle of a conversation when they entered.

"It is no use merely capturing the Chief and carrying him off prisoner. If we are to strike we must strike hard and massacre half the clan, or else they would turn on us," he was saying.

"But how can that be done without great risk?" answered MacLean.

"The thing is perfectly easy. MacKinnon is as simple as a child. I will tell him of your plan for a surprise attack, and say that you have got your men mustered here, and that his one chance is to make a sudden onslaught on you. He is sure to acquiesce in this, for it is sound counsel."

"A bit too sound for my taste," interrupted MacLean.

"Hold on till I have finished," continued Big Donald. "You see in this way we will get the whole clan together."

"I am not particularly anxious for that," again interjected MacLean.

"We must let few escape or there will be endless trouble," Big Donald resumed. "The Chief will give me the center as usual, and when we charge I will quickly wheel my men round and turn on the two flanks of the clan. I have some old scores to settle, and so have my followers. We will take MacKinnon so much by surprise that his force will be cut up before he knows what to do. You and your men can do the rest. Before the day is done you will have wiped your rival clean from Mull."

Mary Macdonald could not restrain a slight movement of indignation under the straw, as she listened to the traitor's cold-blooded scheme.

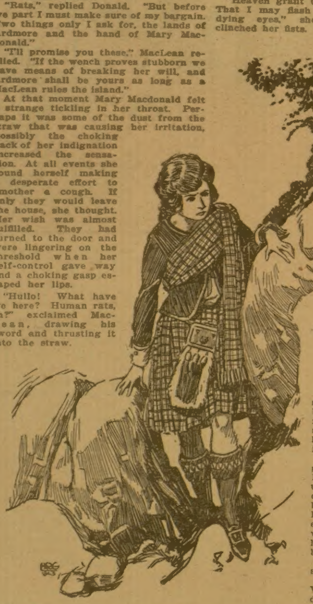
"What noise is that?" asked MacLean in a startled voice.

"Rats," replied Donald. "But before we part I must make sure of my bargain. Two things only I ask for, the lands of Ardmore and the hand of Mary Macdonald."

"I'll promise you these," MacLean replied. "If the wench proves stubborn we have means of breaking her will, and Ardmore shall be yours as long as a MacLean rules the island."

At that moment Mary Macdonald felt a strange tickling in her throat. Perhaps it was some of the dust from the straw that was causing her irritation, possibly the choking back of her indignation increased the sensation. At all events she found herself making a desperate effort to smother a cough. If only they would leave the house, she thought. Her wish was almost fulfilled. They had turned to the door and were lingering on the threshold when her self-control gave way and a choking gasp escaped her lips.

"Hullo! What have we here? Human rats, eh?" exclaimed MacLean, drawing his sword and thrusting it into the straw.



She Stood on the Rocks and Waved Adieu, and Then Reclimbed the Hill in Search for Big Donald.

With a cry Mary Macdonald suddenly sprang to her feet, and, with blazing eyes faced the two men.

"Dead men or women tell no secrets," MacLean remarked threateningly as he held up his weapon to strike.

"Hold!" shouted Donald, as he thrust his claymore between the two. "Touch one hair of her head and I will make you food for the rats. She is my prisoner. See, we will bind her hand and foot, and leave her until the battle is over, and then I will come and claim her."

"Traitor!" hissed the girl. "I can never be the wife of a traitor."

But already she was held as in a vise by strong arms, and rough cords imprisoned her hands and feet, while a cloth was tied securely over her mouth.

"The straw will make a soft bed," remarked Donald, "and we will not be longer about the business than we can help. I told you, Mary, that I could unmake chiefs. You will believe me next time. Now you will be safe enough here, for the fight will take place nearly a mile away, and when it is over I will come and release you. Twenty-four hours of hunger will make you more amenable."

She heard them shut the door behind them and walk away, and then she was left alone with her thoughts.

III.

THE WINNING GAME.

THE weary night brought fitful moments of sleep to the prisoner as she tossed on her bed of straw. Every now and then she would start from her dreams to find that her nightmare was all too real, and that she could neither move hand nor foot, tho she managed to work the cloth from her mouth.

"Big Donald's wooing is of a strange kind," she said to herself with a bitter smile. "I wonder if a woman's cleverness cannot match the claymore of which he is so proud. If only I could devise some way of escaping and warning the Chief!

But the gray light of dawn found her still tossing in helpless despair. The fatal day dragged on, and all was as yet quiet. She wondered if the traitor's plot was luring the MacKinnons to their destruction. About noon she heard a sound like the distant tread of feet, then voices were borne up the hillside. These increased in volume. They merged into shouts and at last into yells. Above the din she recognized distinctly the MacKinnons' war cry. She could hear the clang of blades, then the shrieks of the wounded, again the fierce cheers of the victors. Gradually the din ceased. Only a solitary cry every few minutes told of another victim.

At last she heard stealthy steps approaching. They had not the tread of a conqueror, but of one who was seeking shelter.

"Heaven grant that it is the traitor! That I may flash my scorn into his dying eyes," she muttered as she clinched her fists. "Ah, I would like to see Big Donald stumble and fall at my feet! How quickly a simple schoolgirl has been changed into a virago!"

Then a sudden fear gripped her heart. It was a slight figure that entered, that of a young man bowed with pain. His jacket was covered with blood, and when he lifted his head she saw that his face was white.

"Is that you, Ronald?" she asked.

"Mary! And tied? What villain has done this?"

"Big Donald; but how has the battle gone?"

"Do you need to ask when you see me thus? That traitor turned on his own kin and we were cut to pieces. But let me set you free."

"Now you must obey me," said the girl as she rose to her feet, and took in the situation. "This is no safe place in which to hide. Donald will be here in a few minutes. But follow me and I will take you over the hill to a cave where you will be secure for the present, and if fortune favors I will get a boat and have you rowed across to Staffa, where there are better hiding places. Lean on my arm, for you are weak, and we dare not delay a moment."

Together they slipped from the door, and gaining the shelter of a gully that dipped towards the sea, hurried as quickly as they could. As a young girl Mary Macdonald had explored every foot of that wild shore, and she knew a small cave, whose tiny mouth opened half way up the cliff. It was overhung with shrubs which hung tenaciously to the rocks. Cautiously she guided the wounded man to the place and laid him in the darkness on the soft sand within.

"Now I will go and see if I can pick up some of your men, and we will get a boat," she said as she turned to go.

"But Mary, think of the danger you are running. What if you fall into Donald's hands?"

"Remember, I am Macdonald's niece," she answered proudly, "and even Big Donald must beware. Besides, I will match my wits against his weapons any day."

She had not far to go until she met some fugitives from the battle belonging to the MacKinnon clan.

"Quick!" she cried, "if you wish to save your own lives and that of your Chief. There is a farmhouse down there in the hollow. Hurry and bring from it some spades. Then follow me to the top of the cliff yonder."

The men obeyed, and in a short time returned with the implements she had requested. Where she stood the cliff was about two hundred feet high, and thru a little hollow a stream flowed to the edge and fell in a cascade to the shore beneath.

"I wish you to dig a trench thru this mound so as to lead the water into this next hollow which is just above the mouth of a cave below where I have hidden the Chief. If we can get the water to fall over it then the entrance will be masked and all will find safety behind its covering. But be quick, for the enemy will soon be here," she implored.

The men worked with a will, and soon the trench was made and the course of the stream diverted. As there had been considerable rain the volume of the water was greater than usual, and it completely hid with its watery veil the cave over which it fell.

Then she conducted the small band of Mackinnons down a winding path, and brought them to where their chief lay concealed. For hours they waited with claymore in hand in case their hiding-place should be discovered. Twice looking thru the glistening spray they saw their enemies pass, but none suspected what the waterfall concealed.

Thus a day passed. Then search was made for a boat, which was at last found and made ready for the journey to Staffa.

"Will you not come, too?" the Chief asked wistfully as he seated himself in the boat.

"I have other work," Mary Macdonald answered mysteriously. "I have saved you but not your fortunes yet, and I am not the one to do a thing by halves. All I ask is that six men remain with me, and hide themselves amongst the rocks, and await my orders."

The Chief gave a command and half a dozen strong men at once volunteered to wait with Mary Macdonald.

She stood on the rocks and waved adieu, and then reclimbed the hill in search of Big Donald. She found him later with a large body of the victorious MacLeans.

"Well, will o' the wisp!" he exclaimed, "you disappear in the strangest manner and reappear in the most unexpected places."

"I have been searching for you," she said with a pleasant smile, as she walked boldly towards him. "I suppose I belong to you now by the right of conquest, but I have one favor to ask and I have the power to purchase it."

"What is that?"

"That you stop at once your work of slaughter."

"And what right have you to issue these commands?" asked MacLean, who now came up.

"If you agree I will take you and Donald to the hiding-place of the Chief. He is sorely wounded."

"You can?" said Donald eagerly. "Then you shall have your wish, for it is the Chief we want."

"Send your men then with orders to stop all pillage and massacre and I will be your guide," the girl responded.

She waited until the force was broken up into little groups, who were sent in different directions. Then, accompanied by MacLean and Big Donald and about a dozen men, she led the way to the shore.

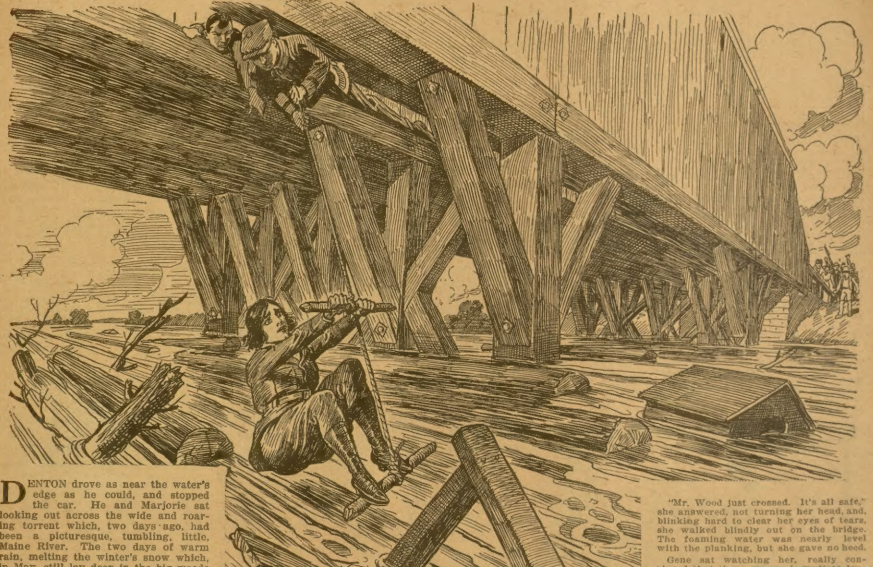
"The Chief is badly wounded and cannot fight. Therefore he does not require an army to arrest him. Leave your men on the top of the cliff and I will show you the cave he has entered alone."

Big Donald acquiesced. To do him justice there was not a particle of fear in his nature, for he had such absolute confidence in himself. When they reached the mouth of the cave he led the way in, followed by MacLean. At that instant the girl gave a low whistle, and from behind the rocks the MacKinnons, who were hiding, came forward. A large heap of broken underwood had already been collected. Quickly this was pushed into the entrance and set on fire, while

(Continued on Page 9.)

The Extra Credit

By Myra A. Wingate



There Was an Instant's Sickening Suspense When He Thought She Had Missed It. Then She Swung Above the Flood.

DENTON drove as near the water's edge as he could, and stopped the car. He and Marjorie sat looking out across the wide and roaring torrent which, two days ago, had been a picturesque, tumbling, little, Maine River. The two days of warm rain, melting the winter's snow which, in May, still lay deep in the big woods had swelled the stream beyond all knowledge.

"If Birch Camp dam goes out, Dad's log booms will snap like so many toothpicks," declared Marjorie, an apprehensive frown between her brows. "I wish he were here instead of in Boston with two or three railroad bridges down between there and here. We can't follow the road on either side of the river, Gene, because both are under water in so many places, but if you will drive up this branch road to the foot of Kendall Hill, we can scramble up this side and part way down the other. I'm quite sure that will give us a view of the millpond and we can see how Dad's logs are behaving."

Denton obediently turned the car, tho he protested.

"You know this little river seldom does much harm, Marje."

As they shot into the branch road another car passed them from the opposite direction. Marjorie bowed, with slightly heightened color, and Gene carelessly acknowledged the salutation of the broad-shouldered young driver.

"Eph Harris owns a Ford. Fine, prosperous, young hayseed," chuckled Denton.

"Eph Harris is one of the best that ever lived," declared Marjorie emphatically. "That doesn't sound like you, Gene. You used to be generous and fair. You are making a success in the city, but Eph is making his success here."

"I've one more success to my credit than Eph has," said he, giving the hand that wore the diamond a quick touch that she knew was meant for apology. "I ought to be generous."

Marjorie's sunny smile returned, for these words sounded like the old Gene. Since his coming a week ago she had more than once been hurt by some slight criticism which, she felt, showed him not wholly satisfied with his choice of the previous year. The same note had been evident in his letters.

They left the car by the roadside and climbed the wooded hill, reached the crest, and descended, still thru woods, until they were as near the water as might be.

The imprisoned logs, crowding like panic-stricken humans, pushed hard against the booms. Plainly, but little more pressure was needed to set them free. Birch Camp dam was above them. Kendall dam and bridge were below; then Forrest dam and bridge, and, still farther down, the old covered bridge, for many years a landmark. It was a mile from Kendall bridge to the covered bridge. Forrest bridge, a light, wooden structure halfway between the other two, had gone out in the early morning.

Knots of people stood here and there on the hillside, anxiously watching and discussing the prospect.

"What do you think, Mr. Wood?" asked Marjorie of a grizzled riverman who passed at a swinging gait that told of endurance hard-won in many a bitter battle with winter in the Maine woods.

"Mornin', Marje. I've just come down from Birch Camp and my judgment is, she'll hold."

"That's a weight off my mind," declared Marjorie. "Thank you, Mr. Wood."

"Pleasure's all mine," he declared gallantly, lifting his battered felt hat as he turned away.

"Come, Marjorie," said Gene impatiently. "Let's go back. No good standing here with every one staring and talking."

Marjorie's lips parted to utter a defense of her village friends, then closed while she struggled with the lump in her throat. Their lives and thoughts had grown apart, it seemed. A break might be inevitable, but it should not be the result of a quarrel. She would wait until they could talk the thing out dispassionately. So in silence she climbed and scrambled back to the car.

"I wish you would not dress as you do," Gene broke out irritably. "If you were riding or golfing it would be suitable, but here it is not. Unless village nature has mightily changed, those people were criticising you."

"Do you mean the knickerbockers?" asked Marje in surprise. "Why, Gene, no one here will criticise. It's the most suitable dress for scrambling thru the woods. I do not dress so for the street. You ought to understand conditions here better than your words show. I'm a country school-teacher, and many a day this past winter I've had to snowshoe, or wade, to school before the snowplows were out."

"And you taught school in that guise?" asked Gene.

"I did not, Sir Fastidious. I carried a neat and modish skirt in a roll under my arm, donned it, and taught with dignity and propriety," she told him, laughter in her eyes.

"It is not necessary that you should teach," continued Gene, still displeased.

"No. But I have the time and I live at home. It is difficult to get good teachers here at the salaries we can pay. I like it, and feel that I am doing worthwhile work for my own town."

"You should have some dignity, some regard for your position as my future wife," declared Gene.

It would have been laughable, Marje thought, if it had not been so sure an indication that all was not well between them. She conquered another lump in her throat before she spoke. They had reached Kendall bridge, now.

"Stop here a minute, please, Gene," she said.

The car came to a quick stop, while he turned with a face as surprised and grouchy as a spoiled small boy's.

"I'll get out here," she went on, "and I'll leave this with you. This last week has proved to us both, I think, that we made a mistake a year ago."

She dropped the ring in his hand.

"You can't do this Marje," he declared, "with the date set and all our plans made. It makes me too ridiculous. A man has a right to be critical of the girl he has asked to marry him."

"Possibly. But criticism kills love. It's over, Gene."

She turned and started for the bridge. He called in alarm. "Don't cross there, Marje."

"Mr. Wood just crossed. It's all safe," she answered, not turning her head, and, blinking hard to clear her eyes of tears, she walked blindly out on the bridge. The foaming water was nearly level with the planking, but she gave no heed.

Gene sat watching her, really convinced that there was no immediate danger. Then he laughed suddenly. Marje was irresistible when she was angry. Later he would find her and make it up.

MARJORIE was halfway across the bridge when a hoarse cry of warning arose from the watchers on either shore. Over the dam just above them a mighty surge of water, bearing logs and booms on its crest, appeared to rise and drop. Birch Camp dam had gone out! Marje ran with all the strength that terror had left her. The resistless strength of that battering ram of logs and water took the stone piers as the ocean wavelet takes a child's sand castles. The heavy middle span of the wooden bridge lifted and swung out into the rush of the current, bearing Marje with it. What instinct had made her climb the rail of great bolted timbers which she had often walked as a child, she could not have told.

Eph Harris was in Billy Brent's hardware store when the phone rang sharply. Brent turned, white-faced, to the assembled watchers in his window.

"Boys, the middle span of Kendall bridge is coming down river and Marje Kendall's on it."

His voice broke harshly at the end of the blunt statement. Marje Kendall had many friends in the little village.

Wildly they ran for the shore. Wreckage and drift stuff already covered the wide expanse of tossing water which had risen appreciably. Far up the river they could hear the thunderous roar of the logs coming over Forrest dam. If the bridge broke, in coming over the dam! It was a shuddering, dread-stricken group that watched for the first sign of the red rails of Kendall bridge. Neither small boat nor strong swimmer could avail to help. Eph Harris' quick mind rejected those two possibilities at once. He knew that in all probability every other man in the crowd had grasped at and rejected them. But his thinking went further. Action was a necessity to him with the beloved object in danger. Useless to try to rope and hold the Kendall bridge as it went under the covered bridge. They lacked time for preparation, even if the swiftness and strength of the current had not made it impossible.

Eph did not follow the crowd, but, flinging over his shoulder the words:

"Bring two big spikes, Billy, and a maul and come on to the covered bridge." He rushed out to his car. From it he took a coil of strong rope, and, glancing about as if for a needed object, sprang to the pile of stove-wood and seized two slender birch sticks which he knotted quickly to one end of the rope, a short distance apart. Already he was sprinting for the covered bridge when Billy appeared.

The covered bridge was still far enough above the flood to allow for the passage of wreckage. The main bridge was heavily floored with lengthwise planking, and the footwalk on either side with shorter crosswise boards. Between the roadway and each footway was a space, wide enough to admit of the passage of a man's body, thru which rose the heavy wooden trestlework. Eph climbed the boarding which guarded this space, and dropped down thru, as he had often done when a boy, to the mighty supporting stringers.

As he lay panting he caught an agonized cry from up-river. The bridge had gone over Forrest dam! Clutching his rope he watched tensely for the first glimpse of the red rails. There it came sweeping round the bend, in two sections now. The heavy plank flooring was completely submerged, but clinging to the rail of the rear section the gallant, girlish figure still swayed above the flood. He judged by the current that Marje would be swept under the middle span of the covered bridge. Lying flat on the stringer, he tied the rope loosely around it, still retaining his hold upon the weighted end. Dear God, there was such a tiny chance!

Rising, dipping, plunging, came the unwieldy craft Marje rode. Eph, kneeling on the timber, called clearly:

"Marje! Marje!"

There was terror in the gaze she lifted, but there was something else, too. Her nerve was not gone. She would take a desperate chance.

Billy dropped to the stringer behind him, and knelt there clutching spikes and maul, his fascinated eyes upon the girl.

Eph swung the rope gently, called "Catch, Marje," and dropped it. There was an instant's sick suspense when he thought she had missed it. Then she swung above the flood, a hand clutching the upper birch stick on either side of the rope. With her feet she caught and held the lower stick, gradually slipping down into a partial sitting posture.

Shouts of rejoicing arose from the shore and the crowd began pouring toward the covered bridge.

Until then Eph had not really known why he wanted the spikes. Now Billy drove them, with quick, short strokes, into the side of the stringer. Together they lifted and looped the rope over the spikes, gradually bringing the girl nearer until they could draw her to the stringer beside them.

Marje leaned against the shoulder under Eph's rough mackinaw for a few dizzy seconds. As is often the case in moments of stress, her first words were inconsequent.

"You didn't care, did you, Eph—about the knickerbockers?" she gasped half-hysterically.

"Heaven bless the knickerbockers," said Eph fervently. Oddly enough, the one thing he had noticed, as they slowly lifted the girl to safety, was the absence of the diamond. "You can wear 'em to church—you can wear 'em to the wedding," he finished in a burst of daring.

"When that day arrives I'll probably dress like other girls," she said with a shaky laugh.

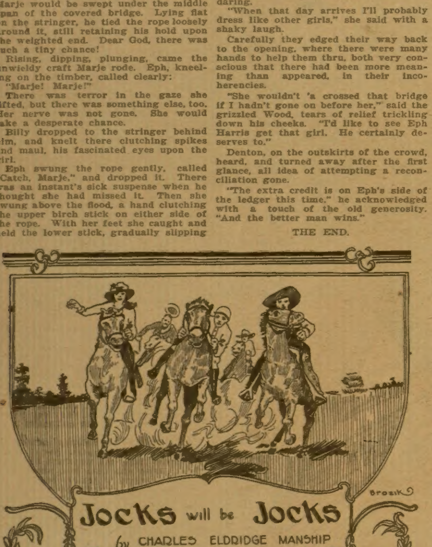
Carefully they edged their way back to the opening, where there were many hands to help them thru, both very conscious that there had been more meaning than appeared, in their incoherencies.

"She wouldn't 'a crossed that bridge if I hadn't gone on before her," said the grizzled Wood, tears of relief trickling down his cheeks. "I'd like to see Eph Harris get that girl. He certainly deserves to."

Denton, on the outskirts of the crowd, heard, and turned away after the first glance, all idea of attempting a reconciliation gone.

"The extra credit is on Eph's side of the ledger this time," he acknowledged with a touch of the old generosity. "And the better man wins."

THE END.



Jocks will be Jocks

by CHARLES ELDRIDGE MANSHIP

AS THE new day stepped from the glittering, utmost peaks of the Sierras down onto the rounded shoulders of gigantic Tissaack, the Half Dome, and leaped thence the full length of the abyss to the granite brow of mighty Tutockanula, the Captain, to turn about and light Tissaack's dark face that has no faith in the dawn, before it stepped on down into the Yosemite Valley, it saw a tiny tattered cloud of dust on the westward rim, opposite El Captain's noble head, and in the cloud, dimly moving, a half-dozen cowboys, seemingly borne along across the face of the crags by the wraith that encircled them.

When Tissaack's frown began to yield, the day shot strong, hot sunbeams into the little handful of dust high up close to the sky, that shattered the cloud into nothingness. The mountain men, thus boldly revealed, took the sunbeams as a challenge, and pulling their broad hat brims lower over their eyes, spurred their ponies off helter-skelter down the twisting stage road, to race to the river that ran like an illuminated thread thru the receeding night, far below.

The reckless cavalcade tore out onto the floor of the valley ahead of the sunshine, and as the cowboys looked up from the depth of shadow below, they waved their hands tauntingly into the broad face of day above. But tho the impetuous river still swirled thru the pale twilight, that broad face was already making itself felt, and the increasing warmth foretold what a scorching those granite walls would receive and reflect into the depths before Tissaack would at last yield up every shadow from her westward face in brief but brilliant tribute to the sunset. So the victorious riders slid to the ground almost at the very foot of beautiful, wavering Pohono, the Bridal Veil Fall, drifting down six hundred feet to her destruction; they threw themselves on their faces among the ferns to drink from the crystal life blood of the shattered Water Maiden, that splashed away across the road to plunge into the roaring Merced River.

"Goin' to be a hot Fourth," remarked Funk Fuller, as he wiped his dripping mouth and nose with the back of his brown hand and made a grab for the dragging reins of his pony, to keep the sweating animal from drinking the ice-water.

"Same as ever," answered Son Smith, making a similar plunge for his horse.

"Wonder who all's goin' to ride in the free-for-all this afternoon," put in Hi Jones. "Hope there's plenty of tourists inside this season to chip into the prize bag."

"Sally Ann'll ride for one," grinned the fourth to rise.

"An' I hear there's one of them skinny, good-for-nothing dwarfs they call 'jockeys' in the valley this year, working in Johnson's stables. That is, he used to be a jockey so the stage drivers tell," said Davis, a gaunt, grizzled man, the only one in the crowd over thirty. "But I'll back Tommy here an' his little bay mare agin Sally Ann an' the jock, or any other unheard of combination," he drawled, clumping his spurred heels over the rocks as he moved toward his horse.

Tommy rose slowly from beside the stream after the others, apparently oblivious of all that had been said, and turned his face up to catch the cooling mist that blew like thin smoke from the milk-white fall. Of the whole picturesque party, Tommy was the most decidedly original in appearance. "Talkative Tommy" they called the boy (he was only 20), because he never spoke voluntarily, unless something touched the very quick of him. He was of stumpy built and stood only five feet five inches in his boots (which he never removed, it was rumored, except to make way for a new pair, at astonishingly long intervals). The great shaggy angora-fleece "chaps," peculiar to the California vaquero, which adorned his short, bowed legs and exposed only the broad-blue seat of his overalls when he walked (and that was seldom) added to his squat effect. A remarkable round head covered with closely cropped yellow hair, that would have been thick and curly if left to its own devices, surmounted a deep chest and tremendously broad shoulders.

Steady, slow-moving gray eyes looked mountains and men square in the face from under a broad, dingy hat brim tilted up from the forehead, and there was the look of silence around the tight mouth. That was Talkative Tommy, native Sierra Nevadan and champion horseman of the western slope. As he turned his moistened face away from smoking Phono, remounted, and followed the rest of the angora-chapped cowboys along the now level road that wound beside the roaring, foaming River of Mercy—roaring and foaming in its center, but eddying off into many a peaceful pool under its banks where big, expectant trout lay in ambush in the shadows of over-hanging wild azaleas, snowy white, and lilacs, daintily purple.

"The Bunch," for so these inseparable companions were known thruout the region, hailed from a mountain cattle ranch some sixty miles from the valley, outside the bounds of the National Park, and were on their way to spend the Fourth of July in the quaint bit of a valley village that is gathered around a rambling hotel on the meadow, in the center of the wonderful, granite-walled abyss, with the swift, crystal river, snow born, crowding it close under the crags, and the splashing hum of Cholack, the Yosemite Falls, gushing from the sky almost overhead, ever singing thru it. That night they had rolled in their blankets under the pines on the rim, to be fresh for the day's sports below.

Tommy seemed to be in no such hurry to catch up with the rest. He let the reins rest on the pony's neck and sat with hands crossed on the pommel as he leisurely scanned the precipices that rose round about him.

"Better hurry up, Tommy; Sally Ann'll catch you if you don't watch out!" called back Funk Fuller as he twisted around in his saddle with a grin.

"Or that jock," added Son Smith, twisting about in the same manner to note the effect of the double jab. They all laughed heartily as they awaited the boy's slow, indifferent approach.

"How about it, Tommy? Are you going to make laughing stocks of us all again this summer?" asked one of the crowd tauntingly, as Tommy's pony stalked in among the rest.

"Now, you fellows know," drawled Tommy, still eyeing the scenery and never drawing rein, "that I ain't got much use for squaws, and I've got a whole lot less use for jocks. Just you keep shut up, and leave 'em to me." As he dropped the last word of this astonishingly long speech, Talkative Tommy suddenly set his teeth, as if deliberately visiting lockjaw upon himself for punishment for his loquacity, jerked up his reins, set spurs into the startled pony, and tore off down the dusty road, in and out among the pines, as if determined to outrun Sally Ann and the obnoxious jockey then and there.

With a roar of laughter the crowd set out after their vanishing comrade, and soon thundered into Yosemite, along the winding road between the forest trees, to the guardian's office, close on Tommy's heels.

Halting suddenly in their mad career before the guardian's door and leaving their deserted cloud of dust to drive on down the road and melt away in the green trees that crowded the turn in the river ahead, the riders dismounted and tied their mounts to the long iron hitching rail. Then they clumped and clanked their way into the stronghold of the State official and gravely deposited their side arms with him. They should never have entered the valley in arms, but then the bunch was always humorous on the Fourth, and it was generally conceded that they were pretty good fellows to surrender so meekly even when they did, altho they had already broken the law.

"Goin' to be any doin's here today, Cap?" inquired Funk, as he unslung his battery and deposited it on the big, open visitor's register.

"You fellows are in the valley; that's the best answer to that question," laughed Captain Arnold, as he laid the surrendered property carefully away in a case full of confiscated small arms.

"Yep, we brought our usual Fourth of Julie doin's with us," assented Son Smith, grinning and nodding toward Talkative Tommy, who was playing true to his nickname by leaning against the wall on the other side of the room and looking thoughtfully thru the window in dead silence. So bowed were his bits of legs as he stood there that they seemed to be on the verge of doubling up like a jacknife inside the great woolly chaps.

"There's a fellow up at the barns who is going to skin you fellows alive this afternoon," continued the guardian. "The boss has offered him the pick of the saddle herd. How about it, Tommy—you wouldn't dare ride against a sure-enough jockey after a squaw beat, would you?"

The crowd laughed, but Tommy didn't. He snorted, shook his heavy shoulders, and stalked disgustedly out of the office.

"There, take that," laughed Hi to the guardian.

"Never mind about Tommy, he'll take care of the Bunch in that race," cautioned gray Davis, as he laid his hand on the boy's arm in a fatherly way and followed him out. The rest of them lurched along after the youngster and paraded slowly up the shady road, past the artist's studio and photographer's establishments and curio shops, to the hotel, before which they stalked for the edification and amazement of such eastern guests as might chance to be on the veranda at so early an hour. This was a part of the Bunch's regular program on arrival at Yosemite on the glorious Fourth. After that, they made their way back (walking like ducks) to their horses, and galloped on up the river to the barns to gossip with the guides and get a look at that dangerous "jock," whom Tommy had already learned to hate as his natural and bitter enemy. Sally Ann and a city-bred ex-jockey! Here was a pretty combination to put up against a self-respecting cowboy, in the Yosemite Valley, on the Fourth of July!

Talkative Tommy did not utter a word the rest of that day until the memorable race was over.

PROBABLY you never thought of the wonderous Yosemite Valley deep buried in solemn, awe-inspiring grandeur, as in any way conscious of the glorious old rip-roaring Fourth. Yet it is doubtful if anywhere within the confines of the great Nation there is to be witnessed a more enthusiastically American celebration, and yet withal a more entirely original and unique one, than is to be seen on the floor of this mighty chasm.

This Fourth the hotel guests, gathered together good-naturedly at the invitation of the guardian, had elected, after the valley custom, one of their number—a beautiful native daughter from San Francisco—to be the queen of the occasion and ride at the head of the grand parade in the guise of the Goddess of Liberty.

The morning of the eventful day was a busy one in the bit of a village. Bunting broke loose thru the lower branches of the forest trees and all over the funny little buildings that straggled along from the hostelry, overhanging the river bank, to the wee church on the edge of the open meadow, that looked like a toy church as it raised its tiny steeple amid all that towering grandeur.

After the whirlwind arrival of the Bunch, the road became dotted with mounted Indians, mountain men, and an occasional trooper from the cavalry patrol of the National Park outside of the Valley. All these were dropping in to see the day's sport. Thru the forenoon the guardian, as grand marshal of the prospective parade, galloped to and fro on his spirited horse, arranging for the afternoon. A big wagon was filled with little girls from among the guests and campers, dressed in red, white and blue, with a picturesque stage driver in charge, cracking his whip over six frolicsome horses. Then there were divisions of mounted Indians, cowboys and guides, following a division of mounted gentlemen from among the visitors; and besides these there were six big stages filled with the ladies from the hotel, and a division of burros and boys, led by a very sad and ancient-looking burro with his hind legs inclosed in a pair of long trousers and a big straw hat perched on his sleepy head; and campers in their various equipages, and trudging squaws with the papooses, and all other odds and ends of Sierran life.

At 2 o'clock off started the strange procession across the village bridge to the far side of the meadows, led by the beautiful Goddess of Liberty and the guardian, both superbly mounted. Behind the Goddess rode several ladies, chosen to be their aides, and escorting the royal party, three on either flank, rode the immortal Bunch, with talkative Tommy, silent and dreamy-like, but unquestionably proud of his distinction, close to the side of the gayly decked queen of the day. It was a part of Yosemite tradition that the Bunch should always escort the Goddess of their Fourth.

Thus the strangest Fourth of July procession in the United States twined its way thru the forest trees and across the meadows to the opening in the pines almost at the foot of the graceful, dizzy Cholack, and, under the spell of her ceaseless voice, prepared for the much-talked of races that always preceded the night fireworks and picturesque dance in the rustic pavilion.

NOW, there rode in that procession, besides the distinguished members of the queen's escorts, two other characters much discussed that day. These were the holster, who had been a jockey and was still an unknown quantity in the calculations of the local lovers of horse-flesh, and Sally Ann, the good-natured, dare-devil squaw, who had long ago proved that she could ride anything with four legs and get more speed out of those legs than any one who tried them before.

Talkative Tommy was the only rider in the region who had held a higher place.

(Continued on Page 18.)

"And the Blind Saw"

By Adelaide Heuser

PART I.

"I'M SO sorry that I've hurt you." It was J. Richard Courtenay, prominent San Francisco attorney, addressing the victim of his reckless driving. The acident had occurred just a block from his apartment, to where he had carried her. The girl, scarcely more than twenty-eight, tho poorly clad, was beautiful to look upon. "What a lovely little creature," thought Dick, and a strange feeling enveloped him, as he gazed into her large blue eyes, and stroked her hair, which was a rich auburn.

The best doctor available was called. Tho limp from pain, the girl smiled up at the man who knelt beside her, and said: "Don't worry, please, I'm all right—anyhow, it was all my fault." Richard Courtenay grasped the small white hand half extended to him, and held it tight: "You must promise to let me care for you, until you are well." The girl only smiled.

"Am I badly hurt, Doctor," she asked, seeming to dread his answer.

"No, my dear child, but it'll take some time to fix you up."

Courtenay's eyes filled with tears, as he felt the small hand tremble, and saw what an effort she was making to hold back the tears.

"Is there anyone to be notified," he asked.

"No, I'm all—alone."

"And your name?"

"Marjorie Weston."

"Mine's Dick Courtenay, and I'm all alone, too." And he wanted to add—"but, now that I've found you——"

THE next morning found Dick, bright and early, at the hospital, waiting to be admitted to Miss Weston's room. He was carrying a huge box of flowers. And every day for six long weeks Richard Courtenay spent the greater part of his time at Marjorie's bedside. Of all the girls he had ever known, and Dick Courtenay had known many, none had impressed him, as had this little victim of his careless driving. And "he was going to marry her." Little cared he, that society was shocked at his affair with this girl of whom he knew nothing. A lot of scheming mothers sighed. He seldom visited the club now, and no matter how hard "the old gang" tried, they could not get Courtenay to participate in their parties, of which he had always been the life of the crowd. Dick had fallen hard. And so, the handsome and popular Richard Courtenay took unto himself a wife, of whom he knew nothing, except, that to him she represented everything that was good and sweet, and he was desperately in love with her. All his friends grew to love her, which made Dick very proud, and happy. The fact that he was a candidate for Governor meant nothing, in the face of his being the husband of such a wonderful creature.

There were months of bliss. Marjorie Weston had never before been so happy. All the unpleasant things of the past had been shut out. For Dick had said to her, "Darling, I don't care who you are, nor where you came from—that doesn't matter; I love you, and I want you to be mine, all mine." Marjorie Weston took him at his word, and they were married. She had said to him: "And you'll always believe in me, no matter what happens?"

"Marjorie, I love you so much, nothing can ever separate me from you; from the moment I first laid eyes on you, I knew you were meant for me. Little girl, I love you." Their lips met, and two hearts beat as one.

THE day of the election was drawing near, and excitement prevailed in the Courtenay household. Dick was not in the battle for himself, alone; he was thinking of Marjorie, and how happy she would be over his success.

"Won't she make a glorious 'first lady'?"

It was Billy Chesterton, Dick's best friend, who had to listen to Courtenay's ravings about his wife. But Billy never tired of hearing about Marjorie, because he was very fond of her; the two had become great pals. She was unspoiled, a real girl, so unlike the other girls he knew, pampered daughters of the wealthy.

Billy always felt so welcome, and so at home at the Courtenays. Marjorie was a great favorite, because she knew just how to do things, and friends were wont to drop in on her and Dick ever so often. And happiness reigned supreme, until one evening, ten days before the election, an extra edition of the World, told in ghastly, stalking headlines, of the shooting of Belton Ward, prominent politician, by Richard Courtenay. A nasty story followed. Courtenay had been tipped off that he would find his wife in Ward's apartment. Half crazed, he rushed into Ward's home, a revolver clutched tight in his hand. Marjorie was struggling to free herself from Ward's embrace, when Dick entered the room. Seeing Courtenay, the man pushed her aside, and made for him, in an effort to grab the gun, but Dick was too quick for him, and leveling, fired.

"My God!" gasped Billy, who had arrived too late to prevent the shooting, "what have you done?"

"I've killed him—I hope."

"Dick, Dick, Dick," wailed Marjorie, staggering towards him, expecting him to take her in his arms, but he pushed her from him. "Don't come near me; go to your lover."

"Richard," she cried and fell to the floor in a dead faint.

Billy rushed to her, and picking her up, placed her on a couch in an adjoining room, ordering Ward's maid to look after her. When he returned to the scene of the near tragedy, he found that Courtenay had gone to give himself up, without knowing that Ward was alive, and would recover, the wound having been slight. Billy was amazed when he saw that newspaper reporters had been admitted, and were getting it all. "A frame-up, a frame-up," he cried. Going back to Marjorie, he found her weeping hysterically.

"Come, Marjorie, little girl, come," and he put his arms about her, and dressed and petted her, as he would have tried to soothe a child. 'Don't cry. I'm going to take you home, then I must find Dick."

"Dick—where is he?"

"He had to go, Marge, but you'll see him shortly. Come, let's hurry."

"If I go home, you'll not return without him?"

"I'll do all I can."

Belton Ward was suffering—but not enough. Handsome, and sporty, with always a lot of money, he had soiled many a young life.

BILLY found Dick locked in his room at the club. "Aren't you going home—to Marjorie?"

"No." Courtenay's tone was final.

"You know, of course, that Ward did not die?"

"Yes, Billy, I learned that while at police headquarters." Lighting a cigarette. "It was splendid of you to see her—home; to look after her. She's all right, I suppose?"

"Quite all right, and she's waiting for you, Dick."

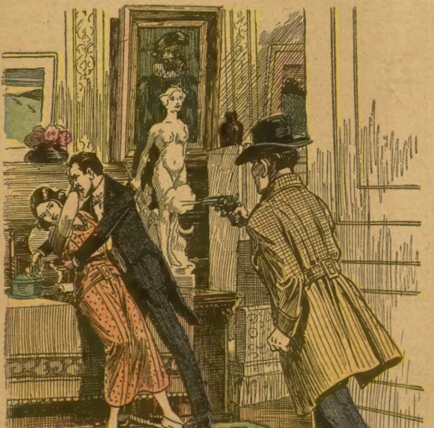
"Ugh, waiting for me," he sneered, "waiting for me." Throwing down his cigarette with great force. "Billy, fate dealt me my ruin in the guise of a beautiful woman. It was love at first sight—at least, I thought it was. My friends were wiser than I, but I would not listen to them. They're laughing at me now—laughing at the fool I've made of myself. And had Belton Ward died, I'd have gone to prison; most likely, to the chair, all because of her; and she's not worth it."

"Stop, Dick; you don't know what you are saying."

"I do know what I'm saying," Dick fired back at him. "This woman tricked me into marrying her, that she might ruin me."

"Nonsense! Wouldn't she have chosen an easier way of meeting you, than throwing herself beneath your car, when it was going forty miles an hour? Why, you talk like a crazy man. How do you know that she wasn't framed by Ward, and his gang—they had nothing on you, so they dragged your wife into it. You haven't heard her story—you wouldn't listen to her. The hardest criminal is given a hearing. You're all wrong, Dick."

"What right have you to tell me that I'm wrong? It isn't your name that has been dragged thru the mire of a sensational paper; if this thing had happened to you, you'd be getting out of the country this very minute."



Half Crazed, He Rushed to Ward's Home, a Revolver Clutched in His Hand. Marjorie Was Struggling to Free Herself from Ward's Embrace When Dick Entered the Room.

"You think so?" Billy prepared to leave, seeing that he could get nowhere with Dick. At the door, he turned: "Then you are not going home with me?"

"No, I am not returning to my apartment."

"Have you no word—for her?"

"There's nothing to be said; later, perhaps."

"Very well," and Billy opened the door.

"Just a moment." Dick walked towards him; "from your attitude, I sense you are against me in this affair—am I right?"

"You are." Billy spoke with finality. "Good-by."

Dick made no answer.

IT WAS midnight when Billy Chesterton, the thus-far unsuccessful peacemaker," entered the Courtenay home. Marjorie opened the door for him, and a sigh escaped her when she saw he was alone. "He would not come?"

"No."

"Where is he? Not in jail?"

"At the club. He says he's going to remain there, indefinitely."

"Sit with me awhile, won't you, Billy? I—I want to talk to you; I need your help." Billy sat down beside her. "You don't mind?"

"Mind; why, Marjorie, I'm anxious to be of service to you; I want to help you. And, remember, little girl, tell me only what you like; I'm not asking any questions. My faith in you makes that unnecessary."

"Oh, Billy, you're so kind to me. If I didn't have you I'd be absolutely alone. Dick will have his friends—they'll stick with him, of course; I don't expect any of them will tolerate me at all, now. When they did, it was because of Dick. Dick," she repeated sadly, "he doesn't want me, any more—he believes the worst of me?" Billy arose and walked to the window. "Tell me—what he said to you, won't you," she pleaded. "Please, Billy, I can stand it." With his back to her, he spoke slowly, hesitating time and again. When he had finished, the girl was weeping bitterly.

"I shouldn't have married him, Billy. I'm not his class; I don't belong to his world—but, I love him. I shall love him always. Tell him that."

"I may not have the opportunity to tell him; we didn't part friends, tonight."

"Oh, but Billy, you mustn't turn him down now—he needs you now, more than ever; and you've always been the best of friends. Please, please don't let me come between you; I've already harmed him enough; I don't want to rob him of you, his pal."

"Don't misunderstand me; I'm not against Dick, and I'm going to work harder than ever to make him our Governor."

"If he doesn't win—it shall be my fault. He must win, he must, he must," she sobbed.

"It's going to be a hard fight. The public is funny, you know. They're swayed by the press—what a cold, cold thing it is. A reporter turns in a story; if it's a big one, it's a great thing for him. In a short time, it is a first page sensation in glaring type. The party involved is either ruined, or made—most generally, ruined."

"Do you suggest anything; is there nothing I might do to help?"

Billy was pacing the floor, his hands plunged hard into his pockets, a worried expression on his face. "I can think of nothing just now, the whole affair has so completely upset me. Tomorrow, perhaps, we'll know just what to do." Taking her pale and trembling hand between both his, "What you must do, is get some rest. You're going to need a lot of strength."

"I don't see how I'm going to sleep, or even rest, for I can do nothing but think. Only yesterday, I was so very, very happy. And Dick—poor, dear Dick, he, too, was happy—tonight, ah, yes, tonight he is sad, and I am sad. We planned for 'the tomorrow,' and this is what the morrow brought. Grief. Doubt. Disgrace, for him."

Chesterton gulped hard. "Girlie, every day has a 'tomorrow'—a brand new one, and I'm sure that it shall be only a short time until the tomorrow for which you planned, will dawn." There was a tear in his eye. "I'm going, now, but I'll be here early in the morning. If you need me before then, phone me. Good-night."

"Good night." Marjorie clung to him for several seconds.

"Remember, we've a big fight ahead." He could say no more, but walked out into the night, his heart aching for her She seemed so helpless, so frail.

MARJORIE did not close an eye, and morning found her worn and sad, but resolved to brace up and face any situation that might arise. Dick was to be saved, no matter what it may mean to her. Billy Chesterton arrived at exactly 8 o'clock, and found Marjorie waiting for him.

"You didn't sleep?"

"I couldn't—but I hope you did." She smiled up at him thru large blue eyes, that once sparkled with happiness, but were now heavy with sorrow.

"Oh, I slept very well."

"Have you heard from—him?"

"No, I've heard nothing from Dick."

"I'm morried about him; I thought of phoning him, but—well, I can hardly do that, he has made it so plain that he doesn't care to hear from me, or see me. And you know, even the 'offender' has some pride. If only he'd come home and talk the thing over. It wouldn't hurt half so much."

Billy was glad to see that she was calm. He liked the spirit she was showing.

The phone rang, and it seemed ages till the maid came with a message. When she did appear, Marjorie greeted her with an anxious "What is it, Estelle?"

"Mr. Courtenay is calling for Mr. Chesterton, madam."

"Oh, yes," she said.

Chesterton took a step forward, then stopped, as if undecided as to whether or not he would talk with Courtenay. Addressing the maid, "You will please tell——"

"No, no, please," interrupted Marjorie; "talk to him, won't you?"

In a few moments Chesterton returned. "Dick apologized for his conduct toward me last night—wants me to join him as soon as possible."

"You're going?"

"Don't you want me to?"

"I'd like you to."

"What a brick you are. I'll go."

"Thanks."

"All right," he said, squeezing her hand.

DICK looked as tho he had been thru a spell of sickness, and seemed especially glad to see Chesterton. Seated on the arm of a chair, his hands on his knees, his head bowed. Dick began:

"Last evening you said that I had not given her—a chance to explain; that I would not listen to her story. Bill—I've a letter in my possession that I picked up the evening of the shooting. I found it in the hall, near the door. This letter substantiates my action. It is filled with words of endearment; dwells on a certain night in New York—addressed to—my wife, and signed, Belton Ward. The dog!" The other remained silent. "I had just picked up this letter, when Hudson said I was wanted on the phone. An unknown voice told me where I might find my wife. I then read the letter. The rest you know. God!" Billy knew not what to say—this piece of news rather stunned him. Dick went on. "If only the election were over, I'd leave immediately. I can't withdraw now; it wouldn't be fair to the party, to my friends. But, oh, how I wish it were over," he said, burying his face in his hands.

"I wish I knew of some way to help you, old pal; I seem so helpless. However, you can depend on me to the end. You know that, don't you, Rich?" Rubbing his hands together; "and we're going to put up a fight. You're going to win, and everything else is going to turn out all right, too."

"No, I'm not going to win; I haven't a chance, now, but I'm not running off—not until after the election. I don't know where I shall go; probably to Europe. Before I go, I shall see that—she is taken care of. After all that has happened, I still—love her; still care, even tho I know she once belonged to another—and that she can never—come back."

"Don't you think, Dick, that a woman can 'return,' just as well as a man—can?"

"No, they cannot," said Dick, clinching his hands; "a woman is either good, or bad; there is no 'between point.' And once she has 'fallen,' she has taken 'the one-way road,' and can't turn back."

"I don't agree with you."

"And why? Because you are not viewing the situation from the point that I am." He was standing now, his hands in the pockets of his lounging robe. "Suppose that you, after having idled, say ten or twelve years with a set who knew nothing about decency; nothing of the finer things of life; nothing—save drinking, and riotous living, one day met and loved a girl, who was in every way superior to them—the set that you and I know, and who brought to the surface all those finer qualities that had been deadened by association with a lot of frivolous, pleasure-seeking people; and you wanted to be with her all the days of your life—you loved her above life itself; believed in her—then—then learned that she was no different than the rest. Oh, God," cried Dick, drawing his hands across his eyes, as tho trying to shut out some ghastly sight, "there, there she was, in Belton Ward's arms; the most notorious character in San Francisco. Think of it! My wife, in that man's arms. Do you wonder that I've lost faith." Dick spoke loudly and excitably. "Well," he said, dropping his voice, "it's my ruin, that's all. Nothing matters now."

Neither spoke again for several minutes. There was much Billy wanted to say concerning Marjorie, but he dared not. His position was a hard one—that of remaining loyal to both. He was glad when Dick broke the silence.

"I'd like you to make known my plans to—her. That is, if you don't mind. Ask her to refrain from taking any action until after the election; not because of me—but because of the party. After the election she may do as she likes. See that she wants for nothing, until things are settled, at which time she'll me made a comfortable allowance. You might also tell her that I am leaving the city, as soon as possible after the election; anything she may wish me to know, to tell you. I do not want to see her. You understand, Bill?" Billy merely nodded his head.

BILLY took lunch with Marjorie, and told her of his visit with Dick. He longed to spare her, but knew there was nothing to do but to tell her all; sooner or later, she must know.

"I'm ready to leave now. I can't stand it here another day. You don't know what I've suffered. The loneliness has been terrible."

"Of course, you won't leave the city 'till after the election?"

"No; I just want to get away from here—this place, once so dear to me, now—just a tomb, cold and barren. I can't stand it, I tell you, I can't, I can't," she cried.

The maid entered and extended a card to Marjorie, who read the name, then said to Chesterton, "Sherrill Bond is calling, would you see her?"

"I would. You've been such great pals, and there's really no reason why you shouldn't."

"Very well, Estell, show her in here, please."

"Shall I go, or do you wish me to remain."

"I'd so much rather you stayed." Her eyes seemed to appeal to him for assistance.

"Then I shall stay."

Majorie toyed nervously with her handkerchief, and looked as tho she might burst into tears.

"Miss Bond," announced Estelle, and before another minute the two girls were locked in each other's embrace. Marjorie was sobbing convulsively.

"I'd have come sooner—I'd have come right away," Sherrill managed to say, "but I was afraid you might not understand. But you do understand why I've come, don't you, dear?"

"Of course," Marjorie sobbed.

"I want to help you." And Sherrill patted her on the back, and led her to a chair. "Now, now, dear, don't make yourself ill. Please stop crying."

Billy had always admired Sherrill; in fact, he was quite fond of her, and when she extended her hand to him, he held it for a moment, and said: "You're a wonderful girl, Sherrill—I knew you'd come."

"I'm happy to find you here, Billy," she smiled up at him.

Sherrill Bond was one of those girls whom everybody loved. A very beautiful girl, with soft brown hair, brown eyes, and a ruddy complexion. And, tho the daughter of wealthy parents, she was unselfish and unspoiled. Her happiest moments were when doing for some one else, and she was extremely liberal in her gifts to the poor. Sherrill was the first of Dick's friends to recognize Marjorie. From the beginning she had been her closest friend—she had made a 'pal' of her. More than that, she had made all the others accept Marjorie. Sherrill Bond was the 'pace-leader' in her set; the others followed.

"Marge, old dear, I'm awfully sorry for you; isn't there something I can do?"

"Nothing that I can think of—there's really so little to be done. Anyway, Sherrill, I can't let you sacrifice yourself in this way. You, you really shouldn't have anything more to do—with me," she faltered.

"Why, Marge," and Sherrill dropped to the stool at her feet, taking her hands in hers, "do you think I believe all this rot about you? Do you think I'd 'cut' you, simply because of what people may say? If wou do, you're wrong. I'm for you—stronger than ever."

"You don't know what you are saying, dear; for you to be seen with me, now, would be nothing short of suicide for you. And I love you too much to let you take such a chance on your reputation. What does it matter, that my name, my reputation, has been smirched? I've never been—anybody, and I'll soon be forgotten, but you—you've always been 'somebody,' and you've got to guard your reputation, and that of your family. Don't think of me, Sherr," she said, her voice breaking.

"I'm not listening to you, my dear," said Sherrill, digging the toe of her shoe into the rug.

"But do be reasonable," Marjorie pleaded; "think of your dad, and your mother—and, Dane, your fiance."

"Dane has no say coming; as for mother and dad, they're for you, just as I am. We talked it over this morning."

"But when one offends society——" Marjorie protested, but without avail.

"You've done nothing, Marge," Sherrill spoke assuringly.

"If only Dick felt that way about it."

Sherrill Bond's heart ached for the girl, for she knew how deeply she loved Dick Courtenay, and what she was suffering at losing him.

Billy left the two girls alone, and went to his office, but not to work. His thoughts wandered from Marjorie to Dick, and back again. Things looked pretty bad. Dick was the sort of a fellow whom a thing of this kind made cold and stern. He was a "hard loser." And, once he lost faith in any one, it was the end, usually. "But he still loves her," Billy thought to himself, "and love is stronger than one's self."

The old lady who cleaned Chesterton's office that night wondered at the name "Sherrill," she found written on the pad on his desk. On a scratch pad was written, "Mrs. Wm. Chesterton," and the old lady chuckled and went on with her work.

Sherrill spent the night with Marjorie and the next day drove her to an exclusive family hotel, where she was comfortably situated, and free from all questioning and staring, gossiping people. Marjorie did not leave her room, and saw no one but Sherrill and Billy, who were with her almost constantly. Dick returned hime and found it cold and cheerless. Marjorie had only taken the necessary clothing, leaving everything else, including her jewels. Dick wished she had taken everything.

RICHARD COURTENAY sat in his spacious apartment, his head buried in his hands, while without husky-voiced newsies shrieked out his defeat for Governor of California. He was alone, and he was glad. His handsome face was a bit haggard, his large, dark eyes somewhat sunken. Richard Courtenay was indeed handsome, and tho there were patches of gray about his temples, he was still very young. He had a host of worth while friends, and regrets were pouring in—a lot of old pals were calling, but Courtenay would not see them. He had sent the usual congratulations to his successful opponent, and he was thru; to him—his defeat would soon be forgotten; there was something else eating the very heart and life out of him.

As the clock chimed the hour of 12, Hudson, his faithful old valet, announced, "A lady to see you, sir—shall I show her in?" Courtenay did not notice the anxious look on Hudson's face; however, the latter saw his master's face grow rigid as he ordered him to show her in.

Courtenay arose and stood before the fireplace; his left arm rested on the mantle. His back was to the door, and he did not turn when it opened.

"Dick—I am leaving San Francisco tonight." He did not move. "I am going out of your life—forever." At these words her voice faltered, but the man seemed unmoved. In a few moments she went on: "Before I left I wanted you to know that I shan't ever forget all you have done for me—and, that I love you. Oh, I know it's hard to believe, after all that has happened, after all that has been proved, but it's true, and I'm not too proud to admit it. I do love you, and I've been faithful."

"Faithful," cried Dick, turning upon her, "why, you don't know the meaning of the word. As for your loving me—you never did," he flung at her in harsh tones.

"Please, please, Dick, don't say that," she pleaded.

"I believe I have made it quite clear that I am thru—and that I want never to see you again." The girl went white, and clutched the back of a chair for support. Courtenay continued: "If it's money you want, my lawyers will attend to that." He crossed to the table, picked up a cigarette, but did not light it.

"Money," she said, sadly, "Is that all our marriage has meant to you? No—I don't want money; I don't want anything from you. I came here tonight to try to make you understand—some day, perhaps, you will understand, and realize how wrongfully, how cruelly, you have misjudged me. On my knees, I begged you to listen to me, to hear my story, to let me explain; you would not—you preferred to believe the worst." Tears trickled down her cheeks, as she continued, her voice taking on a mysterious calm. "You may go on believing the worst of me—I no longer care."

The door opened and closed. Hudson entered the room some time later, found his master seated on the couch, a dainty white handkerchief crushed to his lips.

"HELLO, Mrs. Lovell;" it was Marjorie Weston, addressing her generous-hearted landlady, who had carried her on, for little more than nothing, while she was trying to earn a living in New York, whence she had come, more than a year back. It had taken months to get anywhere; however, she was now earning a fairly good wage, in the office of a Wall Street brokerage firm.

"You're late this evening, my child. I hope you're going to find your food tasty. It's hard to keep it hot, once it's been cooked."

"I'm sure it'll be all right, please don't let me put you to any trouble; anything will do."

Marjorie's meal on the table, Mrs. Lovell sat down across from her to chat.

"We've a newcomer, Miss Laine." Marjorie having discarded both the name Weston and Courtenay, taking the name which had been her mother's—"Cecile Laine."

"You don't say."

"His name is John Stanford; a fine-looking fellow. Nice manners, and nice clothes, which makes me think he might be somebody come here to write, or somethin'."

"Perhaps."

"You know, I was thinkin', what a nice fellow he'd make for you."

"So you've been scheming to marry me off," Marjorie said between bites, laughing.

"Of course, I'd hate to have you leave me, Miss Laine, but I'd like to see you get a good husband to take care of you."

"A girl wants something more than to be taken care of—she must have love." And the girl rose from the table.

"I believe you're too particular," and Mrs. Lovell continued to talk as she carried the dishes to the kitchen, Marjorie assisting her. This done, she went into the living-room, which was deserted, save for old Mr. Bob Hall, who always monopolized the best chair, and all of the evening paper. Presently in came Mrs. Lovell, with the newcomer.

"Miss Laine, this is Mr. Stanford."

"I'm very glad to know you, Mr. Stanford," Marjorie said, extending her hand.

"Thank you, Miss Laine, the feeling is mutual, I assure you."

Mrs. Lovell, her face all smiles, left the room. Mr. Hall, indignant because he had not been made acquainted with the newcomer, threw the paper on the table, and walked heavily out of the room, clearing his throat as he went. Marjorie and the newcomer laughed heartily. Stanford knew he was going to like her immensely. There was something about the soft, mellow tone of her voice, that appealed to him. He thought her smile radiant, yet he saw a bit of sadness intermingled. The girl liked the man, too.

AS TIME wore on, the girl, known to her acquaintances as "Cecile Laine," and the man, John Stanford, became great friends. Such friends, that one evening he told her all about himself, and how he came to be at Mrs. Lovell's.

"About six months ago," he began, "a party of friends and myself went slumming. We dropped into the "Grey Dawn"—a place where poor wretches seek forgetfulness, 'via the pipe.' It's a ghastly hole, run by Chinamen, of course. We had been there but a little while, when a fellow, getting up from a nearby table, staggered toward the lady with me, and cried out, 'This is what you've done to me.' Without stopping to consider that the poor fellow was either dope crazed, or drunk, I drew back, and struck—he fell—to the floor. Fearing a riot, we hurried out, laughing over the incident, and on to another place, with never a thought of the poor fellow I had knocked to the floor. The next morning, the paper told of the affair, and said that the man I had knocked down had been made blind. He had struck the back of his head. I rushed madly to the 'Grey Dawn,' wishing I had never seen the place, and inquired for the lad; they could not tell me where he had been taken. Since that day I have looked everywhere for that chap; I see him in my dreams; he is in my every thought. I can think of nothing else." The speaker's eyes filled with tears, and Cecile touched his hand in sympathy.

"Don't pity me, think of that fellow, blind, wandering about, day after day, night after night, hungry and cold, and with no one to help him. Oh, God," and he ran his hands thru his hair, "If I don't soon find him I shall go insane. I walk the streets all day, sometimes all thru the night, especially if it's cold and damp; I want to suffer some of what he must be suffering. I never eat or sleep at home." Hesitating for a second or more, "Miss Laine, I'm going to be honest with you—my name isn't 'Stanford,' it is 'Price Waring.'"

"Of the 'Fifth avenue Warings?'"

"Yes."

"What do your people think of this life you have recently taken up?"

He looked up and shook his head. "My poor dear mother and sister—they are heartbroken. They grieve because of my doing without luxuries I've always been used to—because I've given up all my friends; I miss all that so little."

"But you visit them, often?"

"Oh, yes, I run in on them, two or three times a week. You'd like my mother and sisters, and I know they'd like you. I wish you knew them. My sister is just about your age."

"Perhaps I shall meet them some day."

The man walked to the window and drew the curtain aside. "Look," he said, "look how dark it is out there, tonight—it's raining, too, and cold."

"There's a lot of misery 'out there,' isn't there?" she said, sadly.

"I wonder if there's any one in the world who is really and truly happy."

"Only for a time." The girl stared into space.

"Maybe happiness isn't supposed to be lasting. I've never known it to last long."

"Happiness is short-lived."

"But you, you seem cheerful; at least, you can smile."

"A smile—a laugh, perhaps a song, makes one's sorrow easier to bear." The girl's tone was pathetic.

"I suppose one does become hardened to suffering and sorrow."

"Oh, no, they don't become hardened, nor do they ever—forget." Price Waring was moved by the tone of her voice.

"Haven't you, too, tasted of—of tragedy?" he asked, rather awkwardly.

"Why, why do you ask that?"

"I had no particular reason for asking," and seeing that she was a bit excited, "and I trust you will pardon me for asking so personal a question."

"Certainly, that's all right," and she fought to compose herself.

As the girl lie awake that night, she thought of the grave tragedy that encircled Price Waring's life—and of the poor, blind fellow. She hoped that Price would find him. For some unknown reason, she disliked to see him so sad; she wanted him to be happy. There had been a time when this chap Waring had been light-hearted and free, with never a thought of care or worry. He was a handsome fellow.

SHERRILL BOND was no longer the fiancee of Dane Hamilton, but was soon to become the wife of Billy Chesterton. Neither had had any word from Marjorie. She had left New York very hurriedly, without bidding them farewell. From that day they hoped to hear from her, but never a word.

"I wonder why Marjorie doesn't let us know where she is."

"Why did she leave without saying 'good-by' to us."

"It is all very strange. I like Marjorie, and I did so want to help her; of course, I am still quite fond of her, but her treating us this way hurts me very much."

"I've never before mentioned this to you," Billy said, "but it's been my thought that perhaps she heard what people were saying about your being seen with her—about your taking her part, sticking up for her, and she felt it her duty to save your reputation by leaving here at once."

"I wonder."

"It wouldn't surprise me in the least to learn that that is why she left. Marge is that kind of a girl, you know; always thinking of the 'other fellow,' just like you, dear." Billy idolized Sherrill; she knew it, but did not take advantage of it.

"Poor Dick. Wonder where he is. He never writes."

"Somehow, Sherrill, I can't feel sorry for Dick."

"It does seem that had he listened to her side of the affair all this could have been avoided. I have absolute faith in Marjorie; she was never anything to Belton Ward."

"Of course she wasn't. It was a frame-up. But darling, you shouldn't be worrying about their affairs, and making yourself unhappy," said Billy, putting his arms about her, and kissing her tenderly. "Smile, won't you?" Sherrill did more than smile; she put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"We're going to be happy, aren't we, Billy?"

"You bet we are, little sweetheart."

"You'll never be cross with me?"

"Never! How could I ever be cross with you?"

"And after we're married, let's still be sweethearts, uh?"

"You'll always be my little sweetheart," he said, caressing her fondly.

And the two lovers sat there, planning for "a rose-lined" future.

SEVERAL nights after Price Waring had told Marjorie his story, she was sitting in her room, when suddenly a heavy knock came upon the door, and an excited voice called, "Miss Laine, Miss Laine." It was Waring. She opened the door and let him in.

"I've found him—he's in my room—and I've sent for a doctor. He's ill, quite ill, and I'd like you to come up, if you will; and please don't let on who I am, for, under the circumstances, he may resent my doing for him. Told him I was a 'writer'—all alone, and would be glad to have company."

She followed Waring to his room. It was dimly lighted, and she suggested that he bring up her reading lamp, to place by the bed, that the doctor might have more light. Marjorie tidied the room, glancing now and then at the sightless creature on the bed. He evidently had not shaven for many days.

The lamp was attached, and Waring gave it to her to hold, while he moved the table near the bed. The light threw its rays upon the face of the man, and with a smothered cry, the girl reeled, and would have fallen had not Waring caught her in his arms. He held her close to him: "What—what's the matter, dear—are you ill?"

"Nothing, nothing—only, perhaps a shock—from that lamp; maybe, a wire exposed somewhere." Her heart was beating rapidly, and she trembled from head to foot.

"Gee, I'm sorry; here, sit down and let me get some brandy for you."

"Don't, please; I'm all right now." The girl prayed for strength to go thru with this thing. "Oh, God!" she prayed, within herself, "you've given Dick back to me, and I'm going to nurse him back to health. Don't take him from me, dear God; let me make up to him for all he has lost thru me. Please, God, help him to see—please." And with new strength she walked to the bed, but it was some moments before she would trust herself to look into his face. As she stood there, gazing at Dick, her heart aching, the doctor entered with Price.

"Miss Laine, this is Dr. Ames." The girl bowed to him.

"How do you do, Miss Laine." The doctor was a jovial sort of a fellow—perhaps 60—and the Waring family doctor for years. Waring had told him the story. "Well, young fellow," he went on, opening his satchel, "what seems to be your trouble?"

"Everything." The sick man's voice was weak and shaky. "I—I must be out of my head"—resting a second or so; "awhile ago I thought I heard——"

"What did you hear?" The doctor held his hand. "What did you hear?" But the man would not continue.

Marjorie went pale at the sound of Dick's voice, and everything before her seemed to turn black. She trembled like a leaf in the path of a mighty gale. Her heart had almost ceased to beat. "Had he recognized her voice?"

"On the verge of pneumonia, my son."

"Fever, Doc?" Waring asked.

"Some—not much." Then to the girl: "Now, little lady, I want to see that our friend here takes his medicine religiously, keeps to his bed, and has plenty of nourishing food. You live in the house, do you?"

"Yes, Doctor, I live here. You can depend on me—taking the very best care of him."

"I'm sure you will. You come with me, War—, Stanford, and have these prescriptions filled." Then to the girl, who stood staring at the man on the bed: "I'll be here at 9 in the morning. Good-night."

"Good-night," she said.

The final installment of this story will appear in next week's Ledger. It will play a pleasant tune on your heart-strings. Don't miss it!

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET

Tells How to Darken Gray Hair With a Home-Made Mixture.

Joicey Williams, the well-known American actress, recently made the following statement about gray hair and how to darken it, with a home-made mixture:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken gray, streaked or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

* * *

The Traitor Tricked

(Concluded From Page 4.)

more branches were heaped on the crackling mass. The two men inside who had their backs to the entrance did not notice what was taking place until the suffocating smoke began to roll around them. Turning around they tried to force an outlet, but the narrow tunnel at the entrance thru which they would have to crawl was already wreathed in flames, and they were driven back from it by the fire.

"You can purchase your lives on certain conditions," shouted the girl thru the smoke. "That you give up the spoils of your treacherous victory, that the Chief be restored in safety to his lands, that Donald be banished to the south of Mull, and that I be allowed to marry whom I like. When you promise on faithful oath to agree to thees terms the fire will be extinguished and you will be rescued."

For a while there was no response. Then, in choking words, came the promise and solemn oath, one which a Highlander seldom takes because he dares not break it.

The fire was now raked aside and the two half-suffocated men dragged out.

MacLean was faithful to his pledge, and Big Donald had to yield a surly assent. News was soon sent to Staffa and MacKinnon was brought back to his castle.

"I will take possession only as the husband of the one who has won it by the right of conquest, even tho that weapon has been but a woman's wit," he said as he held the hand of Mary Macdonald in his.

"It has proved more effective than Donald's claymore," she answered with a laugh. "Perhaps the day will come when men will trust more to it than to the sword."

At all events in Mull it undid much of the havoc of the sword, for while Mary Macdonald reigned in Dunera Castle as the wife of the MacKinnon there was peace on the island, and Big Donald's claymore grew rusty on the wall.

THE END.

* * *

Horse Thieves Around

(Concluded From Page 2.)

bread and butter which a housewife had given him. When they had eaten it one of the men said:

"Yes, we are horse thieves, and we are going to color these horses so that the owner will never know them."

From a satchel that they had with them, they took out three or four bottles and began their work, with the sheriff watching them all the time.

At home, when Mr. Watkins had returned from his useless journey, his daughter Mary said:

"Father, it is no use waiting for the sheriff. Let us go out and look for them ourselves."

"But what can we do?" was the question.

Miss May did not answer, but changed her dress for an old suit and had the farmer look for tracks in the barnyard. The girl went out without saying a word to her mother and picked up a shotgun as she went. She was going to do a little detective work by her lonely.

The men who had taken away her horses had passed from field to field instead of staying by the road. The girl followed on and as she drew near the woods she was positive of finding them. She knew of the old shanty and as she drew closer and closer, she saw the two men brushing one of her horses.

Miss May made a circuit and came down to the shanty from the other side, and to her astonishment she saw the sheriff. He was still bound securely, and could do nothing but wait.

His name was spoken in a whisper by Miss May, and she soon learned the particulars. She then boldly entered the shanty and was about to untie the rope when the two men entered.

They had hardly exclaimed at her presence when she turned with the gun in her hand. If they had owned any firearms they had left them behind. She managed to keep them well covered with her gun while being advised by the sheriff as he kept working at the ropes. After a few minutes of hard work he got them off, and just at that moment a party of working men appeared. A shout brought them up and instead of the sheriff being a prisoner he had a couple of them on his hands.

When it was known all over what a brave thing Miss May did, she fainted dead away when the excitement was over and it was a quarter of an hour before she came to.

She was taken home and in a short time everybody knew about it, and Miss May received lots of praise for her action. Although some of the people blamed the sheriff for not showing more pluck he was spoken of as a good fellow.

He was walking home with Miss May when they met the father and he ran forward and received his daughter with the words:

"The sheriff will call tonight and we will fix things all right."

Yes, the sheriff called and in a few weeks there was a marriage. The horse thieves received four years in prison and the people laughed and said the sheriff was in prison for life.

* * *

Something to make Thinkers Think

Easy Beheadings.

124—1. Behead a fruit and have a cook stove.

2. Behead a chicken and have a wise old bird.

3. Behead a sweetmeat and have a boy's nickname.

4. Behead a table furnishing and have not early.

5. Behead a part of the foot and have a kind of fish.

6. Behead to double together, and have not young.

7. Behead the vapor from boiling water and have two beasts pulling together.

8. Behead part of the leg, and have a skein of yarn.

A Hidden Proverb.

125—Here is a familiar proverb of five letters. Each sentence contains one word. The letters are continuous:

1. "Now, my little man, you must go to bed," said mother.

2. Hannah and Sarah were sisters.

3. And Emma Key was their cousin.

4. They liked the gymnasium and especially to swing and alight in a basket.

5. But they saw or knew the danger of it, however.

Five-word Square.

126—1. A phantom.
2. Speed; hurry.
3. A long, pliable willow.
4. A vapor arising from boiling water.
5. Limits; boundaries.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

121.—Hidden Studies.

1. Latin. 2. Drawing. 3. Botany. 4. History. 5. Grammar. 6. Spelling.

122—Shedding Letters.

Bee—Be-b.

123—Square Word.

I T E M
T Y P E
E P A A
M E A L

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

* * *

Half-fare Coming Back.

"What! You are planning to go to Vienna! But that will cost you a fortune."

"Oh, not so much. You see, I'll have my youth restored by Dr. Steinach and come back on a child's ticket."

Ten Year Guarantee

While they last

100 Oliver No. 5—at $31.90

Our 1923 Pre-inventory-sale of Famous No. 5 Olivers is the greatest money-saving offer we have ever made. Think of it, a late model No. 5 Oliver, sold by manufacturer for $100, now yours, completely rebuilt and refinished like new, for less than 1-3. If you want to own a real high-grade typewriter, here's your chance.

Oliver No. 5 Famous No. 5 Oliver Standard Universal Keyboard writes 84 characters. Visible writer, back spacer, inbuilt tabulator, shift lock key and right and left hand carriage release. Is used by government offices, commercial colleges, large industries everywhere.

$2 and It's Yours Only $2 brings this superb typewriter for 10-days free trial. You can keep or return the machine just as you yourself decide. If you are convinced that this really is the greatest "buy" of the famous No. 5 Oliver you have ever seen or heard of, simply pay balance of $29.90 in small easy payments, $2.50 per month, less than EIGHT CENTS a day.

A Year to Pay Our liberal 'Year to Pay' plan makes it easy for everyone to own one of these famous typewriters. Only small monthly payments that average less than 8c a day. Full 12 months to pay and you have the use of the machine all the time. Send your order NOW, with $2.00.

International Typewriter Exchange
177 N. State Street, Dept. 10-6A, Chicago, Illinois

16 JEWEL 14 K. GOLD Engraved 25 YEAR Guaranteed

Look! Lowest Prices

No. 400 — 6 JEWEL No. 400 Stylish Tonneau Shape, fine 6J movement, 14k white gold 25-year guaranteed richly engraved case and clasp, silk ribbon, sapphire stem. Was $18.00. Now $6.85

16 Jewel No. 500 — This 14k gold 25-year guaranteed ribbon bracelet watch, white gold filled richly engraved case. Fashionable 'Cushion' shape, 16 jewel Lever high grade adjusted movement. Sapphire stem. $25 quality. Sale price only $12.85

No. 600 — 10-Jewel No. 600 Fashionable rectangular 14k gold engraved ribbon bracelet watch. 25-year guaranteed white gold filled. 10 jewel adjusted movement. Sapphire stem. $25 quality. Half price during this sale $12.95

Don't Send a Penny! Pay only sale price when delivered. We Pay the Postage. Money back after inspection if not satisfied. Don't delay! Order today!

Universal Watch Co., Dept. 1708, Lincoln & Harvey, Chicago

NEW TIRE Value Special $2.50 30×3½

The Best Tires You Ever Bought At Any Price! Standard, famous brands of highest quality Goodyear, Firestone, Goodrich, Fisk, U. S., etc. Slightly used, but in positively wonderful condition, good for thousands of miles. See them and get the most mileage you ever had on any tire at any price! We replace any tire not satisfactory at half price within ten months.

10 MONTHS WRITTEN GUARANTEE

GREATEST VALUES—LOWEST PRICES

	Tires	New Tubes		Tires	New Tubes
30x3	$2.40	$1.00	32x4½	$4.25	$1.75
30x3½	2.50	1.00	33x4½	4.25	1.75
32x3½	3.00	1.00	34x4½	4.50	1.75
31x4	3.25	1.00	35x4½	4.75	1.75
32x4	3.50	1.50	36x4½	4.75	1.75
33x4	3.75	1.50	35x5	4.75	2.05
34x4	4.00	1.50	37x5	4.75	2.05

Send $1.00 for each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. express subject to inspection. When cash accompanies order we will send one new tube for each tire FREE!

ARROW TIRE CORPORATION
Dept. N, 64 E. Roosevelt Rd. Chicago, Ill.

Talking and Walking Doll Free

Will You Be Polly Ann's Mama?

You can have this life-size TALKING, WALKING and SLEEPING DOLL, with hair you can comb, and she won't cost you a penny. Fully dressed in romper suit ready to play, with bonnet to match, shoes and stockings. She says "Mama, Mama" as often as you want. She won't break if you drop her—play with her for years.

She Walks - Talks - Sleeps

Her name is Polly Ann and I will send her free to advertise our business—a little favor you can easily do. Write me today.

16	15	12	12
25	1	14	14

Solve This Puzzle What two words do these figures spell? The alphabet is numbered, A is 1, B is 2, etc.

Send No Money Not a penny of your money wanted now or later. Write the two words and I will send you our Free Doll Offer. You can soon have Polly Ann. Send answer today.

Over a Foot Tall

AUNT TILLIE, 630 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept., 3551, Chicago, Illinois

FREE
46-PIECE DINNER SET
SELL ONLY 10 BOXES SOAP,

each box containing 7 cakes fine Toilet Soap and with every box, give as premiums to each purchaser all of the following articles; a Pound of Baking Powder, Bottle Perfume, Box Talcum Powder, 6 Teaspoons, Pair Shears and Package Needles, (as per Plan 2351) and this artistically decorated full size, handsome Dinner Set is Yours.

NO MONEY NEEDED. WE PAY FREIGHT. Many other equally attractive offers and hundreds of useful Premiums or large cash Commissions.

SPECIAL EXTRA PRESENT—GRANITE SET

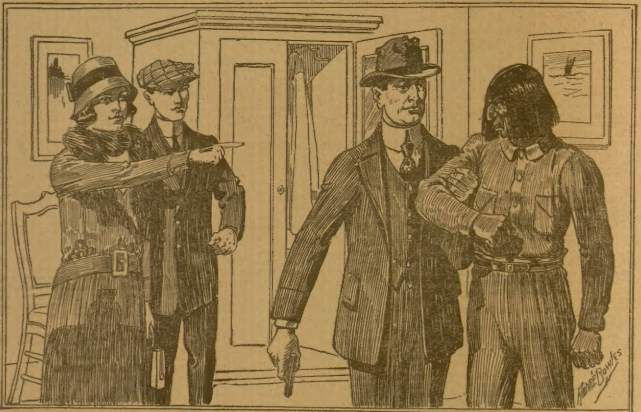
We give a 7 Pc. Full Size High Grade Granite Kitchen Set, consisting of Dish Pan, Preserve Kettle, Sauce Pan, Pudding Pan, Pie Pan, Jelly Cake Pan and Basting Spoon FREE of cost in addition to the Dinner Set, if you order promptly. You advance no money. We trust you. You risk nothing. WRITE TODAY for our BIG FREE CATALOG and full information.

THE PERRY G. MASON CO., 174 Culvert & 8th St., Cincinnati, O. Founded 1897.

A Woman Unravels the Mystery of

The Vanished Finger

By Warren Scholl



"There Is the Man Who Can Tell You All About the Missing Finger."

PART II.

VI.

BEATRICE was a woman transformed. All trace of illness had vanished, and while her usual sparkle of health and vivacity yielded to the hotter fire of determination in her dark eyes, neither the lawyer she consulted, nor Krag, nor Sergeant Nicholls felt thoroly comfortable when brought face to face with her. Tho undeniably beautiful, there now seemed something fairly tigerish in the concentration and insistence she brought to bear in working for Krag's freedom. Truth was that she had put grief aside. During nights in which sleep came only after hours of wakefulness she might weep for the two kindly old men. By day, yielding to her sorrow in no way could help the man she loved.

The lawyer engaged for Krag's defense may remain nameless, as from first to last he regarded the case only as a net of circumstantial evidence from which it was to be his business to extricate an undoubtedly guilty client. Failing acquittal, the lawyer would fight every inch of retreat with technical quibbles, pleas for new trials, and all the variegated weapons used to obscure a clean-cut issue. He was useful to Krag Herendine and Beatrice only in minor capacity, that of procuring the girl chances to discuss "matters of the defense" with himself and the prisoner.

Krag told his story again. In it he was face to face with a blank wall in which surmise made no imprint. Beatrice listened, making shorthand notes, and occasionally asking for clarification of one point or another.

"When you left the library with the three physicians," she questioned in significant manner, "did you go directly upstairs?"

"Yes," said Krag. "I was shocked, and wanted to be by myself to think things out. I passed out into the west living-room with the others, then turned back, going directly to the room which had been assigned to me."

"And when you mounted the stairs did you know or imagine that any of the others followed you?"

"No. Bradshaw, Doctor Millman and his assistant all stayed below."

A slightly wry expression touched her lips, yet she went on without comment. "Did you lock the door of your room?"

"No. I—well, I started to do it, out of sheer habit. Down at Chasco, you know, we've been laying on with rather heavy hands, owing to the feuds and insubordination among the Indians and Mexicans. Two or three have sworn to get Bixby and myself—particularly those two about whom I wrote you."

"The sons of that Indian servant of Doctor Bradshaw?"

"Yes, of old Snake's-Eyes and his squaw. But there isn't any use looking to them, Bee. They're back in Chasco, probably raising their particular brand of trouble and boozing on tequilla. Besides, they haven't the brains to engineer anything as subtle as this. Their idea of complete revenge would be to get me from behind with a knife or bullet."

"I was not thinking of them—exactly," returned the girl. "Before, when you went upstairs after being with—with my uncles, did you lock the door?"

Krag shook his head shamefacedly. "I don't know," he confessed. "If I walked upstairs on my own legs I probably did lock the door that time out of habit, as I said. What difference can it make, however?"

Beatrice rose. "From now on, Krag," she bade him, seeming to evade direct reply, "you must concentrate on trying to remember exactly what happened when you entered that bedroom the second time. Right now I am perfectly sure of two things. First, you did not cut off your own finger. Second, THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME ONE WAITING FOR YOU IN THAT ROOM!"

The lone policeman left in charge of the Cashion premises made no objection to Beatrice's request for entrance. She used the pretext of desiring to search for a few personal articles mislaid by those who had collected her effects, and one flashing smile from dark eyes banished from the mind of Officer Gedge any notions of irregularity.

These notions were to recur uncomfortably. Slow, thoro mind, once released from the magic of a pretty woman's guile, began to question what on earth could be keeping this sweetheart of the murderer within doors upward of an hour.

What would "the sarge" think about it? Even if they'd got his "fella" Herendine with the goods, mightn't the frail of been in it some way? Just suppose her wanting to come back when nobody was around was because she'd remembered something Jeff hadn't discovered?

With an exclamation of belated concern Officer Gedge rose from his comfortable chair on the veranda and hurried inside. First to the library, then about the rest of downstairs, he dashed. The girl was not to be seen.

"Here, Miss Laird!" he called peremptorily, but no answer came. "D—n if she ain't beat it out the back way while I was——"

He had started up the front staircase, hoping against hope to discover her packing trifles as she had intimated, when a sharp cry indubitably in a feminine voice, made him tarry. Since the source of that exclamation was the rear of the house he cluttered down the stairs, out thru the long hall opening to the dining-room, thence to the kitchen.

On the small service porch Gedge found her. She was bending over the low rail, but straightened instantly. Faint flush of triumph had risen in her cheeks.

"Go!" she commanded, almost breathless with excitement, and catching his arm. "I have found something Sergeant Nicholls must see! Tell him to come!"

Gedge felt again the spell of those dark eyes, but he had deployed into action now and would take considerable diverting. "You ain't packing like you said, Miss," he accused. "I gotta know, what you HAVE been doing!"

"I'm just aching to tell!" she retorted, perceiving the uselessness of argument. "Come in with me to the telephone. I want to get the detective. Oh, yes, you can listen to everything I say! What's the station number? Main 2000?"

Sergeant Jeff Nicholls was more than ever convinced of the prisoner's guilt. Krag had summoned him with an absurd claim, one which was easily shown to be a palpable fabrication.

Krag thought he had discovered a flaw in the State's case—a flaw so huge that had it been proved it would have made an excellent basis for immediate habeas corpus proceedings.

"This will make an end to nonsense," Krag informed the detective. "I was an idiot not to have thought of it before! The reason really that you are holding me is because the fingerprint found on that panel corresponds closely to the print of the finger I have lost. That is the truth, is it not?"

"Yes?" retorted Nicholls noncommittally.

"Well, it really could not have been more than a case of very close similarity, because for a whole year I haven't had any normal skin on the tip of that finger!"

"Wha-at?" gasped the detective, aghast at what sounded like the wildest attempt at alibi he ever had heard. He was at a loss to understand this youth, one whom Nicholls himself would have chosen as the very antithesis of a criminal type—and one possessing a modicum of good, hard, common sense in addition. Yet his story thus far sounded like the ravings of a madman!

"Exactly what I said," returned Krag. "As I grasp this fingerprinting business no two marks in the world are supposed to be identical. From the very fact that there are so many billions of them in the world, however, some must approach closely to being duplicates, at least."

"Not a chance! If you're trying to squeal free on that——"

Krag gestured impatiently. "Hear me out!" he commanded. "I have read that convictions can be obtained on such evidence, but right now, simply because I know and can prove the loss of the necessary patch of skin on tip of that finger——"

"You can prove it? How?"

"By the physician who treated my finger the time I had an infection in it. Also the men of the Jaques mines doubtless have seen the puckered scar left by the many lancings and the removal of skin and proud flesh. Doctor Bradshaw——"

"Oh-h, yes!" derided Nicholls with pardonable skepticism. "So it was this doctor friend of yours who treated the finger, and now who'll get up and swear you didn't have any finger tip left, eh?"

"Yes. Why not? He was the only white surgeon in the Chasco Valley at the time. Call him up. He'll tell you quickly enough. It's a wonder neither he nor I thought of it before! We can get other confirmation by telegraph. They ought to have repaired the wire between Ilihuahua and Jaque by this time."

For a space of seconds the sergeant stared at his quarry in silence. Nerve, such as this, was admirable in a way, even in a guilty man. Nicholls felt the sudden uncomfortable hunch that if both Herendine and the doctor adhered closely to this story, the job of finding a jury ready to convict would be extremely difficult. One sizable hole of reasonable doubt in the fabric of circumstantial evidence usually suffices to throw out an entire case.

"Hm!" exclaimed Nicholls, turning from the cell. "I'll talk to your doctor friend—right away!"

He was gone only a few minutes, having been fortunate enough to locate Bradshaw by phone at his office. The detective's glance turned again upon the anxious Krag, expressed scorn not altogether unmingled with pity.

"You should have posted your witness, Herendine!" he rapped out. "Now he'll have a tough time with that story, because I rung in three of the men here on extension phones. They heard every word he said!"

"And what—was that?" demanded Krag. He had gone white.

"Just that you'd never lost a particle of skin on that portion of your finger at all! Of course, he hemmed and hawed, but I pinned him down—didn't give him a chance to think."

Without a word, Krag Herendine turned away and sank down upon the bench in his cell. His universe suddenly had whirled into chaos, and yet from the shattered ruins of fact and belief one truth hitherto unsuspected emerged in full clarity. Doctor Bradshaw had lied and knew that he lied. Krag's enemy had come out into the open!

VII.

GRIPPED by a mood fully as intolerant as any possible to his equable intelligence, Jeff Nicholls received the relayed message from Beatrice Laird. Come at once? Bring the man who took the pictures of fingerprints? A great surprise awaiting?

Nicholls snorted. He had other duties thus far shelved by the superlative interest of the Cashion-Herendine case. These duties could wait longer if necessary, yet Jeff Nicholls felt the time would be better spent joining some of the more brutal of his comrades in an attempt to win a confession from Herendine thru third-degree methods.

And yet——

The snort subsiding to mere disgruntlement, Nicholls obeyed the behest of Beatrice Laird to the letter. One of his cardinal principles always had been that never was a case finished until the signed and sealed confession of the criminal was locked away in the safe of the prosecuting attorney. Tho he was far from admitting it to Krag Herendine, many features of this problem still remained unsolved and puzzling.

Granting Krag Herendine to be the assassin, why should he not have waited? Murdering a pair of old men for sake of an inheritance which doubtless they would have lavished in advance upon their niece when she married! They were generous always. Krag himself, not even finishing his last year of engineering, had been given a responsible place at a salary which took little heed of his inexperience. Later this amount had been increased yearly, until at the moment of the murder he was drawing sixty-five hundred dollars a year. Why should any man, possessing the friendship of his employers, the love of a beautiful woman, and sufficient income for moderate luxury—in the Chasco Valley, at least—throw into useless hazard all his prospects?

The answer coming most easily to mind was one of two Nicholls still feared might appeal to a jury. Krag Herendine must be irresponsibly insane! The alternative, supposing Krag's lawyer presented this argument, as he was sure to do, was presumption of innocence only to be controverted by steel-riveted evidence such as the identical fingerprints.

With Chris Seifert, the print expert, Sergeant Nicholls drove out in a police car. Waiting at the door, her manner eloquent of suppressed excitement, was Beatrice Laird, uncomfortably attended by the gawky Gedge, who expected a severe reprimand to follow. Fortunately for him, other matters of far greater importance were to crowd his laxness out of the picture.

"Please follow me, and don't act as tho anything seemed queer!" she pleaded in a low tone. "I've sent for Snake's-Eyes, the Indian servant of Doctor Bradshaw, supposedly to help me bring away some articles I had left. He's in there now. I want him to—to be with us all the time!"

Nicholls could take a hint. In spite of skepticism, the girl's earnestness impressed him. She might have nothing more than another ridiculous claim such as that of Krag Herendine, yet even this

7 PIECES Imported JAPANESE Blue Bird Dinner Set $2.49

Add a new charm to your dinner table with this imported Japanese Blue Bird Dinner Set. Special introductory price only $2.49. Compare with sets costing as high as $5.00. Large size Hemstitched tablecloth, 60 x 60 inches. Many beautiful designs. Six hemstitched napkins to match. Cloth and napkins are [illegible] woven and reversible. Both sides of rich, two-tone Japanese Blue. Guaranteed fast colors. A real bargain at our special price of $2.49. Ideal for gift purposes.

SEND NO MONEY. Just name and address. Pay postman only $2.49 and few cents postage on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Send for FREE catalog of other bargains. CROWN SALES CO., Dept. A-132, 16 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

Water Pitcher and Six Glasses Trimmed and Decorated With STERLING SILVER

Your Own Initial on Each Article

We offer this truly magnificent Water Set, exactly the same as the illustration, to any one who will give us a little of their time. Send your name and address, we will mail you 24 large beautiful colored pictures, many of them copies of celebrated paintings of priceless value, postpaid. Show these charming works of art to your friends and tell them that every person who subscribes to Mother's-Home Life for one year at 25c can have any one of these attractive pictures free, 2 years and 2 pictures, 50c, 4 years and 4 pictures one dollar. As soon as you have disposed of the pictures, send us the money, and we will at once ship you the beautiful Water Set securely packed, charges prepaid. We also send an extra present if you remit promptly—something that will surprise and please you. These water sets are both useful and ornamental and you will be well repaid for the time spent. Do not delay—write at once.

Mother's-Home Life, 630 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 77, Chicago

NEW-TREAD TIRES AT 40¢ ON THE DOLLAR

Send No Money!

Here is a real opportunity [illegible] tire [illegible] For a limited period only we offer our famous New Tread Tires—as illustrated—at less than ½. Made of NEW LIVE RUBBER and built on the best carcases money can buy.

Special Sale Prices

Size	Tire	Tube	Size	Tire	Tube
28x3	$4.95	$1.25	36x4	$8.65	$2.35
30x3	4.95	1.35	32x4½	8.65	2.40
30x3½	5.85	1.40	33x4½	9.00	2.45
32x3½	6.50	1.50	34x4½	9.15	2.50
31x4	7.00	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.60
32x4	7.50	1.85	36x4½	9.45	2.70
33x4	7.65	2.15	37x5	9.75	2.80
34x4	8.10	2.25	3 x5	9.85	2.90

ALL OUR TUBES ARE NEW FRESH STOCK and Guaranteed for One Year. Shipment made same day order is received. Pay on arrival, and if not satisfied, return AT OUR EXPENSE. Specify whether straight side or clincher wanted. FIVE PER CENT DISCOUNT when cash [illegible] order. DEALER AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY LOCALITY.

STANDARD TIRE & RUBBER CO.
3257 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Illinois

20 SHOT 32 CAL. AUTOMATIC SALE $9.25

SEND [illegible] 20 quick, sure shots. [illegible] Special at $9.25. Also [illegible] 25 cal. 7 shot blue steel triple safety [illegible] $6.95. [illegible] Money back promptly if Not Satisfied.

CONSUMERS CO., Dept. 17-AC
1265 Broadway New York

PAY POSTMAN ON DELIVERY PLUS POSTAGE

WEIRD MYSTO OUTFIT

The ORIGINAL [illegible]

FREE [illegible]

—ALSO Free plan to make money
Pay on arrival $1.97 Plus Postage
MYSTO CO., 103 E. 125th St., Dept. 602, N. Y. C.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

much would be grist for the police mill. He acquiesced, as did Seifert.

First glimpse of the Indian caused Nicholls stealthily to reach around, assuring himself that the bulge upon his hip lay in correct vertical position. Snake's-Eyes was standing back at the end of the corridor, just within the dining-room, and swung to confront the three as they entered.

An uglier face Jeff Nicholls never had seen! Beneath lowering brows and amid copper-hued wrinkles glittered small black eyes—so badly crossed that apex of convergence angle occurred only a foot in front of the Indian's twisted nose. Black hair nine or ten inches in length straggled down in wet locks across low forehead, and deep lines were graven beneath the protruding cheekbones.

"We want you to wait a little while longer, Snake's-Eyes," said Beatrice, with assumed nonchalance. "I have several things to show these gentlemen, and as they don't want any one left alone inside this place you'll have to come along with us. It won't take long."

"Me busy," answered the Indian surlily, nevertheless taking his right hand from the opening of his flannel shirt above the belt—possibly in relief.

"That doesn't matter!" retorted Beatrice with sudden sharpness. "Doctor Bradshaw said I could use you as much as I wished. So come along!"

With that she turned back to the long hall from which the front staircase led upward. Apparently she paid no more attention to Snake's-Eyes, but Jeff Nicholls—in spite of skepticism—contrived to herd the sinister-appearing newcomer ahead of himself.

"What I am going to show you may at first seem irrelevant," continued Beatrice. "Please be patient, as I intend to try a reconstruction of the crime—as far as description can do it, at any rate.

"Do you see this little hidden door?" She outlined a section of the oaken paneling beneath the stairs, then pressed a button below the balustrade, causing part of the panel to open.

"This is where my uncle kept liquor. You see they didn't hold with prohibition very strictly, as they had been drinking a little each day for many, many years, and felt lost without a glass before supper each evening."

"There's a case in there now," observed Seifert.

"Yes. Will you lift it out, please?"

Seifert complied.

"Please notice just this much," went on Beatrice. "The case originally contained twelve quart bottles. Ten still are left. My uncles received the case nearly two weeks ago."

"You mean to show that they didn't drink much?" nodded the sergeant, who was aware of the fact from previous knowledge.

"Exactly. You will see that in fact they were quite abstemious when I tell you one of the two missing bottles was given as a present to the man who takes care of the yard and hedges. That statement can be checked up with ease. Charley Times is the man."

"I'll see to it," promised Nicholls, beginning to get a glimmering of her meaning.

"All right, then. Now come into the library."

Beatrice entered the tragic room in which thus far little had been disturbed save in the moving of the bodies. She indicated the empty whisky bottle left on the center-table beside the chair which Lonny Cashion had been accustomed to occupy.

"According to what I have heard of evidence given at the inquest, this one bottle of whisky was supposed to have made intoxicated three able-bodied men!"

Nicholls shrugged. "Stranger things have happened," he retorted. "If the three weren't used to whisky in quantity, and took the stimulant on an empty stomach——"

Beatrice interrupted him with a gesture. "I have reason to know that on the day I was taken sick—two days previous, you know—that bottle already had lost one-third or more of its contents. Of course my uncles took very small drinks. Usually they half filled one of these glasses apiece. Do either of you know how many drinks of that size go into a quart?"

Seifert scrutinized one of the glasses with the eye of a connoisseur. "About—thirty to thirty-five, I should say," he replied.

"Very well. Make a note of that, Sergeant Nicholls: there could have been left only something around a pint, or less, for this entire 'debauch'!

"But pass over that point. Here is one far more important—tho I do not expect it is of value as court evidence now. That bottle and each of those glasses has been rinsed! Even the bottle retains only the very faintest aroma of liquor!"

In silence the sergeant reached for the container in question, lifted it to his nose, sniffed, and then held up the bottle so light shone thru its side. Only a few drops of very pale liquid drained to the rim of the bottom.

"Looks like you said it, M[illegible]knowledged. "However, that might have been done at any time. You might have done it!"

Beatrice nodded bravely. "I knew that would be the first accusation," she replied. "However, I am by no means thru my demonstration. I simply wish you to keep in mind that some one with an object rinsed those glasses and that bottle! For sake of argument right now take my word that I did not do it! Nor did any of the three—if Mr. Herendine's story is the truth. Looking at the situation for a time from our side, sergeant, what conclusion would you reach in respect to the motive for rinsing?"

"That they'd held doped liquor!"

Seifert started. "Gosh, do you s'pose that was why the murderer could get away with what he did?" he inquired in tone of a discoverer.

"I mean to show something of the sort," rejoined Beatrice coolly. "Let us leave the fact of murder for a time, tho. From now on I'm going to follow Krag—Mr. Herendine. Tho he does not know it at all, he drank a glass of drugged whisky, as did each of my—my uncles. When daze and lauguor began to steal over him he must have felt ashamed. He went upstairs to his room, locked the door, and threw himself on the bed. Inside a minute or two he was in deep sleep, not to awaken for many hours.

"You all have heard how he discovered the crime. I start now from the moment when you, Sergeant Nicholls, banished him and the rest from his room. Dr. Millman, the assistant, and Mr. Herendine came out here, passing thru the hall and into the west living-room beyond.

"Mr. Herendine turned back. Sick at heart, and profoundly dazed both by the effects of the drug in his system and by the catastrophe, he left the other three and went again upstairs to his room."

Suiting action to words, Beatrice led the way. Before the door of the "extry chamber" she paused, sternly listening to an altercation which had arisen between the Indian and Nicholls. Gedge, according to previous instructions, remained at the landing of the stairs. Seifert had followed Beatrice.

"Ain't got time. Me wash car. Doc Bradshaw he say——" protested Snake's-Eyes in an ugly tone, attempting to force his way past the detective.

"Hold up! I guess you aren't that much in a hurry!" retorted Jeff Nicholls. "Come on, do what the young lady says. Now——"

The rest of his speech was cut short by rapid action. The Indian, intent upon leaving the vicinity of that upper floor, had thrown Nicholls back against the balustrade to the threatened destruction of that none-too-solid ornament. Nicholls, however, had been awaiting something out of the ordinary. Left arm crooked at the elbow, fastening about the corded neck of Snake's-Eyes. Right hand flashed back, emerging from right hip-pocket with a snub-nosed automatic—which jolted against the Indian's ribs.

"So-o!" grunted Nicholls. "Maybe Miss Laird's right! Suppose we all go along with her. There oughtn't to be anything up here to frighten you. Be good or I'll make you good—the way the proverb about Indians says!"

But a glimpse of the revolver ended Snake's-Eyes' resistance. He subsided, baggy lids dropping over the pupils of his eyes, and apathy which was heritage from the ancient Aztec [illegible] of Tenochtitlan lapsing into his pose. Without word or sign he mounted the stairs and with Nicholls following closely entered the doorway designated by Beatrice.

"After what has happened now," she said, a quaver of emotion for the first time making itself known in her voice, "you shouldn't be so hard to convince, Mr. Nicholls. I —"

"Go right ahead!" bade the sergeant grimly. "I'm waiting."

Exhibit B was quickly shown. When all were inside the room she outlined again her theory of how Krag Herendine had come up the second time to his

18 INCHES HIGH $2.95 BEAUTIFUL ELECTRIC READING LAMP

Here is the [illegible] table lamp you ever saw. Has beautiful Polychrome gold and rich colored base, and highly artistic Parchment [illegible] assorted [illegible] designs and [illegible] Complete with socket, plug and 7 ft. cord.

[illegible] a rich lamp that will beautify your home at only a small part of its regular price. Don't Pass By This Bargain. This lamp makes a fine gift. All who see it are delighted. You Risk Nothing.

If you are not more than pleased your money will be promptly returned. Send today.

Free Lamp Doily
SEND NO MONEY
Order No. 325
Order today, when lamp arrives pay Postman our bargain price, $2.95 plus postage.

EMPIRE LAMP CO.
[illegible] Lake St.
Dept. 157, CHICAGO

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
$10 Worth of Records FREE

Simply wonderful! The limit of value giving! Just think! A GENUINE DAVIS PHONOGRAPH on 30 Days' Free Trial, and on terms as low as $2 A MONTH in case you decide to buy. Magnificent instruments in quartered oak [illegible] worm gear motors, rich toned machines— at less than half the standard prices—and $10 worth of records FREE.

Send No Money

Just a postal with your name and address. Only a limited number of machines shipped on this extra-liberal offer. Better act quickly. This is a life-time opportunity.

DAVIS, 314 West 43rd St. Dept. 1-A. CHICAGO

$75 to $100 A Week For You — Easy

Call at offices, stores, factories, golf links and garages. Take orders for

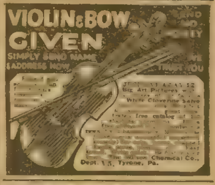
Taylor Made-To-Measure Caps

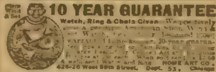
9 OUT OF 10 MEN WILL BUY.

Your customer selects style and fabric—the cap is tailored especially for him. Moderate in price to him—good commission for you.

Write for sample outfit today.

TAYLOR CAP MANUFACTURERS
Dept. BW, Cincinnati, Ohio.


VIOLIN & BOW GIVEN
SIMPLY SEND NAME & ADDRESS NOW
SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU
[illegible] Big Art Pictures [illegible] White Cloverine Salve [illegible] free catalog [illegible]
The Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. [illegible], Tyrone, Pa.


Stem Wind & Set 10 YEAR GUARANTEE
Watch, Ring & Chain Given [illegible] American [illegible] Watch [illegible] warranted time-keeper, 10-year guarantee [illegible] A [illegible] Watch and Ring. HOME ART CO., 426-28 West 88th Street, Dept. 53, Chicago

SPECTACLES FREE!
On Trial

Send No Money!

Let me send you on Ten Days' Free Trial a pair of my famous [illegible] Shell Rim Spectacles. Hundreds of thousands now in use everywhere. These splendid G[illegible] le anyone to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, see far or near, and [illegible] eyestrain or headaches. If after [illegible] for 10 days and nights you are amazed and delig[illegible] and think them [illegible] elsewhere at $15.00, send only $4.98. If you don't wa[illegible] will be no charge. Send no Money! Pay no C. O. D.! [illegible] gold-lettered Spectacle Case Free. Just send your name, address and age on the coupon below and spectacles will be sent you [illegible] on 10-day free trial.

CUT AND MAIL TODAY

U. S. SPECTACLE CO., Dept. BW38, 1522-28 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me a pair of your spectacles on 10-day free trial. If I like them I will pay $4.98. If not, I will return them and there will be no charge.

Name .... Age ....
Street and No .... Box No .... R. F. D. No ....
Post Office .... State ....

TRAP FOR Taylor
BEST FOR FIFTY YEARS
Headquarters for North American Furs.
Big Trapping Season Ahead. Get Ready Now!
Big 56 Page FUR BOOK Free to Trappers
Tells successful trapping methods, trapping laws, shows pictures of fur bearers. Lists Traps, Smoke Torpedo, Fur Getter, Guns, Ammunition and all needed supplies at lowest prices.
→USE COUPON—TODAY←
F. C. TAYLOR FUR CO. 530 Fur Exchange St. Louis, Mo.
SEND BIG 56 PAGE FREE BOOK
Name
Town
State R. F. D. Box

FREE TO TRAPPERS ONLY
HOW TO GRADE FURS
HOW TO TRAP FURS
STATE GAME LAWS
HOW TO SAVE MONEY ON TRAPPERS' SUPPLIES
Write HILL TODAY BE WISE
Get this great book—"How to Grade and Trap Furs". Sent absolutely FREE together with Supply Catalog, Game Laws, Fur Price Lists, etc. Write us today—get acquainted with HILL BROS.—the house that pays highest prices for all furs and No Commission Charged.
MAIL COUPON TODAY
HILL BROS. FUR CO.
350 Hill Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Send me your FREE book, "How to Grade and Trap Furs", Fur Price Lists, Supply Catalog, etc.
Name
Town
State R. F. D.

FOUKE
Fur Outlook Good! ... as the largest direct buyers of raw furs in the world and as foremost outfitters to trappers we urge you to sign and send coupon now for PERMISSION TRAPPERS. Fouke Fur Co. Saint Louis, Mo.
Wants your name and address if you are going to trap or buy FURS
SEND TO-DAY
FOUKE FUR COMPANY
151 Fouke Building, St. Louis, Mo.
Send me new Fouke catalog of latest, best equipment, how to trap, how to grade, game laws, etc. Unexcelled price list service all season, all FREE
Name
Town
State R.F.D. Box

TRAPPERS PREPARE!!
FREE NEW TRAPPERS TREASURE BOOK
Write to-day for free books showing hundreds of useful trapper's and Hunter's articles at bottom prices. We sell all supplies at cost, send money order, it is the safest. All Free New Trapping Secrets, how to grade, game laws, market reports, and shipping tags. Get Your Name on Our List Now!
SELL Us All Your FURS
W. IRVING HERSKOVITS FUR CO. INC.
Dept. 46, 109-111 West 24th St., New York

chamber, closed the door, and then——"

"There was some one waiting for him!" stated Beatrice, with an effort commanding a nerve strength seemingly incompatible with girlish physique. "Krag didn't guess. He came in, probably to stand in the center of the room. You felt, of course, that bump upon his head? Well, the hidden enemy knocked Krag unconscious! Then the same enemy cut off Krag's finger—the one finger which would have proved beyond a doubt that he had nothing whatever to do with the murders of which he stands accused!

"Here is the evidence. Sergeant Nicholls, will you ask Mr. Seifert to open the door of that clothes press—the door which holds the full length mirror?"

Chris Seifert obeyed without added command.

"Now look down in the right front corner—here, take my flashlight." She handed over the nickelled cylinder. "Look very closely on the floor. What do you find?"

"There is . . . nothing . . . oh, do you mean . . . this?" He plucked at something which seemed to elude the grasp of his fingers, then straightened slowly, holding aloft between thumb and finger a long, black human hair!

"Yes!" breathed Beatrice. "Now look up higher—there, on the sleeve of that black coat—the right sleeve——"

"Another one, b'gosh!" exclaimed Seifert solemnly after an instant of search. He held forth the two jets, nine-inch lengths, in the direction of Nicholls. The detective took them, affording them one scrutinizing glance; he did not relinquish watchfulness of the Indian, however.

"Whoever it was that waited for Krag Herendine, stood within that clothes press," stated the girl dramatically pointing, her finger shifted, singling out Snake's-Eyes. "There is the man who can tell you all about the missing finger!" she cried suddenly, explosively. "His sons are the deadly enemies of Krag Herendine, and he has sought to complete their revenge!"

Beneath the sting of her accusation apathy suddenly departed from the Indian. Eyes snapped wide open. He ducked, snatching forth at the same moment a ten-inch blade of steel which had been hidden beneath his waistband. He plunged for the doorway, seemingly unguarded. "Next time killum!" he growled savagely.

Both policemen acted at once. Seifert's right toe, deftly aimed—with art of savate learned long ago in Paris—knocked the knife hand upward, paralyzing wrist and forearm. Jeff Nicholls, swinging his revolver by the guard as he jumped to grip the fugitive, brought barrel and guard down stunningly upon the jet-crowned cranium. With a single grunt the Indian slumped forward to his face. Quick search thru his clothes and belt pouch brought to light a compactly wrapped cylinder of cloth two inches in length. Unrolled, the contents were disclosed to be—two joints of a human index finger, the end of which was puckered in ridges of whitish scar!

"So he's the one who did all this dirty work, eh?" cried Nicholls, snapping bracelets across the prisoner's wrists. "Well, I'd never have imagined! Pretty soon I'm going to ask you a lot of questions, young lady."

Unbidden tears had sprung to the eyes of Beatrice when she saw the evident success of her chanceful demonstration. She shook her head, however.

"He—he is the one who waited for K-Krag," she managed to articulate. "He d-didn't commit the murders. I——"

She had fainted.

VIII

PERSISTENT ringing of the front doorbell coupled its sound with the half-audible strife above. Patrolman Gedge, stationed on the stair landing, found himself in a quandary. Amid Miss Laird's whispered admonitions had lain a suggestion of the possibility that he, Gedge, might be called upon to apprehend a fleeing criminal. Therefore he stayed in place, hand upon nickeled revolver, until the disturbance above came to abrupt end.

Then he called. When the sergeant heard that some one was at the door he bade Gedge answer.

"It's Doctor Bradshaw, Sarge!" came the news a moment later.

"Take him into the living-room, sit him down, and sit there till I come," was the comprehensive answer. Much against the physician's will he was forced to comply. Angry protests fell on deaf ears. Patrolmen Gedge had been obeying orders to the letter for several months.

Before the half hour, which he was compelled to spend in biting his nails and imagining the worst, had passed, Frederick Wilmer Bradshaw almost was ready to kill this gawky ass of a policeman and make a dash for safety in his high-powered machine. Almost! Thrice his hand strayed to the tiny automatic cached beneath his left arm, but each time he reconsidered. After all this might be nothing but a crisis which craft and good fortune could surmount. Beatrice had responded to the revelation entirely wrong, yet by the time Krag Herendine was hanged by the neck she might well have come to complete compliance!

Krag Herendine, cuffed to an officer, came at the end of the half hour. He was taken upstairs.

"And now, Doctor," greeted Nicholls, appearing in the doorway, "we've the prisoner. Will you join us? I'm sorry to have kept you waiting."

"I should think you might be!" retorted Bradshaw tartly. "What is all this mummery, anyway? I'm a busy man, and can't afford to sit around under guard of a policeman half the morning. My calls——"

"Tush, you'll pardon us, I'm sure—when you see the little surprise we have up here. It only goes to show that——" The sergeant was mounting busily, talking as much to quell the riot of his own thoughts as to soothe suspicion.

The door was open. Both entered, to find present Krag, with his guard; Beatrice Laird, and Chris Seifert, the print expert. The gawky Gedge came up, leaning negligently against the door frame. There was no sign of the Indian whom Bradshaw had feared to see. The doctor was given a chair where he faced Beatrice Laird; the girl, recovered now from her momentary weakness, avoided his glance.

"This is a test of memory, folks," began Nicholls, informally. "We wanted your professional opinion, Doctor. When a man falls, striking his head, or is hit on the head, I believe that it often occurs that he loses memory of that instant. Perhaps the blank recedes in time. Possibly he never regains memory of that second or two. Is that correct, Doctor?"

Puzzled, Bradshaw nodded slowly. "Ye-es," he hesitated. "Sometimes a blow may cause either total or temporary amnesia. I don't see——"

"We're coming to that," interrupted Nicholls. "Mr. Herendine, according to YOUR version of this affair, you came upstairs, entered this chamber, and then became unconscious. Are you able to add anything, now that more time has passed?"

Krag considered. "I—think I lay down on the bed," he said grudgingly. "That wasn't all, and yet—what really occurred seems shut off from my mind by an opaque curtain! The next thing I knew I was on the floor and you were resuscitating me."

"I see. Well, Mr. Herendine, we're going to assist you a little. Miss Laird has proved her theory of what must have happened to you! Will you please rise, walk over to the glass-doored clothes press and swing open the door?"

A sharp intake of breath escaped Bradshaw. He glanced affrightedly about, yet without seeming to pay him any attention whatever the door and both windows were obstructed by human figures. He caught hold of himself, fascinatedly watching Krag and his guard arise to obey. The door was swung open.

At the same instant a choked sound of recognition burst from Krag's lips. Standing within the narrow space, hands shackled together in front, stood Snake's-Eyes, the Indian!

"He was there! I mean, he hit me! I REMEMBER!" cried Krag.

"Just so! You are justified again, Miss Laird," Nicholls added, turning to the girl. An ominous note had crept into his voice. "We'll just determine whether or not you have been right straight thru. Doctor Bradshaw, you see there the man who cut off the left index finger of Krag Herendine!"

"Next time killum!" growned Snake's-Eyes, unremorsefully.

The doctor had paled, yet in emergency he exhibited a desperate courage entirely apart from the fussy pomposity which was his professional mannerism.

"Why! Good gracious, you must be joking! My servant? What object in the world would he have for obscuring such a clean-cut issue?"

"Revenge! Also, to aid in the evil work being done downstairs," answered the sergeant succinctly. "Snake's-Eyes, hold up your right thumb!"

Unwillingly, never taking his beady, crossed eyes from the astonished Herendine, the Indian obeyed. Across the fleshy ball of the copper-hued member appeared a rectangular splotch of pale white skin of a different color!

"In his belt was found the finger of Mr. Herendine, doubtless preserved to be sent down to his villainous sons as a memento. On that thumb you see, however, is something far more interesting now. Doctor Bradshaw, the print of that thumb is identical with the mark found on the panel of the library door—the mark which caused Mr. Herendine to be indicted for the Cashion murders!"

"Then—that means that my servant must have—have committed the murders, you mean?" The doctor was having difficulty maintaining his poise now. A ghastly, greenish pallor had crept up within his cheeks.

"Not exactly," denied Nicholls, his eyes slitting. "The Indian was no more than a

TRAPS FREE
to trappers who ship furs to GILLESPIE. ... Write us TODAY—be first to get traps in your locality.
GILLESPIE FUR Co. 3 Gillespie Bldg. ST. LOUIS, MO.

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat
Thousands of overfat people have greatly reduced their weight and attained a normal figure by following the advice of many others who use and recommend Marmola Prescription Tablets. These harmless little fat reducers are prepared in tablet form from the same ingredients that formerly composed the famous Marmola Prescription for fat reduction.
If you are too fat, you owe it to yourself to give these fat reducers a fair trial. All the better drug stores the world over sell Marmola Prescription Tablets at one dollar per package. Ask your druggist for them or send one dollar to the Marmola Co., 641 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich. and secure a package of these tablets. They are harmless and reduce your weight without going through long sieges of tiresome exercise, starvation diet, or the application of absurd greases and salves. If you are too fat try this today.

$100,000 FOR RELIEF!
ASTHMA and Hay Fever
I have sent out $100,000 worth of Leaven's prescription for Asthma and Hay Fever without asking a cent from anyone, unless satisfied, and then only $1.25. I want you to accept this same offer. Send name and get a full bottle on Free Trial. Results, after ten days' use, decide whether you pay. Thousands report they are entirely well.
C. LEAVENGOOD, 1592 S. W. Blvd., Rosedale, Kas.

FEMALE TROUBLES
Write For FREE BOOK
New Treatment Proves Successful
If you suffer with Female Troubles such as Ovarian Pains, Bearing-down Pains, Whites, Painful or Irregular Periods, Headache, Backache or Nervous Spells. Even though you have been told that an operation was necessary, you may be made well and strong again. Write for free booklet describing a wonderful new Treatment that is restoring many others to health and happiness. Not a patent medicine—something new—entirely different. Write today.
THE PELVO MED. CO., Dept. X, Memphis, Tenn.

LATEST 1924 Model WATCH KNIFE CHAIN $4.75
Send no money. Here it is. The watch you always wanted. Prices smashed. Gents' or boys' O. F. beautifully engraved gold or solid silveroid thin model watch at introductory price. Stem wind and set. Regulated, accurately adjusted movement. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sensational offer. Send name and address and one of the oldest reliable jewelers will send this high grade watch by parcel post C. O. D. $4.75. Pay postmaster and goods are yours. FREE—Beautiful chain, charm, knife, pin. Order today. Agents resell at big profit.
Excelsior Watch Co., A 41 Hobbs Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

.38 Special
ONLY $14.95 ORDER NO. 5920
Get this new guaranteed blue steel, side swing cylinder 6 shot revolver. Extra fine construction and finish. Accurate, hard hitting. .38 Special, and .32-20. SEND NO MONEY Order now and on arrival, pay postman our special low price $14.95 plus postage.
Free Catalog
Chicago Supply Co., 2410 Archer Av., Chgo.

Nervous Spells
are dangerous. They often lead to incurable diseases, such as paralysis and the like. If you are bothered at all with your nerves, don't neglect yourself. Get at your trouble NOW while there is time. Just try Dr. Kline's Remedy. This wonderful nerve medicine has helped thousands to better health during 57 years' successful use. It will help you, too. Valuable book on the nerves and bottle of remedy FREE on request. Write today to
DR. R. H. KLINE CO., 76 White St., RED BANK, N. J.

EGYPT'S MAGIC
still seems potent to strike the ruthless, true to the intent of the Ancient Symbols to protect, and to bring Good Fortune. If worried about your luck, wear this weird Pharo Ring every night and heed the Seven Secrets of Success. Send size (a string around finger). Green Gold ... Solid Silver and Gold ... and postage. Pay when delivered. ... Co., 15 Park Row, New York.

30 DAY TRIAL
FINE STROP FREE
We will send a STERLING razor on 30 days trial. If satisfactory costs $1.97. If not, costs nothing. Fine Horsehide Strop FREE. Write today.
STERLING COMPANY Suite 4 BALTIMORE, MD.

LADIES!
I positively guarantee my great Successful Compound. Safely relieves many abnormal cases in 3 to 9 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $2.00; Double Strength $3.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today.
DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Kansas City, Mo.

ASTHMA

tool in the hands of a master! The criminal of whom I speak was a trusted friend of his victims. He arranged matters so that at one stroke he would wipe out the two men who owned the Jaque mines and at the same time disgrace and destroy the man who had become the successful suitor of the Cashions' heiress niece!

"The means by which Benjamin and Lonny Cashion were drugged—as was Mr. Herendine also—are well known to us all."

"I—" faltered the doctor, but Nicholls transfixed him with an icy glare. "Perhaps you'd rather tell it, Doctor?" he suggested, and a shudder ran thru the frame of the medical man.

"If you don't, I'll proceed," went on Nicholls. "It had not been expected that Mr. Herendine would gain his own chamber and lock the door before succumbing to the drug—chloral hydrate, was it?—so in emergency this Indian had to be employed. He hung about the house, waiting for a chance at Herendine. The chance came, as you see. Snake's-Eyes never has left the place since! He confesses to having hidden himself in the attic, not coming down until the police had left.

"The man who committed the actual murders did an artistic job, one which would have fooled us all if it had not been for Miss Laird. The assassin arranged his victims so that at first they would seem to have died in a desperate duel. The fingerprint smudge and the reversed bowies were meant to change the verdict shortly, however, as they did.

"Mr. Herendine awakened a trifle early, however—while the murderer was putting on the last touches to the scene. Perhaps, coming downstairs he actually interrupted the rinsing or arrangement of bottle and glasses. At any rate, the cowardly assassin had to hurry. He went for the back door, rushed out, vaulted the rail and made his escape.

"He overlooked one small item, however. The morning before a painter had finished enameling the low rail upon which he thrust his hand. Will you come here now, Mr [illegible]" [illegible] "All right, Doctor Bradshaw, thrust out your hands! We have a suspicion that your fingerprints may correspond——"

As tho actuated by hidden springs the physician leaped to his feet, a shrill cry of desperation coming inarticulately from his lips. Right hand flew to hip, grasping for the butt of his revolver.

In that second Krag Herendine and the guard—no longer linked together—were upon him. There ensued a short, bitter struggle in which the doctor made raucous, fierce noises like an animal. Then he lapsed suddenly, finding that his struggles now were directed uselessly against shackles bound about both his wrists and ankles.

A second of awesome silence. Then, with hideous contortions of his face Doctor Bradshaw broke into peal on peal of wild, demoniac laughter!

"Take them both to the station," directed Nicholls quietly. "He's going to make a bid for insanity, I guess. It won't win him freedom."

EVENTS proved the truth of the sergeant's words. Summoning all his medical cleverness Doctor Bradshaw feigned madness for more than two months. Alienists were dubious. Then at last the strain of constant vigilance proved too great. Bradshaw broke down and confessed in full. Later he paid the extreme penalty.

In the signed confession, which described how the doctor long had expected to be the successful suitor of Beatrice Laird once Krag Herendine had been hanged as a horrible murderer, Bradshaw told a story which substantiated and completed the fragmentary statement wrung from Snake's-Eyes. He had laid the fiendish plan more than a year in advance, taking advantage of his treatment of a small infection on Krag Herendine's finger. This infection, kept alive for some time, furnished him with the chance to remove a section of skin—the tip, containing the loops, spirals and curlycues of fingerprint—from the mine manager's finger. Bribing his servant, he induced the latter to allow a transplantation of this bit of skin. Thus it was that when the time was ripe for consummation of his scheme, the lost skin still [illegible] and flourishing, ready to imprint its lying evidence. Under close direction Snake's-Eyes then smeared his thumb in blood and touched it to the door panel.

Krag begged that Beatrice's part in the denouement be not played up. Sergeant Nicholls, finding that the girl herself wished no credit whatever, shrugged whimsically. Next time he meant to earn the laurels, but in the meantime he could not well afford to waste the proffered glory!

THE END.

A Diamond and a Heart

by RALPH STANLEY

BILLY TOWER believed that he was gambling on a sure thing when he bought an engagement ring for Polly Smith.

"It's the most distinctive setting we've ever sold," the jeweler assured him. "We guarantee that the design is new and will never be duplicated."

Billy was brimful of confidence in the outcome of his mission as he drove his big roadster out into the country roads leading to the mountains and Witch Glen. Polly was at the Witch Glen Hotel.

He stopped for gasoline at the general store of Steve Bowles, magnate of Honeyville, at the foot of the first mountain grade.

"Are you goin' far this trip, Mr. Tower?" Steve inquired.

"Witch Glen," Billy replied, springing into his seat.

"Well," said Steve, drawing close and shielding his words with one hand so that none could leak out, "if I was you I'd unlimber that rifle you've got in the care there, so's to have it handy if the auto highwayman resumes business in these parts again."

Billy laughed. The city newspapers for weeks had been reporting terrorizing outrages committed by a lone bandit in those mountains ahead. But it was generally believed that he had sought safer fields since his last reckless holdup, in which the pursuing sheriff himself had lost valuables, dignity and prestige while smelling the end of a lawless automatic pistol.

"I guess the highwayman's made his getaway by this time," Billy replied. But he instinctively felt the little box in his pocket which held the engagement ring.

The climb from Honeyville was a long succession of increasingly wonderful mountain scenes, but Billy's mind was entirely occupied with Polly and the momentous question he was nearing. Somehow as the distance between them lessened, the certainty of a favorable answer from her seemed to correspondingly decrease.

"I've got the ring," he muttered once; "and it's going on! It's time she stopped making a sane and sensible lawyer feel and act like an ass of a kid lover."

Above Honey Springs the road traversed a long, narrow valley. Here the advance guards of the pine army mingled in friendly fashion with the rear outposts of the oaks. Above Coyote flats a steep grade ascended thru difficult passes on the north slope of Pine Mountain. In a beautifully lonesome little glen on this grade Billy overtook the first human being he had seen since leaving Steve Bowles. He was a young fellow, and was limping painfully, either from weariness or some wound. Billy stopped the car beside him.

"Going far?" he inquired.

The man replied without looking up

(Continued on Page 22.)

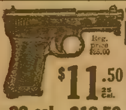
MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Other Mothers

Windom, Minn.—"I was so run-down that I was just good for nothing. I was to become the mother of my ninth child, and I thought I did not have the strength to go through with it. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has surely done all I could ask it to do and I am telling all my friends about it. I have a nice big baby girl and am feeling fine. You may use this letter to help other sick mothers."—Mrs. C. A. MOEDE, Box 634, Windom, Minn.

My First Child

Glen Allen, Alabama.—"I have been greatly benefited by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for bearing-down feelings and pains. I was troubled in this way for nearly four years following the birth of my first child, and at times could hardly stand on my feet. A neighbor recommended the Vegetable Compound to me after I had taken doctor's medicines without much benefit. It has relieved my pains and gives me strength. I recommend it and give you permission to use my testimonial letter."—Mrs. IDA RYE, Glen Allen, Alabama.


GERMAN MAUSER

Reg. price $25.00

$11.50 25 Cal.

32 cal. $12.50

WITH PERFECT SAFETY DEVICE

Guaranteed Genuine Latest model 9 shot automatic. Shoots Standard cartridges—lies flat in the pocket—World's famous Luger 30 Cal., $15.50. Hand Ejector Revolver, swing out cylinder 32 cal. $15.50, 38 cal. $16.50. All brand new latest models—guaranteed genuine imported.

SEND NO MONEY Pay postman on delivery plus postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money promptly refunded.

$6.00 25 Cal. Vest Pocket Automatic—25 cal. Blue Steel Army Automatic $7.85. 32 Cal., $10.25. Military Trench Automatic—32 cal. 20 shot, extra magazine FREE, $9.50. Imported Top Break Revolver, 32 Cal. $8.25, 38 Cal. $8.25.

UNITED SALES CO., 12 East 22nd St. Dept. 56, New York

ELEGANT 7-JEWEL WATCH

$6.95

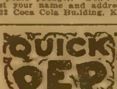
C.O.D.

This handsomely designed thin model 7-jewel watch for only $6.95. Genuine gold filled case open face, screw back and bezel, stem wind and set—A dandy watch and fine timekeeper of exceptional value. Guaranteed to wear for years. FREE If you act at once, beautiful knife and chain with order. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on arrival only $6.95. If not delighted, return at once and get your money back on our ironclad guarantee. Jewelry and gun catalog free.

United Buying Ass'n., 220 W Ontario St., Dept F. Chicago

Would You Like To Increase Your Vigor In 24 Hours?

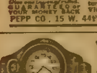
If you are only half a man, suffering from lost vitality, I will send you a liberal free sample of the famous Potene Compound under plain wrapper, and prepaid, to prove that you can feel 20 years younger. Don't send any money—just your name and address to H. C. Haist, 9232 Coca Cola Building, Kansas City, Mo.


Get new "PEP" in 20 Minutes!

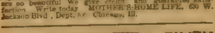
Send right now for the most amazing quick-acting "PEP" producing tablet that has ever been created. Absolutely pure—no harmful or habit-forming drugs. Yet contains the most marvelous element in all nature for a quick "PICK UP" of VIGOR, STRENGTH, VITALITY.

$1 cash or money order or $2.25 for 3 packages. [illegible] GUARANTEED or YOUR MONEY BACK

PEPP CO., 15 W. 44th St., Dept. 1D, New York


We Give You

This beautiful wrist watch for only a few minutes' time each day disposing of 24 elegant large pictures at 25c each in connection with our great magazine. Pictures are 15 inches long and 20 inches wide. Many people will take 4 or 5. They are so beautiful. We give credit and guarantee satisfaction. Write today. MOTHER'S HOME LIFE, 630 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 66, Chicago, Ill.


GIVEN

This High Powered air rifle. Given Free, for selling only 30 pkgs. of needles at 10c each. We trust you write today.

Art Mfg. Co. Dept. 12 Hamtramck, Mich.

ITALIAN ACCORDEONS

We manufacture and import all kinds of first class hand-made ITALIAN ACCORDEONS

the best in the world. Ten year guarantee. Our prices are lower than any other maker's. Free Accordeon instruction to buyers. Write for FREE catalogue

RUATTA SERENELLI & CO.
817 Blue Island Ave., Dept. D, Chicago, Ill.

5000 Mile GUARANTEE at half price

NEW WAY To Buy Tires 30x3 $2.35

Try this new way [illegible] These are Kelly-Springfield, Lee, Fisk, Firestone, Goodyear, Goodrich and [illegible] Slightly used [illegible] everywhere. [illegible] Guaranteed to give 5,000 miles or we will replace at half price. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Greatest Tire Values Ever Offered

	Tires	New Tubes		Tires	New Tubes
30x3	$2.35	$1.30	32x4½	$4.25	$2.05
30x3½	2.45	1.30	33x4½	4.25	2.05
32x3½	3.00	1.30	34x4½	4.50	2.05
31x4	3.25	1.30	35x4½	4.75	2.05
32x4	3.50	1.80	36x4½	4.75	2.05
33x4	3.75	1.80	35x5	4.75	2.35
34x4	4.00	1.80	37x5	4.75	2.35

SEND ONLY $1 as a deposit on each tire ordered. Balance C.O.D. subject to inspection. Order Now!

MAIL ORDER TIRE COMPANY
Dept. 115, 1820 S. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

Hair Grown Again!

Miss Verdie Holt's hair was coming out by combfuls and complete loss seemed sure. She writes that she was terribly worried. Then somebody told her about Kotalko. She started using it. Her hair soon stopped from falling and from coming away on the comb and brush, and developed new, beautiful, healthy growth. The photo shows what 3 boxes of Kotalko did. There are legions of other such wonderful cases on record. Kotalko is for men's, women's and children's hair.

Genuine Kotalko contains real bear oil, juice of the rare [illegible] plant and ten other ingredients. You may buy it at any busy druggist's. Guarantee in each box. Or write for proof box with booklet, free by mail. Address: KOTALKO OFFICE, 473-D, Station L, New York

The Weird Poseidon Charm

Love, Wealth, Success GOOD LUCK

The Original Poseidon Charm Ring bearing the image of the Master of the Seven Seas is the Supreme Symbol of Good Luck in Love, Happiness, Riches, Health and Success. Amazing stories of good fortune are told by prominent wearers. Ancient gold finish, adorned with genuine Achaian Ruby and Diamond.

Send No Money—Just your name and address. Be Sure to Mention Size or Enclose Strip of Paper for Size. Say whether gentlemen's or ladies' (Ladies receive dinner ring style.) When it arrives deposit $1.75 plus 10c postage with mailman. Order today.

Poseidon Hellenes, Dept. A, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago.

FREE "Behind the Scenes in Hollywood,"

18 pages in colors with every order for genuine leather billfold and card case; four pockets, calendar, memo book, as shown with your initial in gold. Send only 65c for both. Money back [illegible] HOLLYWOOD SPECIALTY CO., Box 68, Station C, Los Angeles, Calif.

ALL SIX FREE

"Lucky Tiger" CHARM [illegible] Silk Cord and Scarf. 4 Gold [illegible] RINGS, and Gold [illegible] engraved BRACELET. ALL guaranteed and Given FREE for selling only 12 cards of our well-known and easy-to-sell Rosedale Dress Snaps at 10 cents a card. We Trust You.
C. A. DALE MFG. CO.,
Providence, R. I.

Essex Coach and Ford Touring Car FREE

Which Car Do YOU Want?

Just get busy and write to me today and tell me that you want one of the automobiles I am going to give away to advertise my business. Don't send any money—a postal card will do.

This is the first, last and only announcement of this grand, free distribution of automobiles that will appear in this paper [illegible] the forelock and [illegible]

Don't Send Any Money

[illegible]

John Howard, Manager, National Auto Club, Dept. [illegible] Batavia, Illinois

CHIEF
ENGINEER

Your Job!

Make it Pay You $70 to $200 a Week

Be a Certificated Electrical Expert

It's a shame for you to work for small pay when Trained "Electrical Experts" are in great demand at such high salaries, and the opportunities for advancement and a big success in this line are the greatest ever known. "Electrical Experts" earn $70 to $200 a week. Fit yourself for one of these big paying positions.

FREE Electric Motor and Complete Electrical Outfit. I give each student a splendid Outfit of Electrical Tools, Materials and Measuring Instruments absolutely FREE. You do PRACTICAL work—AT HOME with this Outfit. You start right in after the first few lessons to WORK AT YOUR PROFESSION in a practical way. I also give free a complete Radio course and a special course for men going into business for themselves.

Learn at Home to Earn $12.00 to $30.00 a Day

Today even the ordinary Electrician—the "screw driver" kind—is making money—big money. But it's the trained man—the man who knows the whys and wherefores of Electricity—the "Electrical Expert"—who is picked out to "boss" ordinary Electricians—to boss Big Jobs—the jobs that pay. You, too, can learn to fill one of these jobs—spare-time only is needed. BE AN "ELECTRICAL EXPERT"—Earn $70 to $200 a week

Age or Lack of Experience No Drawback

You don't have to be a College Man; you don't have to be a High School graduate. If you can read and write English, my course will make you a big success. It is the most simple, thorough, and successful Electrical Course in existence, and offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience, the chance to become, in a very short time, an "Electrical Expert," able to make from $70 to $200 a week.

I Give You a Real Training

As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works, I know exactly the kind of training a man needs to get the best positions at the highest salaries. Hundreds of my students are now earning $3,500 to $10,000 a year. Many are successful ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

So sure am I that you can learn Electricity—so sure am I that after studying with me, you too, can get into the "big money" class in electrical work, that I will guarantee under bond to return every single penny paid me in tuition if, when you have finished my course, you are not satisfied it was the best investment you ever made.

Get Started Now MAIL COUPON

I want to send you the "Vital Facts" of the Electrical Industry including my Electrical Book, Proof Lessons, and a sample of my guarantee bond all FREE. These cost you nothing and you'll enjoy them. Make the start today for a bright future in Electricity. Send in the coupon—NOW

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer

Chicago Engineering Works
Dept. 237
2150 Lawrence Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

Look What These Men Are Earning

J. R. Morgan of Delaware, Ohio, earns from $30.00 to $50.00 a day since completing my course. He used to earn $5.00 a day as a carpenter's helper. W. E. Pence, a $35.00 a week mechanic of Chehalis, Wash., made almost $10,000.00 last year doing electrical work in a town where he didn't think he could earn a dime. Harold Hastings of Somers, Mass., only 21 years old, cleans up $480.00 a month. He was still in high school when he started on my course. Joe Cullari, 523 N. Clinton Ave., Trenton, New Jersey, increased his income 300% in one year and frequently makes the entire cost of his course back in one day's time. Fred [illegible], [illegible] Amundsen Ave., New York City, makes $[illegible] every month. He was a $15.00 a week man when he first came to me for help. G. L. Sigety, 901 Standard Life Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa., only 19 years old, jumped from $[illegible] a week to $60.00 a week with his studies only half finished. [illegible] on a farm near Warrenton, Virginia, made $[illegible] last year applying the electrical training I gave him. [illegible]

Mail This Coupon

L. L. Cooke,
Chief Engineer,
CHICAGO ENGINEERING WORKS,
Dept. 237,
2150 Lawrence Ave. Chicago.

Dear Sir:—Send at once the "Vital Facts" containing Sample Lessons, your Big Book, and full particulars of your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully prepaid, without obligation on your part.

Name

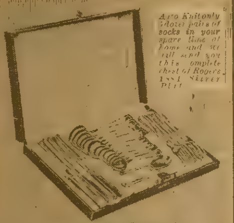
Address

City and State

THE COOKE TRAINED MAN IS THE "BIG-PAY MAN"

Would You Auto-Knit - *At Home* - 5 Dozen Pairs of Socks

for This Chest of Silver? *- Or Shall We Pay You Cash?*

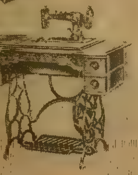


Auto Knit only 5 dozen pairs of socks in your spare time at home and we will send you this complete chest of Rogers 1881 Silver Plate

HERE'S a plan that makes it possible for you to turn your spare time into the things you have always wanted. This chest of beautiful Rogers 1881 Silver Plate, for instance, consisting of 26 pieces and guaranteed for 25 years, is yours for Auto-Knitting in your spare time at home 5 dozen pairs of socks.

Through this unique plan, you are given the remarkable opportunity to earn the things you want by utilizing the spare time that otherwise might have been wasted. And in a double-quick way—for this new plan actually makes your spare time worth twice as much as ever before.

—11 dozen pairs for this sewing machine?



We'll send you this excellent sewing machine complete with all attachments, for Auto Knitting only 11 dozen pairs of socks.

Think of it— this handsome, six-drawer model, oak sewing machine, complete with all attachments, sent to you for Auto-Knitting only 11 dozen pairs of socks! See what this new plan will mean to you. The things you want, earned right at home, in time that you can spare from other duties.

Auto-Knitting is an established, national home industry. For every dozen pairs of socks knitted at home, a fixed standard price is paid—which is today the highest ever paid in the history of this organization. Thousands are Auto-Knitting at home today, earning extra money in their spare time, turning wasted hours into luxuries and comforts. What about you?

—19 dozen pairs for this Kitchen Cabinet?

You want this wonderful cabinet for your kitchen. Let us send it to you for Auto-Knitting only 19 dozen pairs of socks in your spare time.

The modern home is not complete without a kitchen cabinet. It saves steps, time, trouble. The substantial kitchen cabinet here pictured, of white enamel, will be sent to home workers for Auto-Knitting 19 dozen pairs of standard Olde Tyme Wool Socks. That is the name by which the product of our spare time home workers is known. More than 18,000 stores throughout the country are now retailing these socks.

Why don't you start Auto-Knitting at once, making the Olde Tyme Wool Socks that will bring you this kitchen cabinet? Or would you rather Auto-Knit

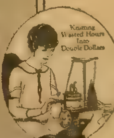
—36 dozen pairs for this Console Phonograph?

36 dozen pairs of socks Auto Knit in your spare time at home, will bring you this beautiful Console Phonograph.

You'll be proud to give this Console Model Phonograph a place in your home. It is Queen Anne in period, and Mahogany, Oak or Walnut in finish, as desired. The tone is rich, beautiful.

This phonograph is yours for Auto-Knitting only 36 dozen pairs of socks. Or if you prefer a popular upright model, or a console of different period, you may select from our big REWARD BOOK. This book, just off the press, contains many pages of useful and beautiful things that you can earn at home by Auto-Knitting in your spare time.

May we send you a copy of this REWARD BOOK today?


Knitting Wasted Hours Into Double Dollars

This New Plan Doubles The Value of Your Spare Time

Ever on the alert to be of greater service to its home workers, the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company has perfected a plan which doubles the purchase value of every pay-check. Henceforth, Auto-Knitter workers will be paid in *double-value money*. This plan represents one of the greatest forms of profit sharing ever attempted. It makes every spare hour worth two, makes your spare time worth twice as much.

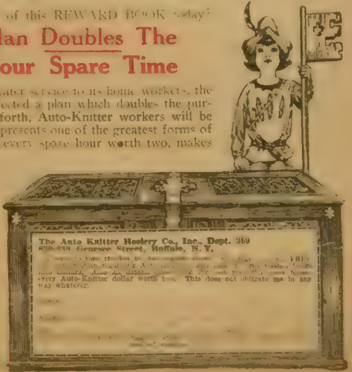
Find out NOW all about this great new plan. Get in on it at once, and earn the things you have always wanted in this remarkable double-quick way. The coupon is the GOLDEN KEY that opens the treasure chest. Use it! It will bring you free full information regarding Auto-Knitting and all details concerning the new plan. THE AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Inc., Dept. 369, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, New York.

Other DOUBLE Value Rewards You Can Earn

Washing Machine
for Auto-Knitting 7 dozen pairs of socks
Handsome Library Table
for Auto-Knitting 10 dozen pairs of socks
Genuine Reed Rocker
for Auto-Knitting 6 dozen pairs of socks
Dining Room Suite
for Auto-Knitting 56 dozen pairs of socks
Vacuum Cleaner
for Auto-Knitting 20 dozen pairs of socks
Porch Furniture
for Auto-Knitting 24 dozen pairs of socks

And many other useful and pretty things that you can now earn in a double-quick way. Be sure to get your copy of the big Reward Book, just off press.

Send Today For Big FREE Book



The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 369
630-638 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

[illegible] FREE [illegible] every Auto-Knitter dollar worth two. This does not obligate me in any way whatever.

Charity Covers a Multitude of Grins in

The Generosity Journal of Amanda Jump

By Evelyn M. Watson

AMANDA, widow of Abner Applewhite, very lately deceased, gazed upon his likeness. The bird-beak nose and massive cheeks did not impress her as contradictory. Nothing contradicted Amanda. The size of the enlargement, its high color, "so much more than lifelike" impressed her (as had the price) as a fitting tribute. The massive shadowing frame and golden easel showing the very counterparts of the "gates ajar" fascinated her—Abner enlarged and in gold, was to her a type of classic elegance and beauty.

"Cherished Abner," she breathed, "my first duty will be to teach my posthumous child your qualities."

She was about to give a monologue as did the heroine of the "Widow of Duke Devotion," in Buckram, when there passed the Applewhite window a living picture — Eleazer Jump — his mouth suggesting much these gates ajar.

"Widower Jump has such interest in a poor woman. If I weep he will notice and come in." And she did, and he did. She pulled out her special "for show" handkerchief (leaving the "for blow" one up her sleeve) and sniffed distractedly, but did not pucker her face because that would have spoiled the effect. (The "Duke's Loved One" in calf-skin, was able to "grieve divinely.")

Eleazer was spare, queerly hinged; he proved a mobile tower of Pisa rather than a tower of strength; his swaying height always leaned toward one. He swayed in the right direction and soon announced his intentions, much to the avowed but not actual, surprise of Amanda.

But first the baby came—Rosian Applewhite, Abner's descendant named mostly from the heroine "Posianne" of "Lady Ashbrey's Lover" in two parts, trimmed with gold.

"It is my hopes, Rosian," sighed Amanda, "you will have your father's handsome face, my noble brains and Eleazer's carriage."

The child cast off all these, and grew to be a saucy-nosed, normal girl, predisposed to action that later took her into other walks of life.

Eleazer, Rosian's stepfather, passed away from heart failure when the child was 6. Mrs. Jump did not don black—it did not become her sallow coloring—but wore more appropriate old blue, especially if Widower Philbert were likely to be present at any of the local Vine street functions. However, when that ambition was doomed to failure, Mrs. Amanda turned her interest to deeds of charity as had "Lady Joslyn" in "Dual Souls, or the Love That Never Falters," in cloth.

Eleazer's insurance money was set aside—and the widow lived in admirable frugality with her truly charming little girl) as should a good mother who had been a faithful spouse. She was always generous—when it cost nothing, and she exerted herself to find ways to be more generous—at no expense except her time and energy, of which she seemed to have abundance.

Amanda was frugal even with her strength in that she made it count. "I gotto have something to show for what I do even if I do for others," she often remarked. "I want to leave my daughter a real name as well as money."

Again she remarked concerning her thrifty habits:

"One may rise to the peaks of plenty, fall into vales of vicissitude, but insurance money is a lump sum that can be invested later for the good of humanity," Mrs. Jump sighed, gazing out of her window.

She studied her windows much as others do their papers and, at less price, found more news than most people who read many volumes. Her window was the screen of a motion picture that told stories without one's having to read aloud the cut lines, tho the woman frequently did cut in with a—"And if Widower Philbert takes that puny woman, there'll be boils in his family and other plagues. Not that I wish it, but that I feel the hand of Eternal Judgment in her complexion."

Rosian at the age of 7 was a beautiful child by all standards, especially fashion plates, Sunday school comparisons, and the remarks of neighbors. Nature makes children—society makes grown-ups.

IN PING galatea that would wear like a cat's tail, Rosian was seen one afternoon playing with Horatio Neville, of historic family and social status. Mrs. Neville had called in the neighborhood to inquire after a now sick servant.

The sight of Horatio and Rosian together threw Mrs. Jump's active imagination into full steam, with fancy at the throttle and ambition shoveling coal. (Eleazer was a railroad man.) Faster and faster went the superb train of events speeding over rails of plot, plan and purpose.

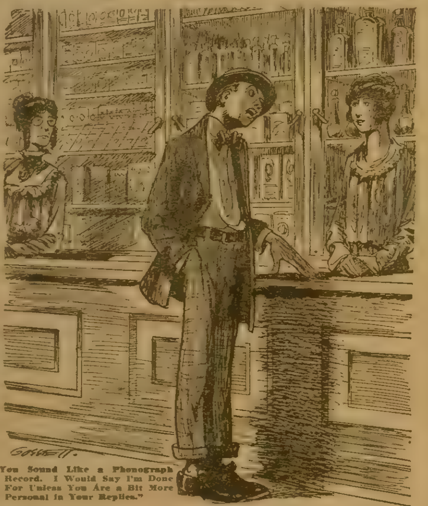
"Why don't you and Horatio play a ——" cried Mrs. Jump from the window.

"What, mother, mother——" inquired the girl, coming nearer the window.

"Mock wedding, and ask Mordecai Levin to come over for minister—just play. See the poor little boy out there alone."

There was purpose in every move. Mrs. Jump let no opportunity pass. Would it not look generous to Horatio to have the poor little Jew brought in to the plan? But Horatio was only interested in the prospects of a cake and of play suggested by Mrs. Jump.

"It will be ready by the time you have had all the ceremonies. You know, Rosian, how I take you to all the big weddings and funerals of Vine street and other social events?"



"You Sound Like a Phonograph Record. I Would Say I'm Done For Unless You Are a Bit More Personal in Your Replies."

Rosian knew that there would be no opposing her mother's wish which had will and clever purpose back of it. The child couldn't fail to remember the stories of romance retouched for her benefit and recounted as to the future that should properly open to a scion of Abner Applewhite.

"Your immediate ancestors, both Abner and Eleazer, were of the world's true nobility," the mother had often mentioned, but now she was too wise to forcefully bring out family histories to air before the scion of the Nevilles.

When she appeared again Rosian, with a piece of lace curtain on her head, was standing in the shade of a flowering lilac, hand in hand with Horatio, smiling roundly, brown eyes to blue ones. "Exactly like the 'Bride of Caster Castle,' continued in the next——"

The cake was a yellow-white one, warm and fluffy, topped with white icing of very fine quality. Mrs. Jump was a woman of rare instincts in some ways, and her artistic abilities were expressed in culinary accomplishments much to the despair of all her neighbors and the confusion of widowers among them.

"Little Mordicai boy, you'd better go home now. The cake is made of lard and lard is pig, and pig is forbidden. If you don't want to go, and it 'pears you don't, skip into my parlor and sit between them two grand gold frames."

Now she was speaking to the Neville boy over the head of the little Jew. "Them Gates Ajar holds Abner's picture, my first husband and Rosian's father. The Thousand-stringed Harp holds the exact face of Mr. Eleazer Jump."

The lad hesitated to move but did so impelled by a swift and disciplinary look.

Thought she, "Bride and groom must, together and alone, sup their wedding breakfast," she quoted badly from memory, "as did the new and flowering beauty of Damner Castle with her handsome lord and liege, Sir—ah—Horatio Neville." She quoted "Life's Nuances in Silk."

The cake was offered on lustre-band plates, a big piece for each of the now wedded couple, and then Mrs. Jump retired with the rest of the round, ice-topped loaf, saying: "Too much sweet and——"

She would have said more, but the car of the Neville's was approaching, and Mrs. Neville was seen writing in a memorandum book.

"That's her charity book," thought Mrs. Amanda, and in the soul of her desire grew a-pace. "I must live up to the generous ideals of Abner and Eleazer"—(one would think them twins)—"and shall in time have a Charity Journal. That is good; it will list each dollar given, or offered with happy heart by Amanda Applewhite Jump."

In the meantime, inquisitive Jakey, the cast-off parson of the nuptials, found himself in the parlor waiting for a piece of cake. Mrs. Jump surely would have some without pig! But she did not; she had advice without oil. The boy left a bit later, somehow made to feel almost sorry for "a lone widow who had only one little girl, with one pink dress, with only one chance to play in this one way"—so he must go.

ALAS for humanity! According to Mrs. Jump's persuasive logic and the very atmosphere of her, we have but one of each of anything, and, sad to acknowledge, only one God. Thus we all can make "poor mouths" as foolish as their appearance, and as depressing.

That afternoon Mrs. Sylvia Pomeroy came in, a proverbial lampshade in gray silk. She had ruffles and tucks, panniers and bows, quillings, laces and furbelows. She was a walking frippery shop and the advertisement thereof gleamed in innumerable buttons that flashed across her ample oyster-gray silk bosom.

Sylvia was a sister of yet Widower Philbert—"while there is life there is hope"—and Mrs. Jump brought forth the cake, offering a piece large enough to make some impression upon Mrs. Pomeroy, the ponderous.

"I'll just wrap up three pieces for your family for supper—oh, yes, we often have cake. Did you notice the children in the yard? That handsome boy is Horatio Neville. Yes, and—oh, dear, yes, a mock wedding always is so—interesting. The children love it, and—well, one doesn't know to what such will sometimes lead."

That night Rosian asked for a piece of cake—just like the piece she had had at the party.

"That was a mock wedding, my dear—the cake was such a teeny one and it only took one egg, the yellow half for the cake, and the white for the frosting—and I gave a poor lady a lot of it. You see, mother has to be good to others just as Mrs. Neville has to."

Be it said to Amanda Jump's credit, she half-way believed herself. It all may appear to others among us that she spent one-half her time creating situations which were almost true, and the other half reconciling them with fact to make them true. To her own mind—and it was a keen one—she always justified her statements—then put a bit of sugar on the tail of her imagination to make the bird fly farther.

Be it said to the woman's credit, also, she was a faithful and painstaking housekeeper and a good mother. She lived economically and yet without actual hardships, on a small income. She dressed her daughter after the manner of folks in "our part," and Rosian was a Rosy-Anne, indeed.

Conservative and conventional, the widow felt she must not have her child different. Rosian was well disciplined, and her sweet, merry expression showed she was not burdened. Mrs. Jump, too, had a placid expression, and Rosian's also was mild and care-free; the face of a daughter, loved well and almost wisely.

"I live on the first husband's insurance to put away the sum left by the second," Mrs. Jump told herself often, "because some day I can make a showing." None could doubt it. "I want a Charity Journal."

WHEN Rosian was 15 she was ready for high school. This shows she was not a "speedy scholar." One doubts whether she inherited anything like her mother's imagination. But she had inherited her mother's desire to stick to and accomplish, and she was thoro and painstaking. What she lacked in imagination she made up in accuracy. She "boned" to learn, but she stood fairly high in her examinations. She was strong of body, a fair singer, popular in a modest way, and in no respect different from the other girls of her age.

"The daughter of a well-to-do widow," was breathed about Rosian, all of which comforted the heart of her mother.

To Rosian her mother reminded her of a certain sea wave of the seven—we believe there are seven in rotation—the wave that crests high, threatens, seems impressive and flows out on the beach leaving a token of periwinkle shells or a bit of red sand-dulled glass. The discipline was severe only as it seemed threatening, but it resolved itself into gifts of simple frocks, the results of bargain-hunting, in offerings of a few substantial luxuries for the home and the girl, and it cost strict sacrifice, often leaving the wave a powerless little swirl on the shore of the girl's consciousness. Such would perhaps help typify the girl's impression of her mother's stirring ambitions.

Conscious that her mother's peculiarities were the results of a cramped life, and of an active mind, uneducated and unapplied beyond the family, Rosian loved her mother even more, and Amanda responded to that love and gave out a mother's bounteous measure of service for her beloved.

When Rosian was 20 she came to Amanda, saying: "I shall take pharmacy and support you, mother," she offered tenderly.

"Shucks! What I been saving all that Eleazer insurance money for? Farmacy—well, I don't care for agricultural pursuings myself, but if you want a farm you can have it, bobbed hair and overalls, of course, but mother had thought of something impressing-like. Suppose—something that would let us be generous and—have charities like the rich. Charities advertise——"

Rosian explained softly that the dug business was implied.

"Quite properly a good shop, my dear—and we can have a store and I can shop-keep. I ain't nearly so busy as I I should be. I'd like to be in business and run things a bit. Of course, there will be extracts, a shelf of notions, counter displays and all that sort of thing."

Recognizing her mother's business ability, the girl followed the ever racing line of thought as detailed—"hat-cleaners, mops, patent dust-pans, fly-paper, sealing wax, stationery, dog biscuit, nail files—— I'll start my list today—and and shop for low-priced stock so that we'll get the cheapest and sell the best."

When Rosian completed her high school she went immediately into training at the local School of Pharmacy, taking a short course which permitted her to "practice" in two years.

Mrs. Jump then negotiated for a splendid location on Vine street, a small store next to a "hose house" and a school. She completed arrangements to have it painted all white and to have the well-selected stock ready when Rosian had finished her studies.

Rosian was comforted to feel that her mother would have a shop long desired, and a source of income in old age. The girl had "prospects," but she said little

Now Only $1.98

The Famous Book of Etiquette

An Amazing Bargain—Nearly Half-Million Sold at $3.50—Special Limited Offer at Only $1.98. Send Your Order Now.

THE Book of Etiquette needs no introduction. It is the recognized authority on the subject among people of culture, refinement and good breeding everywhere. It covers every phase of proper conduct and manners—at the wedding, dance, dinner, on the street, in the theatre—at all places and at all times. Nothing is omitted. It saves you from distressing embarrassments which arise at the most unexpected moments—gives you delightful ease, poise, confidence in yourself.

Nearly 500,000 people have paid the regular publishers' price of $3.50 for this wonderful 2-volume social guide. Only an unusual lull in the book business, when the presses would normally be idle, has prompted the publishers to make this extraordinary short-time reduction in price. When the orders reach a certain number this offer will be immediately withdrawn

Send No Money

Drop us a line—a postcard will do—and the famous two-volume Book of Etiquette will be mailed at once. Pay the postman only $1.98 (plus a few cents postage) and the books are yours. But remember, this remarkable offer may be withdrawn at any moment. So don't delay. Send your order now. If for any reason you are not satisfied, return the books within 5 days and your $1.98 will be promptly refunded. **Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 10510, Garden City, N. Y.**

Be a Tire Dealer

YOU can be a Tire Dealer—You can get these Dealer's Prices—you can sell friends, neighbors, so your tires cost you nothing and you make BIG PROFITS!

It's easy to do with our sensational values. Every tire carries a written ironclad guarantee, nine months hard wear or another tire at ½ price. All standard tires such as Goodyear, Fisk, Kelly's and other well known makes. Read the Dealer's prices on these slightly used demonstrator tires. Then act!

Dealer's Price 30 x 3½ $1.75 Written Ironclad Guarantee For 9 MONTHS All Other Sizes $2.90

Dealer's Tire Prices—Minimum Order 3 Tires
30 x 3½ Tires—$1.75
All other sizes - 2.90
30 x 3½ Tubes—$ .90
All other sizes— 1.45

Place your order now. You can buy three tires for your car at Dealer's price as a sample order. Just send $1.00 for each tire ordered. Balance C. O. D. subject to inspection. Five per cent discount if money order in full accompanies order. Tires shipped the day order is received. ACT NOW while your territory is open. ORDER TODAY

COOPERATIVE TIRE COMPANY!
Dept. 25, 1356 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WATCH KNIFE AND CHAIN ALL [illegible] $2.90

Thin Model, 16 size, Accurate Time Keeper, beautiful engraved solid silveroid case. This is a great bargain. Do not confuse this watch with others offered at lower prices. This watch is Fully Tested, Inspected, and Guaranteed, stem wind and set. Send No Money. Pay postman only $2.90 and the Watch Knife and Chain is yours. Consolidated Novelty Co., Dept 124, 20 E. Lake St., Chicago

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Lose in a Week?

If you are fat and want to lose weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Rid-O-Fat treatment absolutely Free. Do not send any money—just your name and address to Whinton Laboratories, 2276 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

STING YOUR FRIENDS with "What I Know About Women," latest Broadway gag book, 25c, refund if wanted. N. Lee Importing Co., Box 166 G. P. O., New York City

of these to the mother Discretion is the door to personal peace

THE Applewhite and Jump Drug Company did a tremendous business considering the size of the shop Mrs. Jump was general manager, cleaning woman and bookkeeper, clerk and soda fountain girl. She slighted nothing, but gloried in having a field of action so conspicuous and complimentary to her judgment. Rosian filled the "presumptions" of the doctors, and taught her mother correct pronunciations and otherwise equalized some of Amanda's inequalities so apparent to newcomers

"You hear, Rosian,' Mrs Jump read aloud one of the evening papers (returnable to stock) "the Nevilles are giving away thousands to charities. I have always hoped, Rosian, to give something and to keep on and on—for others.'

Rosian smiled. "The Nevilles have a great deal more than they use wisely. Horatio should be guided to investments rather than to gifts. Investments help others continuously—gifts are only temporary—like stopping up a dam with a rag"

Mrs. Jump had her ideas, however. She went to the showcase, took from it a notebook, the resale price of which was twenty-five cents, and wrote on the yellow cover: "Amanda Jump's Generosity Journal."

At last, after all these years, she, too, would have a charity system—but ingrained habits of thrift were hard upon her.

She entered twenty-five cents in pencil and charged it to fifty

"This book would be fifty cents at some stores, so I'll just credit myself with giving fifty cents, my start."

"You run that yourself, mother," Rosian waved her pretty hands, "I have here other business——"

"But as I was remarkin', every time we cut a bit off from a sale, five cents or ten dollars' (fat chance of the latter, under Mrs. Amanda's eye!), "I'll enter it."

The girl made no protests. Her mother would find comfort. The business ability of her mother was something needed in turning the small stock of the store often, and economically, into cash, to re-buy and re-sell, and so keep up a quota of profits from what would look like a very small place. Besides, the girl never had made protest

The girl herself was interested in chemical affinities, and many of the customers, former classmates, were also interested in an affinity with Rosian Applewhite.

"Now, what do you want chloroform dressing in such quantities for, Mr. Philbert?" asked Amanda.

"My wife has a garden-variety boil, and the doctor says that it will take a long time to draw, and she always fusses so from any little pain the doctor said to put a bit of chloroform in with the linseed ——"

"Rosian, you go see to that I told you about——"

The daughter then having dutifully gone to the living-rooms to look after the dinner on the stove, Mrs. Jump turned to the man.

"I have something that'll draw a boil in sort order. You buy half the chloroform, but be sure to use it at the time."

(Hadn't she told him and others that such a puny woman as the new Mrs. Philbert wouldn't last? Eternal judgment was in that complexion.)

"Save half the chloroform stuff—that means a dollar saved. Get this wee powder." And Mrs. Jump did up a potion of table salt

In interests of her honesty, may it be said that this had helped her "draw" a wound that had been infected and she felt this drastic and totally satisfactory—to her—method would be quite the suggestion to put forward. Not every one is as drastic as Amanda Jump.

Having saved Mr. Philbert one dollar and reckoning that the potion was equal to fifty cents more, she smiled over her entry. "Who ever thought I'd make concessions to Philbert?"

Philbert was satisfied. Mrs. Jump's judgment was always good—look what a prosperous place and what a daughter! And things so came about that the boil did open in shorter time and with the chloroform dressing was almost bearable

One time when Mrs. Jump was trying out a line of straw hats a farm lad entered, put a big-brimmed headpiece over his shock of red hair, and then another

"No fit," he reported.

"Now, you get a hair cut and they'll all fit."

Whereupon the boy did, and surprised at being able to find a hat at last, bought two at a discount of twenty cent

"I'll enter fifty cents there because at any other store they'd be twice the price—them hats."

One day Mrs. Bork came puffing in, asking a contribution to the church funds—"At least twenty-five dollars"

Mrs. Jump was flattered. "Certainly—certainly!" she bobbed

"Why, my dear, I can show you the way to make a hundred. I have a barrel of sweet gherkins—pickles—and after all I don't expect to handle them The school now buys wholesale for its own lunchrooms. I can let you have them all for twenty dollars, and you can get crocks and sell about one hundred small crocks of pickles out of the barrel."

Mrs. Jump showed a profit for the church and it looked fine on paper, but when the pickles were bought, crocks purchased, drayage paid for, and labor performed; when the sales were made at the cost of effort which could have handled more profitable lines—the church realized ten dollars and eighty-five cents at a loss of fifty dollars in time and opportunities to do other things. No one had reckoned that in

"My entry on that pickle deal for the church would be one hundred minus the expenses to them." (She didn't count time costs.) "I'll reckon I gave forty dollars to the Lord. I got the crocks dirt cheap—sconds"

By entering hypothetical, but totally logical, values in her "Generosity Journal," Amanda Jump soon felt she was giving more than one-tenth. Others of us wonder if the Lord would not at her price at some later time soon be owing her a bit. She never gave "cash money," but values she entered in cash terms

When Aunt Mella Vicary wanted hopwood tea she sent word to Amanda, and Amanda reasoned thus: "Hopwood ain't If a big doctor ordered it for a big drug house and laboratories experimented to find out about it, it would in all cost eighty-some dollars. I can let her have some ground hops and charge sixty-some cents."

The ground hops, postage and all, cost Applewhite and Jump seven cents The entry in the book, at no expense to Aunt Mella, was "Sixty-four dollars for dear Aunt Mella."

Be it playfully said, Mrs. Jump got a Government price on postage stamps, the best the Government could offer at two cents apiece, well-colored and nicely engraved with a picture of George Washington, almost as handsome as Abner himself.

Amanda no longer fretted over Abner the handsome, nor Eleazer her very leaning tower of manly strength, but found in herself plenty of chance for noble action. She was careful of others and herself, and felt she was honest with the Lord. Perhaps in the spirit of things she was.

The woman exerted herself to her utmost for the sake of her "beautiful Rosian who in time would be wed to a noble scion from the family of no less—no less than the Nevilles"—perhaps!

HORATIO breezed in often but made little impression on busy Rosian. He always smiled roundly at the mother, but deeply at the daughter. He was a tweedy, rangy sort of boy who had

SENT FOR $1

An astounding watch offer—highest quality, 21 Jewel, extra thin model.

STUDEBAKER The Insured Watch

The balance in easy monthly payments The famous Studebaker direct from the maker; insured for a lifetime. 8 Dial Styles; 8 adjustments—Choice 64 new Art Beauty Cases at lowest prices Write for BOOK of advance Watch Styles Sent Free!

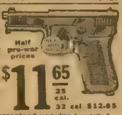
21 Jewels Extra Thin

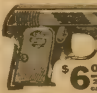
FINE CHAIN FREE

For a limited time we are giving away FREE a fine Chain with every Studebaker Insured Watch. Buy now and take advantage of it. Send for book of advance Watch Styles Free!

WRITE! Send to-day for details of $1 down and Free Chain Offer Get a copy of Studebaker Book of Advance Watch Styles FREE!

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO., Dept. 110 South Bend, Ind





GERMAN MAUSER

Latest model 9 shot automatic, shoots standard cartridges—lies flat in pocket, special at $11.65

Half pre-war prices

$11.65 25 cal. 32 cal $12.65

World's famous Luger 30 cal. $15.65.

Hand Ejector Revolver, swing out cylinder, 32 cal $13.65. 38 cal. $16.65.

Brand new models. Guaranteed genuine imported.

Pay on Delivery Plus Postage SEND NO MONEY

Satisfaction guaranteed or money promptly refunded

MILITARY TRENCH AUTOMATIC, 32 cal. 10 shot, extra magazine FREE. Just like you used over there $9.75

Blue Steel Army Automatic, 25 cal $7.95, 32 cal $8.95

Pocket Automatic Shoots 7 quick, straight shots (illustrated) regular $20.00 value, special at $6.05

$6.05 25 cal.

Top Break Revolver 32 or 38 cal. Special at $8.25

WATTS TRADING CO., 11 Warren St., Desk 10C, New York

Under Ground Treasures
HOW AND WHERE TO FIND THEM
A SECRET you should know. It may mean a fortune to you. Full particulars for 2 cents.
MODEL CO. Dept. 37, Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Sears, Roebuck and Co.
The World's Biggest Mail Order House

You Can Order Direct From This Advertisement

Save on Everything You Buy!

This wonderful Fall and Winter Catalog is packed with bargains—28,000 ways to save on your clothes, on furniture, bedding, household goods, practically everything you wear or use. Over 9,000,000 customers say it is "the greatest money-saving book in existence." If you haven't a copy, write for one NOW!

Blanket Lined Coat—A Great Value

Here, for example, is one of the values that cause more people to buy from Sears, Roebuck and Co. than from any other mail order house in the world.

Low Priced Single Breasted Brown Duck Coat. Length, 32 inches Made from medium weight durable duck and lined throughout body and sleeves with warm blanketing. A big value at our low price. Has corduroy collar and two outside pockets with flap. Double arm shields. **Sizes**—To fit men measuring from 34 to 46 inches chest. **State chest measure taken over vest.** Shipping weight 4¼ pounds.

41N100D Brown Duck $2.98

Shipped from our CHICAGO or PHILADELPHIA Store

Coupon Brings 1100 Page Fall and Winter Catalog FREE! Mail Today

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.
Chicago—Philadelphia—Dallas—Seattle.
Send latest General Catalog No. 79B24.
Name ....
Postoffice ....
Rural Route .... Box No. ....
State ....
Street and No ....

grown suddenly into manhood and almost didn't like it.

"How do you do?" Rosian would color, speaking stiffly. "What can we do for you?"

"You sound like a phonograph record. I should say I am done for unless you are a bit more personal in your replies."

And now didn't he sound just like a book?

"This transcendiferously splendiferous morning when others feel almost glashiously slobby I am impressiverously purposeful to expend the limits of my purseful for the pursing up of your pretty mouth, sweet Prissy Prilla."

And Rosian would only beam. "Mercy, Percy, please pass the pickles!" and withdraw her hand.

And wasn't it just like romance? Just like romance for all the work? I ask you!

Mother Jump felt she must hasten to improve the Generosity Journal—and Rosian's chances.

When Cousin Muriel Bradley wrote Rosian she asked for a quantity of pills in packets under a certain label and patent—six boxes.

"You sell them for a dollar and fifty a box. It costs us fifty a box. We make six dollars on the six boxes sent her, but you say we shall give her two extra for nine dollars. We give her twelve dollars' worth.

"If she'd have got them from a better—I mean a higher-price drug store they'd been double—or twenty-four dollars. If the doctor had a come each time she got more, that would have been three dollars a call, at the house, or eight calls at three—another twenty-four. We have given altogether fifty dollars in values for nine in cash."

Forty dollars went into the book, but as a matter of courtesy to Cousin Murial, Rosian slipped nine dollars of her own in the till and sent away the packets of pills gratis.

One day Horatio came in with a rush—Rosian was busy, so he strode up to Mother Jump.

"How's the state of your epigastrium? Does your tick-tock nerve still whizz? Hello, Mrs. Jump—what's keeping your eyes hung out like door-knobs? Lemme see if I can fix up the book?"

That was just the touch needed. His interest!

"It is my book of charities. I have just entered a gift of forty some dollars to dear Cousin Murial. I am totalin' up all this business gives to others—for the last eighteen months! I hadn't totaled it up before."

The remarkable record of generous outgivings had been written with a view to one certain time, and that time had come! Had come!

Horatio Neville took the book from the hands of his future mother-in-law. She mentally revamped, "Noble Folly bound in boards."

Horatio was quick at figures (had he not selected Rosian?). To himself he chuckled: "By Jove—almost four thousand given away and a stock that appraises at not over three! That is rich!"

The look of disgust on his face was lost to Amanda who saw him turn to beaming Rosian. The girl blanched as she observed the open book of "Generosities"—a silent testimony that he had seen it all.

"Poor mother," thought she, "with her threadbare life she had never anything given to her—no wonder she imagines these—charities."

"Are you one of the several who wanted a mock wedding with Rosian?" asked Mrs. Jump to turn conversation from silence to speech. As if she didn't know!

"Sure am, and it will be a real wedding, this time—Rosian, I want to take you away from all this—" He looked towards the book, then his wandering eyes fled back to her now-rosy face.

After all, mother was mother—the girl's lips trembled. Yes, a new drug clerk would be hired, and mother would be busy and could spare her—after all, Horatio was Horatio. The lips curved smilingly.

The girl had kept to a steadfast course laid down by Mother Jump and in the narrow and straight way, and had blossomed into a womanhood of assured success, and efficiency, and not only that, but a lovely woman. Her one variation, her dream, her outlet, had been Horatio, her mother's had been the book, and now turning from seeing that hated volume she gazed into Horatio's eyes.

"Yes, it will be better—for all of us—" Rosian breathed

Mrs. Jump credited herself with "finding" Horatio, and with her book in "bringing about the final decision" and action on his part. This was true, very true.

The widow of Abner Applewhite and Eleazer Jump sighed often and often, delightedly, for it was a pleasure to sigh thus: "One never knows the outcome of mock weddings and symbols of things. One never knows how it helps ones self when one gives out to others, generously and charitably."

The work of the Charity Journal was over. Night after night Amanda went to bed in a room where she kept, for her own comfort, the enlargements of Abner and Eleazer on their golden easels. "Ain't it like a book, ain't it now? Ain't it just like a real romance?"

And she would add, re-touching, "The Triumphs of a Mother of a Heroine" bound in imitation cloth of gold: "And the sun set nightly as was its wont, on the noble white head of the hard-working heroine—of-them-all—the mother who had loved, toiled and triumphed that her daughter might have the luxuries of palaces, that her loved one might go forward doing generous and noble deeds for all humanity."

And wasn't it all like a story? I leave this to you.

THE END.

* * *

Jocks Will Be Jocks

(Continued From Page 6.)

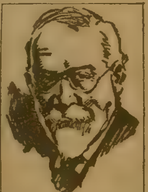
as a horse racer, in the estimation of the Yosemite, and last Fourth even he had lost to the jolly young female. True, Tommy's favorite pony had been indisposed that day, and he had had to ride another horse that he did not know so well. So his defeat was only a bit of hard luck, his companions contended; and they looked forward anxiously for him to retrieve himself and his crowd now. Truth is, in the Western land it is considered an ignominious thing to be outdone in anything by an Indian, especially by "just a squaw." There is no particular love wasted on Indians out yonder. Nevertheless, a horse race is a horse race, and no true son of that soil will countenance anything but a fair show to all alike. And if one of the contestants is a woman, she must be given an exceedingly fair show.

Excitement ran high among the mountain folk, Indians and tourists, as the contestants in the free-for-all scattered off from the starting point at signal from the [illegible]. Intense anticipation glowed even in the square, solid faces of the gayly clad Indian women scattered among the pines on the slope that led gently back to the valley wall, and across the road in the crowd of white people banked about the mounted Goddess there was the flutter and undulation of excitement.

Down the road towards the [illegible] the distance rode Sally Ann on her famous white nag. A hair rope twi[illegible] about his nose and saddle blanket strapped to his back by a surcingle was the animal's only equipment. And, surely, [illegible] sight worth climbing the [illegible]. The strangers could not repress a ripple of laughter. No picturesque primitive costume wore Sally Ann, but instead she scorned her lowly

I First Compounded This Newer Form of Iron For My Own Neighbors

Their Praise of This Remarkable Remedy Has Spread So Rapidly That Now Over 4,000,000 People Use It Annually



Years ago I began to wonder at the great number of my own friends and neighbors who were always ailing, complaining and doctoring, without ever seeming to get any better. Both working men and their wives were frequently all tired out in the evening, and a great many were weak, nervous and run-down. One had pains in the back and thought he had kidney trouble. Another had pains around heart, palpitations and dizziness, and was sure he was suffering from heart disease. Still others had severe headaches, floating spots before the eyes, tender spots along the spine and a great variety of alarming symptoms.

For years I made a special study of this condition, consulting a great number of physicians and chemists. An immense number of investigations by physicians all over the country showed that three people out of every four you meet lack 100% iron in their blood. Lack of iron in the blood is the greatest of all devitalizing weaknesses. It is the iron in your blood that enables you to get the nourishment out of your food. Without iron, nothing you eat does you any good. Your heart, lungs and kidneys and all your vital organs get their nourishment from the blood stream, and when the blood lacks iron and is thin, pale and watery, you may suffer from the symptoms of a great number of diseases when the real and true cause of all your trouble is a lack of iron in the blood.

In the old days people often took metallic iron, which some physicians claim is not absorbed at all. In compounding this newer form of iron which I call Nuxated Iron, I employed a special form of iron, which is like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. Unlike the older forms of iron, it will not injure the teeth nor disturb the stomach, and it is ready for almost immediate absorption and assimilation by the blood. It is the people whose blood is rich in iron who possess great strength, force and energy. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test:

See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two 5-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times a day after meals for two weeks, then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. An astonishing number of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while, have greatly improved their health and increased their strength, energy and endurance simply by taking this newer form of iron. For sale by all druggists.

OVERLAND RED BIRD FREE

$695 Red Bird

Send Your Answer Quick

Solve this interesting puzzle and win 5,000 Free votes for a fine Automobile. The figures in the squares represent [illegible] The [illegible] bered. A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, and so on. What are the three words? Correct solution gives you Free Start for a Free Automobile. This wonderful offer is made and guaranteed [illegible] a million [illegible] has already given away many cars absolutely free. This is the biggest and best free [illegible] made, so send quickly. THE SOONER YOU WRITE THE EASIER IT IS TO WIN.

5	1	19
25	20	15
23	9	14

THREE NEW AUTOMOBILES FREE

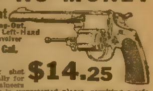
We will give a big new Overland RED BIRD 5 passenger Touring Car and two new FORD TOURING CARS on March 5th, 1924, all delivered absolutely FREE, freight and tax prepaid, as Grand Pri[illegible] our business. Prizes duplicated in case of a tie. [illegible] you nothing to enter. Nothing hard for yo[illegible] Not a cent of your own money required. Generous cash rewards to all who try. Other autos easily. You can win. The simple easy plan will [illegible] you. Send puzzle answer today. Why not win a fine auto free? Start at once. Address

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
500 N. Dearborn St., Auto Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.

$393 FORD TOURING

SEND NO MONEY

The Wild Cat



Regular Swing-Out, Hand-ejecting, Left-Hand Wheeler Revolver

32.20 or 38 Cal. 6 Shot

$14.25

A powerful six shot gun; made specially for Rangers, mountaineers and men working in unprotected places, requiring a safe and efficient weapon. Quick as a flash, with great penetrating power and true marksmanship. Carry this gun with you, and you will feel fully protected. Made of best blue steel, rifled barrel. Hammer with safety. Fires regular, short and long 32/20 or 38 caliber ammunition. $14.25

20 SHOT AUTOMATIC PISTOL

$8.50

20 Shot—32 Cal.

The biggest bargain ever offered. Built of best blue steel, checkered grip, safety. Every one brand new and inspected. Shoots all standard 32 cal cartridges. 10 shot, with extra magazine, making 20 quick hard and straight shots. Buy several while they last, at our unheard of price, $8.50 (regular $35). (Pocket size, 25 cal. 7 shot, $7.80.)

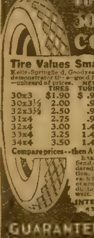
Send No Money Pay on arrival, our bargain price, plus few cents postage

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Order today, NOW.

THE PRICE CUTTING CO., Dept. 204-C, 55 Broadway, NEW YORK

NEW TIRE

Legal Binding Guarantee with every tire



[illegible] 30x3½ CORD 2.00

Tire Values Smashed Tremendous sacrifice—big end season sale. Kelly-Springfield, Goodyear, Fisk—only the best—almost new demonstrator tires—good for thousands of miles—guaranteed—unheard of prices.

	NEW TIRES	NEW TUBES		TIRES	NEW TUBES
30x3	$1.90	$ .90	32x4½	$3.75	$1.65
30x3½	2.00	.90	33x4½	3.75	1.65
32x3½	2.50	.90	34x4½	4.00	1.65
31x4	2.75	.90	35x4½	4.25	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
33x4	3.25	1.40	35x5	4.25	1.95
34x4	3.50	1.40	37x5	4.25	1.95

Compare prices--then ACT--orders shipped day received

Examine these practically new tires. Send deposit of only $1 for each tire ordered. Balance C O D subject to inspection. A legal binding guarantee goes with each tire and insures nine months' wear or replacement at half price. 5 per cent reduction for cash in full with order. Don't wait. You can close ORDER NOW.

INTERSTATE TIRE COMPANY
43 E. 14th St. Chicago, Ill.

GUARANTEED 9 MONTHS

A Baby in Your Home

So many married couples yearn for children that thousands of copies of a new book by Dr. H. Will Elders are being distributed without cost to childless women. Any family interested in overcoming conditions of nature that hinder the gift of children should write for this free book today. It describes a simple home treatment based on the use of Steriltone, a wonderful scientific tonic that has had marvelous success all over the country in overcoming constitutional weaknesses.

Every woman who wants to live a normal, happy home life with little ones around her should consider it her first duty to know what Steriltone is and why it should be so wonderful an aid to her. Read this little book which is sent without charge or obligation in a plain envelope. It unfolds facts that most women never have had explained to them. Simply send name today to Dr. H. Will Elders, 1021 Ballinger Building, St. Joseph, Mo.

Piles can be cured PROOF TO YOU FREE

Don't suffer. Just send your name and we will send you absolutely FREE a liberal trial-treatment of NOMAR—the great **Proven Internal Treatment for Piles.** No salve, no ointment, no suppositories. Costs nothing if you do not get the results you expect. For any form of piles, no matter how severe, how long standing—how chronic. **Do not submit to an operation** until you have tried this internal remedy. Thousands of sufferers get quick relief. **Just try it.** Money can't buy this trial-treatment. Don't send a penny. Offer is FREE TRIAL only. Write now.

WILLIAMS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Dept. 130, 514 Grand River Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

Change Your Luck

[illegible] Good Luck Ring [illegible] Test Ring [illegible] genuine seal, the story of its secret symbols.

FREE "The Magic Secret" of Getting What You Want. Send measure (string tied around finger) $1.85 or $1.95 C. O. D. Money Back Guarantee.

R. REO CO., 116 W. 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

How Would You Like To Grow Hair in a Month?

Getting bald, hair falling and fading? If you want to grow new healthy hair right away I will send you absolutely Free a sample of the famous Alexander Glandahair. No cost, no obligation. Just send name to Alexander Laboratories, 6116 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

sisters with a fashionable garb that consisted of a stiff white shirtwaist, magenta skirt, and black cotton gloves; while surmounting her head and glossy black hair, which hung down in a thick braid, was a remarkable straw hat of Parisian model, sadly battered, but rejuvenated by Sally Ann's own hands with trimmings of mingled purple and scarlet. This gorgeous horror bobbed jauntily over her nose as she jogged along. Above the white expanse of shirtwaist, her broad, bronze face shone like a polished calabash, carved in a grin. Below the magenta dangled her plump, white-stockinged legs and black shoes. Indeed, this was Sally Ann in all her glory, agreed the mountain folk.

But, despite her regalia, she sat her horse with a reckless grace that challenged the admiration of all, and the riders who gathered about the starting line respectfully awaited her arrival.

As the Indian woman ranged herself in line for the standing start, the jockey hostler appeared on a spirited black pony. He had rigged himself out in a full jockey suit—a striking sight for most of the eyes that were turned upon him now.

Tommy sat stolidly in the line, eyeing his approaching enemy. The latter galloped up with a grand-stand flourish, as if to say, "I'll show you fellows a thing or two about riding!"

He plunged into the line where the men had made room for Sally Ann, and with a sneer at the squaw, crowded her out. The next instant he was clinging desperately to the neck of his horse as it plunged madly to one side; for Tommy had wheeled like a flash to the sneering jockey's side and had hurled his mount full tilt against the other's animal. With the newcomer knocked out of the line, Tommy grabbed Sally Ann's frightened horse by the hair rope and hauled it back into its place.

When the discomfited jockey had recovered himself, he raised his hand in protest to the official starter, the guardian.

"Disqualify this man for crowding!" he snarled.

"Take your medicine and be glad it isn't worse," retorted the guardian. "Ready!"

The jockey was shoved down to the end of the line by the others, and crouched for the start

THERE were a dozen contestants. It was a half-mile dash. Tommy's comrades of the Bunch were scattered along the course to cheer him, and cast up their hats at his passing. They were sure of him this time.

"Bang!" The report of the starter's gun drifted down to the spectators; but the riders were already off and in mad career before the sound arrived. For a while they pounded along all bunched up, swallowed in a cloud of dust. Above the cloud the thrashing of arms thru the air betokened the steady descent of rawhide quirts in the hands of cowboys and Indians. Where the breathless spectators crowded silence overcame all sounds save the muffled drumming of the hoofs, just becoming audible, and the splashing hum of Cholack.

Still the huddled ponies clung together —on and on, without a sign of the winner. Only 150 yards remained. Then a spot of bright color shot from the clump—a gay dab above a black horse. It was the jockey. Another dab of color, larger, swinging recklessly thru the air above a white animal, followed it, caught it, mingled with it. Sally Ann! Once more a fragment broke from the dark kernel of the dust cloud and flew after the other two. There was no color to this fragment—just two streaks of dirty white angora fleece down the sides of a gray mount, and above it a big dull-hued felt hat with the brim blown up and back from a grim face. Talkative Tommy, this was, abreast of the dabs of color now!

With legs invisible in the dust and necks stretched forward the animals looked like great ungainly birds skimming the ground

The jockey, light and lithe, crouched low; Sally Ann and Tommy, heavy and loose jointed, swung high, but the mountain ponies were used to them and their spurs.

Were they coming in nose and nose?

The color parted. Sally Ann and her white flier drew ahead. Next the grim, colorless rider fairly lifted the bay mare with the spurs, overhauled the white horse—passed it! At the same time the jockey fought desperately; but he did not know how to "lift" the Western pony, and the crowd began to yell "Tommy!"

But just then a strange thing happened.

The jockey was riding between Tommy and the woman. At the critical moment, when the horses seemed from a distance to be riding together, but were really drawing apart, the jockey's face turned ugly, and with a snarl of rage at and contempt for the Indian woman, he leaned out as she passed, jerked savagely at her guiding rope, and cut her across the face with the whip. It seemed easy to do this unseen in the hurry and rush. But Tommy, trained to a life of emergencies, never let a stranger ride behind him unwatched; and from the tail of his eye he saw the unpardonable act.

The eye of the beautiful Goddess of Liberty, too (she was a trained horsewoman) caught sight from the crowd of the deed that staggered Sally Ann and put the black ahead of the white, and she screamed, "Look! Look!" as Tommy threw himself back on his reins, grabbed the jockey's bridle, jerked the black pony almost on his haunches, reached over, caught up the little man in his powerful arms, and with a deft twirl set him back in the saddle with his face toward the animal's tail. Then, with the outward jab of a spur, he sent the black careering on over the line in the wake of Sally Ann, with the jockey clinging desperately for his life, wrong end to—a position which sets the stamp of everlasting disgrace in Tommy's country.

AS TOMMY jogged slowly on after that, with his mild-mannered interest diverted once more to the scenery, the crowd broke and surged out toward him, cheering. Tommy drew rein and looked about in consternation for an avenue of escape. The possibility of such a dire contingency as this had evidently not presented itself to him; for once he was caught in an emercency unprepared.

The judges and the guardian rode up to him. He looked helpless, as if he felt he was about to fall into the clutches of the law.

"Some little doin's in that race, eh?" laughed the guardian.

"Wal, it's—it's a fact, cap, that I ain't got much use for—for squaws," stammered the boy, evidently determined that it should be understood at all hazards that he felt no love for Sally Ann, "but when it comes to such a showdown as just now, I got a whole lot less use for jocks. Sure! What's you goin' to do 'bout it?"

"Why, we'll just call it no race, if you say so, Tommy," smiled the official

The helpless look faded from his face.

"Don't you call me a quitter," drawled Tommy almost threateningly. "The first one over the line always wins the Yosemite free-for-all; an' this time it was the gal agin."

Then suddenly setting his teeth, as he had done once before that same day, and stirring up the startled pony as if strickened with remorse at the number of words he had already been led into, and determined to escape further risk, he charged off thru the astonished crowd, with his boon companions tearing along close at his heels, whooping their approbation.

THE END.

* * *

Things Got Mixed Up.

A farmer told an insurance inspector just how it was. He said:

"We got the new barn all right, but I can't tell exactly how it got on fire. You see, I smoke and the old woman smokes, and my two boys smoke and my two hired men smoke. We lighted two lanterns and went out to look at the barn. The stem of my pipe was bitten off and the bowl fell. It was just the same with the old woman. One of my horses kicked at one of the hired men and he dropped his pipe in the hay. We then had a tornado and we went into the house. In an hour the neighbors all came running and said my barn was burning up. Yes, there was a thunderstorm and the lightning struck the barn. You can say that if you want to and leave me five hundred dollars and pass on. Maybe in a month I can get things straight, but I am all mixed up now."

* * *

It All Depends.

A little girl was told that polite people did not talk about their ailments in company, or outside the family. So when a visitor asked her if she was well, she said, "Well, in the family, I have the stomach-ache, but in company I am quite well, thank you."

No More Rupture--
Sound as a Dollar!

Ohio Man Finds Remarkable Device Which Succeeds Where Many Fail; Sample SENT FREE

This is an invitation that no man or woman in this vicinity who is suffering the terrible handicap of dangerous Rupture can afford to ignore. I want to send you, absolutely free, a sample of my latest Sponge Rubber Rupture Pad, that so many users say has, when fitted to their case, not only given them instant relief from all the tortures, dangers and discomforts of Rupture but has effected a complete, lasting recovery so that all evidence of Rupture is gone and they are in perfect health and as "sound as a dollar."

Don't say this is too good to be true. Try it. Send no money—just your name and address plainly written and say "I am ruptured"—and I will quickly send you a sample Sponge Rubber Rupture Pad and full particulars of my generous offer in a plain sealed envelope. Address E. H. Scott, Hernia Expert, 564 Y Scott Bldg., Akron, Ohio. Do this today—Before you forget. You may not see this notice again.

Young Girl Saved by Timely Use of
PE-RU-NA

A MOTHER'S LOVE TRIUMPHS

A letter from the child's mother, Mrs. Pearle Coltaux, 54 Washington S., Warsaw, N. Y., tells the story, a tale of years of pain and suffering for Vera and of terrible anxiety for the parents with final victory rewarding their boundless love and untiring search for help for their loved one. She writes as follows:

Vera Coltaux

"I am writing to let you know what Pe-ru-na has done for my little girl, Vera. She is 10 years old and from the time she was 5 or 6 years old has had stomach and intestinal trouble. They called it catarrh of the bowels. She had hemorrhages of the bowels and passed slime. She had pain all over her and her nerves were a wreck. She was full of acid and on a diet of bread and milk for over a year. The doctors did not help her so we took her to a specialist and he did not help.

"At last I got a bottle of Pe-ru-na and before she had taken half of it was better. Now she is on her fourth bottle and eating everything and not a pain any more. She goes to school every day, and her Daddy says she is going to take it the rest of her life but I think she will be able to stop long before that. She has gained 5 lbs. in a short time.

"I am just letting you know I am thankful for your medicine."

If people could only know and understand that by far the greater majority of human ills are of a catarrhal nature much needless suffering could be averted. Don't wait until it is too late but try Pe-ru-na first. Start now. Your dealer has it in either tablet or liquid form. Ask him. He will probably tell you of Pe-ru-na's fifty years of triumph, a full half century of successful ministration to the sick.

For Sale Everywhere Tablet or Liquid

31-PC. ROSE DINNER SET GIVEN

SEND NO MONEY
SEND NAME AND ADRESS
WE TRUST YOU

EXQUISITE DINNER SET
Just Give Away 12 Big Colored Art Pictures Free
TO YOUR FRIENDS, WITH 12 BOXES OF OUR FAMOUS
White CLOVERINE Salve
Easy to Earn Easy to Sell
which you sell at 25c a box and [illegible] 100 marvelous gifts, musical [illegible] for chapped hands [illegible]
THE WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY Dept I D5. TYRONE PA

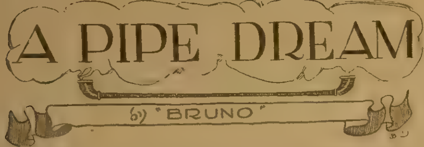
Ford Sedan Free
YOU CAN WIN THIS IDEAL ALL-YEAR CAR
Can you solve this puzzle? Try it and send your answer today. [illegible]
We have given away nearly [illegible] Autos in the past. Now we will give a new latest model Ford Sedan complete with electric lights and starter [illegible] freight and tax paid. This is the ideal car for both summer and winter use. Own a car of your own. [illegible] What are the two words? [illegible] Send no money with your answer [illegible]
Send Answer Today [illegible] Everybody Wins! [illegible] Send Answer Today and try for this Sedan.
FORD WILLSON, Mgr. 141 W. Ohio St., Dept. 2727, Chicago, Ill.

1 21 20 15
6 18 5 5

A school girl of 14 recently won Auto

HIGH GRADE KNIFE $1.00
Introduction Offer. Full size knife with any design wanted mailed for $1.00 [illegible]

EASY MONEY $75 to $200 Monthly All or Spare Time
DISTRICT SALESMEN wanted to introduce novelty knives [illegible]
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO.
23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio



A PIPE DREAM

by "BRUNO"

FATE seemed to have decreed that I should inevitably meet Joe Brown when I was on my annual vacations, hunting big game, in some remote corner of the continent. I had met him first, eight seasons past, in the Sierra Madre Range in Mexico and when I parted from him the last time, in the Cascade Mountains, he had expressed his intention, to quit his job as a timber cruiser for one of the big timber concerns, so strongly that I was led to believe I had seen the last of him in out of the way places.

Yet, it was not much of a surprise the following fall when, while I was pitching camp on the border of S—— Lake in one of the Rocky Mountain Ranges in Montana, I was hailed by his familiar voice.

That he was not surprised in seeing me there he proved by stating while we shook hands that he had expected to see me that fall in this region.

"But, I countered, how did you get here? I supposed you had given up the wild woods for good by this time."

"Oh, he remarked, that is better told by the camp fire tonight."

Dusk descended upon my camp and with it Joe appeared as promised and here is his story as he told it to me.

"When you left last year for home from your camp in the Cascades I had about finished my job there and, as I told you, had made up my mind to quit the roaming life and settle down to growing fruit, somewhere where the luxuries of civilization are not so totally absent as in those regions which had been practically my only abode since I became connected with the timber sharks, ten years ago.

"I figured that I had saved sufficient out of my hundred and twenty-five a month—there have been no spending opportunities during these ten years—to give me a rather fair start in that vocation which would afford, aside from an income, sufficient spare time to heed the call of the wild in case I should find constant civilization too stale, like you do.

"Before I could advise the general manager of my decision, however, I received a wire from him instructing me to immediately leave for this section to estimate the timber contents of a few sections of land here.

"As the job required but a couple of months I concluded it would not interfere with my plans and accordingly I came on to M——, which is the nearest railroad point, as you know. The manager had advised me that I could probably get accommodations among the settlers of the region and mentioned particularly the bungalow of Mr. Clary, a well-known copper millionaire who, with his daughter, spent annually a few weeks in the locality fishing, as a desirable place for my headquarters, if I was able to make arrangements to that effect with the owner.

"Thus I did not trouble with a camp outfit, but left M——on horseback with the few things I had to have, tied to the saddle. I had never been in this part of the country and, while I had a fairly good map, I happened to miss the right trail when about forty miles out of town and the dusk of evening found me in front of an old shack—lost. That is, the comfort of an inhabited place was lost for the time being; I, like the Indian of whom you have heard, was right there and made the best of what there was. After picketing the horse I ransacked the cabin, but found it empty except for a box half filled with tobacco and a bunk with a bough bed.

"Evidently the shack was only used during fall or winter by some hunter. I am an inveterate smoker, and while I always carry tobacco, if nothing else, I like to change the brand whenever opportunity offers and thus, before curling up in the bunk, I filled my pipe out of that box and finding the taste agreeable, I smoked three pipes of that weed before falling asleep.

II.
DREAM FANCIES.

"THE dawn of a bright morning found me in the saddle riding across country toward the trail I had missed the previous afternoon. Tho I had had neither supper nor breakfast, my spirits were high.

"Soon after getting on the right road and following it for about a mile I struck the lake at this very spot where we are now.

"About thirty yards out from that giant cedar which you see projecting on that nearest promontory, there was a girl in a boat, busy with a big fish she had just hooked. The road runs near to the water's edge there and, when I was quite close to the boat, the girl became aware of my presence, straightened up and somehow fell out of the boat.

"How it happened exactly I do not know; prhaps the fish on the line had something to do with the accident. Anyway, I was out of the saddle and in the water in an instant and before the pretty girl realized what had happened I had placed her on solid ground and rescued the boat. She was thoroly wet and, as the water in those lakes never warms to bathing temperature, of course chilled, and gladly accepted my offer to row her home, the latter being a castle-like structure, tho the girl called it a bungalow.

"Upon landing near it a tall man with white hair and whiskers and penetrating dark eyes, whom I recognized as Mr. Clary, approached us and after a short explanation ordered the girl into the building and then interrogated me as to myself. I told him what my business was in that locality and explained that it had been my intention to ask his hospitality while I was staying in it.

"That, however, since I had rendered a slight service to one of his household (of which service he made an embarrassing great deal), it would appear like taking

Man of 74 Is "Rejuvenated" in 3 Weeks Without Gland Surgery

THOMAS J. GLASCOCK

Kansas Contractor Tells of Wonderful Results Obtained in Test of New Scientific Discovery.

Thomas J. Glascock, 74, well-known Kansas contractor, declares he has virtually been made young again by the recently discovered korex compound, which is pronounced superior to "gland treatments" as an invigorator and revitalizer.

"I feel like I did at 35," says Mr. Glascock, "and seem to be getting stronger every day. During my three weeks' use of the new discovery, pains and weaknesses of many years' standing disappeared almost magically. Today I am as vigorous and supple as I was in the prime of life. Futhermore, when I began using the compound, my memory was virtually gone and I was almost blind. Now my mind is clear and active and I can read the finest print without difficulty."

In order to find out whether the results were lasting, Mr. Glascock waited six months before reporting on his test of the discovery. On this point he says:

"Every passing day strengthens my conviction that my restoration is not only complete but permanent. I can't express the happiness this great discovery has brought to me. It has made me 'young' again."

Similar reports are being made almost daily. For instance, D. W. Wood of New Orleans, past 60 years of age, says: "The compound has brought me back to as good, healthy physical condition as I enjoyed at 35. I am apparently as supple as at 25 and my eyesight is better than for years. I would not take $5,000 for what the discovery has done for me."

The compound is a simple home treatment in tablet form, absolutely harmless, yet rated as the quickest and most powerful invigorator known. Acting directly on lower spinal nerve centers and certain glands and blood vessels, it often brings amazing benefits in 24 to 36 hours, according to thousands who have tested it.

"It is wonderful," writes a resident of Hollister, Cal. "In less than 24 hours you can feel it does the work. It makes one feel young as a young man. I am more than happy and glad I tried it." Another Californian says: "The compound is a world's wonder. I feel like I was about 25 and here I am nearly fifty!"

The compound has been tested in all parts of the country and has won the praises of thousands who suffered from nerve weakness, lost or depleted vigor, neurasthenia, premature age, impaired glandular activity and lack of animation and vital force. Its effects seem to be virtually the same on both young and old. Physicians say the principal active ingredient of the compound gives speedy satisfaction in obstinate cases that defy all other treatments. Elderly people pronounce the discovery a real "fountain of youth."

Realizing that thousands of enfeebled, half-alive folk may consider such news "too good to be true," the American distributors have agreed to supply a double-strength treatment of the discovery on a guaranteed trial basis to everyone in need of such a preparation. If you wish to test the compound under a money-back guarantee, write in strict confidence to the Melton Laboratories, 2103 Melton Building, Kansas City, Mo., for a two-dollar treatment of korex compound, mailed in a plain, sealed wrapper. You may enclose two dollars, or simply send your name, without money, and pay two dollars and postage on delivery, as you prefer. In either case, however, if you report within ten days that you are not satisfied, the laboratories will refund the purchase price upon request. These laboratories are nationally known and thoroughly reliable, so nobody need hesitate about accepting their guaranteed offer.

Military Model REVOLVER

6 Shot 38 CAL

SWING CYLINDER HAND EJECTOR Reduced to $14.35

WE PAY POSTAGE

Here is a gun that is absolutely superior in make and dependability to any 38 calibre gun made. Gun is made especially for rangers, mountaineers, and men working in unprotected places, requiring a safe and efficient weapon. Quick as a flash, with great penetrating power and true marksmanship. This revolver is made of tested blue steel, rifled barrel. Hammer with safety to prevent accidental discharge. Shoots standard ammunition.

OTHER SPECIALS Military model automatic just like one used "over there." 32 calibre, 10 shot, extra magazine free, reduced to............ $9.45

TOP BREAK OPEN Automatic Ejecting Double Action REVOLVER

32 Cal. 5 shot $7.95

38 Cal. 5 shot $8.95

SEND NO MONEY Order one of these revolvers NOW. Don't put it off, protect yourself and your home. Our prices are the lowest, and revolvers the best there are in the market. Pay postman price of gun ONLY on delivery. WE PAY POSTAGE. Money back if not satisfied. Orders shipped in accordance with State and local laws governing the sale of firearms.

INTERNATIONAL COMM. HOUSE, Dept. P-32
433 Broadway NEW YORK, N. Y.

CAR OWNERS WANTED!

To use and introduce the greatest improvement in Inner Tubes since autos were invented. Air gauge in valve stem of every Tube shows at a glance through the Unbreakable Transparent Valve Cover amount of air in tires. (6)

AIR-GAGE Heavy Duty Tubes

—sell on sight to almost every car owner because they save trouble, time, worry and expense. Add one third to life of tires. Paul salesmen make big profits selling direct to car owners. Our million dollar factory can use 500 more salesmen at once. Experience not necessary. Big illustrated Free Book tells how the Paul Plan will start you in this big money-making business without capital. Write for Free Book Today.

THE PAUL RUBBER CO., Dept [illegible], Salisbury, N.C.

FREE WATCH & RING

Send No Money WE TRUST You Gladly.

Send Name and Address. Just give away 12 beautiful big art pictures with 12 full boxes of famous White Cloverine Salve which you sell at 25c [illegible] Millions use Cloverine for chapped hands, face, lips; burns, cuts, pimples, sores, etc. Squarest plan for 28 yrs. Write quick. Be first in your town.

THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO.
Dept. W6, TYRONE, PA.

Vacant Government Land

HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : :

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated Lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 50c, POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.

FREE To Boys

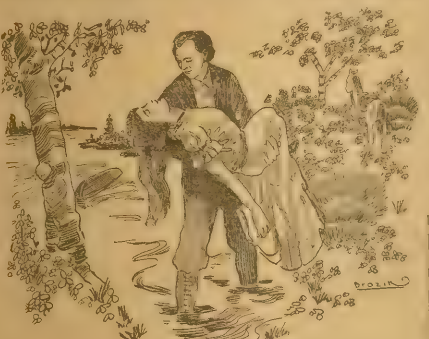
We give these premiums and many others to boys absolutely free—without competition or contest—just for being agents to sell The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. It's easy to deliver our papers to weekly customers and to get new customers. Only a little time on Fridays or Saturdays required.

Steady Money in addition to Premiums

Our Agents earn from $1.00 [illegible] a week in cash. It does not cost a penny to start. You sell the papers to weekly customers and take your money [illegible] This money is in addition to the valuable premiums we [illegible] Do not miss this chance. Just write us a letter or postcard and say "I will be Agent for your papers in my neighborhood." No risk; you can not lose anything; you send us no money until you sell the papers. We tell you how to get customers.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY
500 N. Dearborn St.,
Dept. 255. Chicago, Illinois

advantage on account of it and that for this reason I had better try to get the necessary accommodation elsewhere, tho it might prove less convenient in regard to my work. This view of the incident the old gentleman declared to be silly and the offshot was that I had to make my quarters at the bungalow.



"I Was Out of the Saddle and in the Water in an Instant."

"On account of the isolation of the place there was plenty of opportunity for people to become well acquainted, and, in consequence of that, Miss Clary and I became so fond of each other that we decided life would be incomplete unless we could spend it in each other's company. As Mr. Clary had no objection to our desires, my roaming life terminated right then.

III.
FACTS OF REALITY.

"THE neighing of a horse gradually penetrated my subconsciousness. Apparently it had continued for quite a while before I opened my eyes into the glaring sunbeams which fell thru one of the windows in the wall straight on my face. I had a racking headache and the knowledge that breakfast was yet several miles off, at best, did not alleviate things.

"Reluctantly I arose, watered and saddled my horse and was ready to retrace the trail over which I had come the previous evening, when I remembered the pleasant taste of the tobacco in the shack. I decided to fill me another pipe before going. When I opened the lid of the box I noted, what I had failed to do the previous evening, that a card was tacked onto it conveying the following intelligence:

"'BY MY POWER ALL THE PLEASURES OF LIFE WILL BE YOURS—IN YOUR AGES'

"The tobacco evidently was drugged, a fact which explained my sleeping so late and the furious headache which afflicted me. Not any more of that for me, tho the dream had been pleasant enough while it lasted. I had speculated upon my chances of getting accommodations at the bungalow of a millianaire before going to sleep and the god or devil in the drug had made a romance out of abstract thoughts.

"Morosely I rode back on the trail, picked up the right one after about one hour, and reached the lake after riding about four miles further. Here a surprise was in store for me. Not only were the lake and its surroundings exactly as I had seen them during my stuporous sleep, but near that big cedar, where I had seen her in my dream, was a girl—the girl of my dream in every feature—in a boat, fishing

"When I reached the big tree (the road leads under it) I stopped and lifting my hat said, "Good morning," intending to ask the distance of the nearest habitation. However, I never came to express this question. The young lady, when addressed, merely looked up and froze me with that look. Then she took up her paddles and, without favoring me with a second glance, rowed down the lake. I did not tarry and one-half mile further along the trail I came to a garage and stable which was erected near it, while the bungalow of my dream nestled among the trees on the shore across the lake.

"At the stable I found Mr. Clary preparing for a motor trip to M——. Introducing myself and stating my business and desire to obtain accommodations, I received curt permission to make my quarters at the property. The next day

"I was introduced to Mr. Clary's daughter Lucile, the girl I had seen in the boat and whom my pipe dream had pictured as my life partner, but, tho she was a pretty girl indeed, she seemed to radiate frigidness and I concluded that we never could become moderate friends.

"The fact that she was one of the richest heiresses of the country put her out of my pale anyway in other respects.

"DURING the following three weeks we met daily and exchanged a few commonplace remarks. However, I was rather glad to learn of the Clary's intended departure at the expiration of that period. At least I did not regret it in any way.

"The day before they left Mr. Clary in his gruff manner advised me that the general manager of his properties in M——, who knew of me thru my employers and thru some of my work in other regions, had spoken very well of me and that he desired I should take the position of caretaker of the bungalow and manage his forest, which covers a number of sections in the vicinity of the lake

"He offered to double the salary I was getting from the timber people and, as my main objection to being a timber cruiser was that I did not have a permanent domicile as such, there was every reason for me to accept. Still, I could not make up my mind to do so and Mr. Clary, noting my indecision, ended my hesitancy by informing me that I did not not need to mind about his daughter. He said that she was all right except when at the bungalow, the solitude of which she disliked and to which she came only to be company for him while he enjoyed his fishing vacation.

"If she acted like a bear while here during the brief annual stays and I found it too much to stand, I could cut the period shorter by taking a vacation myself during part of their stay, and so forth. To make a long story short, I accepted the position and thus you find me here, the major-domo of a realm of which I had become in fancy the owner.

"Also, instead of the life partner of the owner—Mr. Clary has given her the property to do as she desires with—as per my pipe dream, I am that owner's servant and not a very devoted one at that." Joe ended his tale.

CHAPTER IV
SEQUEL.

ALMOST three years have passed since I broke camp on S—— Lake. The first fall after, just when I was getting ready to put my camping paraphernalia in order, my law partner became sick and I had to stay in the harness. The second autumn I slipped on the sidewalk and a broken leg kept me from a sojourn to the wildwoods. My leg is mended now;

FOR EXCESSIVE

URIC ACID

TRY THE WILLIAMS TREATMENT

85 Cent Bottle (32 Doses)

FREE

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, an aching head, burning and bearing down pains in the back—worn out before the day begins—do not think you have to stay in that condition.

Be strong, well, with no stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic pains, aching back or kidney trouble caused by body made acids.

If you suffer from bladder weakness, with burning, scalding pains, or if you are in and out of bed half a dozen times a night, you will appreciate the rest, comfort and strength this treatment should give.

To prove The Williams Treatment conquers kidney and bladder troubles, rheumatism and all other ailments when due to excessive uric acid, no matter how chronic or stubborn, if you have never tried The Williams Treatment, we will give you one 85c bottle (32 doses) FREE if you send this notice with your name and address. Kindly send 10 cents to help pay postage, packing, etc., to The Dr. D. A. Williams Company, Dept BA [illegible], P. O. Building, East Hampton, Conn. We will GIVE you, all charges paid by us our regular 85c size bottle—not a sample—to be used only by yourself. Only one bottle to the same address or family. No [illegible] C. O. D.

SEX EXPLAINED!

Sex Truth at Last. Dr. Cowan's book answers in plain understandable language al[illegible] "The SCIENCE [illegible] TELLS ABOUT: The Sex Appe[illegible] a Mate—[illegible] Marriage—H[illegible] BABIES ARE CONCEIVED AND BORN—What [illegible] 4[illegible] pages illustrated

THIS BOOK IS NOT FOR CHILDREN. [illegible]

Ogilvie Pub. Co., 57 Rose St., Dept 18, New York City

SEXUAL—LOVE AND LIFE!

FREE WRIST WATCH VIOLIN and EASTMAN CAMERA

Your choice GIVEN FREE for selling only 25 bottles of perfume at 15c each. We trust you. Send name and address at once to

BOSTON PREMIUM COMPANY, Desk 173, BOSTON (13) MASS.

PATENTS Write for free Guide Books, List of Patent Buyers and RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK. Send model or sketch of invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 697 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Dramas, Monologs, Musical [illegible] and Revues, M[illegible] strel Opening Choruses, Darky Plays. PLAYS Vaudeville Acts How to Stage a Play Make-up Goods Catalog FREE.

T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 8. CHICAGO

Get Rid of—

Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema, Rash,

Enlarged Pores, Acne, Piles and other [illegible] skin irritations and blemishes

DERMALINE

"Soothes As It Cures"

OINTMENT

has cured the most [illegible] cases after a few applications. Know [illegible] of a clear, beautiful skin. Take advantage TODAY of our

Special Introductory Offer

Large size box with full d[illegible] receipt of $1.00. Money refunded [illegible]

HETZER LABORATORIES CO.

Dept. A, 420 Fourth St., Brooklyn, New York.

BLUE WHITE Luxite Diamond

[illegible] to a thousand has the blue dazzling [illegible]

$2.98 COD

DON'T SEND A PENNY! Send only name, address and paper strip which fits end to end around finger [illegible] comes deposit only $2.98 with postman. We pay postage! [illegible]

Free [illegible] BAR PIN [illegible]

GARFIELD IMPORTING CO., 3839 ROOSEVELT [illegible] Dept. 1426 CHICAGO

A New Kind of Fur Scarf To Sell By Mail

Style and Warmth At Very Small Cost

A wonderful, stylish Manchurian Fox Scarf in a quality seldom—if ever—sold before by mail. At so low a price it seems too good to be true. Let me explain just how and why I can do it.

Worth $10.00

Sale Price Only $3.98

Real Imported Fur

By Mary Roberts

I told my husband that I knew more about women than any MAN in the mail order business. I told him, too, that the FIRST thing a woman wants is QUALITY, and that a low price without quality was a MISTAKE. I asked him to let me make this interesting test to PROVE that women will pay a FEW CENTS MORE to get something they will be PROUD to wear. I selected this fur scarf because it is something every woman can use. This scarf is just the thing you need to wear with suit, dress, or coat. It is made of Manchurian Fox—REAL GENUINE IMPORTED FUR—with natural head and long bushy tail. Its long, soft, silky hair is luxuriously warm. It is beautifully lined with pure silk messaline. Silk ruffle around neck. Colors, Brown or Black. Sizes to fit ladies or misses.

Send No Money

This is not the usual kind of mail order fur scarf, but the kind dealers sell in high-grade stores at much higher prices. I believe that you will be glad to pay a few pennies more for the extra quality. In fact I'm so sure that you do want QUALITY first of all that I will send it to you right now, if you ask for it. Don't send a penny—just your name. When the scarf arrives pay only $3.98 plus few cents delivery charges. If you can duplicate this HIGH QUALITY anywhere for less than $8 to $10, send it back for full refund. Remember, this is NOT cheap mail order goods, so don't confuse my price with others. Mail the coupon or a postal now, as the few Manchurian Fox scarfs will be gone quickly at this low price. Cordially yours,

MARY ROBERTS

care of Norman Roberts & Company,
Dept. 10 J 45, 1428 N. Wells Street,
Chicago, Ill.

MARY ROBERTS
care of Norman Roberts & Co., Dept. 10 J 45,
1428 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill

Send me your Manchurian Fox Fur Scarf on approval. When the package arrives I will pay the mailman special price of $3.98 and few cents delivery [illegible] (or send cash and we will pay postage). It is understood that if I am not satisfied you will return my money at once

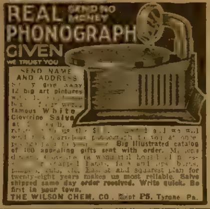
Color

Name

Post Office

R. F. D., Box or Street No. State

(Outside U. S. A. send cash with order.)



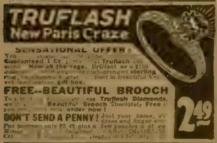
REAL SEND NO MONEY PHONOGRAPH GIVEN WE TRUST YOU
SEND NAME AND ADDRESS [illegible] 12 big art pictures [illegible] famous White Cloverine Salve [illegible] Big Illustrated catalog of 100 appealing gifts sent with order. [illegible] Easiest and squarest plan for twenty-eight years makes us most reliable. Salve shipped same day order received. Write quick. Be first in your town.
THE WILSON CHEM. CO. Dept PS. Tyrone Pa.

Earn 50% Commission =Quick Sales.

Manufacturer of national reputation wants men or women to act as special representatives selling introductory packages of three essential food products. Every home is your prospect. No delivering—No collecting—Just take orders.

Interesting and profitable work. Give spare or whole time. Write at once.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.



TRUFLASH New Paris Craze
SENSATIONAL OFFER [illegible] Guaranteed 1 Ct [illegible] Truflash [illegible] mond. Now all the rage. Brilliant as a $150 [illegible] high-pronged sterling ring [illegible] Sent in Beautiful Velvet lined leather gift box.
FREE--BEAUTIFUL BROOCH
[illegible] Truflash Diamonds, we'll [illegible] Beautiful Brooch absolutely Free if you [illegible] order now!
DON'T SEND A PENNY! Just your name, address and finger size. Pay postman only $2.49 plus a few pennies postage. [illegible]
2.49

1000 SHOT ALL STEEL MAGAZINE AIR RIFLE
FREE TO BOYS
HAMILTON 22 CAL. HUNTING RIFLE
Choice of six guns (on four easy plans) for selling our Magic Healing Wav-o-lena at 25c box. We Trust You! Order Seven Boxes Today On Postal Card—we send promptly, prepaid. Easy to sell—used in every home. Return money as instructed, choosing your gun according to one of the plans shown in our Big Premium List. Also 200 other Gifts or Big Cash Commission if you prefer. If you are prompt a special Free Gift.
Waverly Co. 227 Towner Bldg. Monongahela, Pa.

FREE BRACELET WATCH
[illegible] dress at once and [illegible] how to get this beautiful [illegible] gold filled wrist watch [illegible]
ABSOLUTELY FREE
CRESCENT PRODUCTS CO [illegible] Prospect Ave [illegible]

Free to Every Woman! NURSE'S BOOK OF Private Home Treatments
Wonderful for ailments peculiar to womanhood. Enclose stamp.
VIOLA O. NURSE, Colorado Springs, Colo.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS: $6 a Day
New HOT-BLAST COAL-OIL BURNER

Turns any coal or wood stove into a gas stove. Uses common coal-oil

Perfect for cooking, baking, heating. Absolutely safe. Cheaper than coal. Installed in a few minutes. Fits any stove. Low priced. Write for terms. No capital needed.

U. S. MFG. CO., Dept. 203, Columbus, O.

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

[illegible] like to get a lot of letters, [illegible] and packages [illegible] probably [illegible] that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses [illegible] AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST [illegible] Directory Lists to [illegible] We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer [illegible] to the editor of this paper [illegible] Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

however, I have not sufficient faith in its strength to go into a very remote mountain wilderness. I was wondering if Joe Brown is still on S—— Lake and if he would be as glad to see me as I am desirous of meeting him again.

We did not exchange letters during the interim, but, men with the bark on do not need such superficial tokens of friendship to retain a warm affection for the chosen ones. Undoubtedly I would get more satisfaction from a trip to S—— Lake and a hunt with Joe than I could obtain by going elsewhere. Besides, there is Irma. Irma, Miss Browning, and I had been engaged to be married; then we had quarreled about nothing worth while and, both of us being headstrong, neither had made an effort at reconciliation and she had gone abroad and then to Montana to some friends out there.

While with Joe I might get track of her whereabouts and, if her feelings for me were still like mine for her, I was sure the little trouble we had could not keep us apart. Yes, every consideration made a trip to Montana the one to be most desirable. Then one day, to clinch the matter, I received the following:

"Dear Walt: As I have not seen you for two seasons and the third is well on its way to eternity, I take this means to assure you that memory still has a warm spot for you in this man's heart and mind, and I cannot believe that you have wholly forgotten the tramp of the woods who has shared with you for so many seasons the solitudes of the silent places. By giving you the sequel of the story I told you here I not only intend to make the tale complete for you, but hope in it and other contents of this missive you will find sufficient inducement to pack your duffle and come out here without delay.

"When the Clary's came the first season after you was here, they were two weeks ahead of fishing time and consequently they stayed six weeks, three more than is their usual custom. Lucile, I meant to say Miss Clary, and I got along very nicely. She did not seem to be quite all ice. Nevertheless their departure that season was not disagreeable and left me heart whole.

"The second season they came still earlier and Lucile stayed here two full months. She had a friend with her as a companion, as her father absolutely refused to be here longer than he found amusement in fishing. When he left he commented on woman's fickleness and whims, his girl now wanting to make her permanent abode at a place where to previously he, figuratively, had to drag her. We had a glorious time during the entire time of their stay.

"Lucile proved herself a fine pal in hunting and fishing, tho she is not very efficient in the handling of a rifle, in the use of which her friend has become a real expert. I was genuinely sorry when they left, and, to induce them to return early the following season, I described with rather more enthusiasm than I felt the fun of shooting muskrat with 22-caliber rifles at the time the ice breaks on the lake during May.

"This season both the girls were here the first week in May. The ice broke up early, and Lucile wasted no time in coming when I wired her that the sport was on. But that friend of hers, who says that a very dear friend of hers greatly offended her by stating that she would never learn how to shoot, always beat her two to one and better. I would never learn how to shoot, always beat icicle of former days could take defeat so amiably day after day without showing some petulance.

"Mr. Clary came the middle of June, and as he never stays over three weeks, their departure was due at the end of the first week in July. The girls were to leave also then, tho Lucile's friend had purchased the "Clubhouse," which, as you know, is located at the upper end of the lake, a short mile from the bungalow.

Free to Asthma and Hay Fever Sufferers

Free Trial of Method That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a method for the control of Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as Chronic Asthma or Hay Fever, you should send for a free Trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with Asthma or Hay Fever, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our expense, that our method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it Today—you even do not pay postage.

FREE TRIAL COUPON
FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 693 Y
Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send free trial of your method to:

....

....

....

"She intends to entertain friends there this coming autumn, when, the girls indicated, they would be back here again.

"NOW the troubles, to which I had been all my life a stranger, started to disturb the fools' paradise in which I had been living this season. I had become very fond of Lucile and while I never entertained any thought that she could be more to me than a cherished companion during a few weeks each year, I also had never given it any thought that I might have to witness other men, of her own social sphere, might appropriate her while I had no standing in that set.

"Entertaining in the fall could only mean a hunting party, and a hunting party meant men of the society the girls were used to, with myself, at best, a suffered onlooker and nothing more.

"I had lost my heart to Lucile without realizing it, and now I began to curse the folly of staying here until my heaven was destroyed, for, well you know, Walt, that there can be no heaven without love, and people of the solitudes, like you and I, never become untrue to the ideals they have chosen.

"The best thing I considered I could do, after I had come to a realization of the true state of things, was to see as little of Lucile as possible before her leaving and beat it to some other region to forget as soon as I could make the necessary arrangements. My intention was to make a clean breast of the matter to Mr. Clary the day before his departure, having no doubt that under the circumstances he would consent to my immediate leaving.

"But Fate quietly smiled in her sleeve while I was wrestling with my feelings. Three days before they were to leave I returned from a ride in the forest and, as I reached the lake, there, out from the big cedar where I had seen her first, was Lucile, trying to net a big fish she had caught. I noted that she had left too much of the line to the fish to successfully net him and volunteered advice.

"She looked up, smiled, and the next instant was in the water under the overturned canoe. When I got her on land she was apparently lifeless to my scared imagination. Frantically I called her endearing names and covered her lips and face with kisses. However, she remained in a state of coma until I tried to lift her into the saddle to get her as quickly as possible to the bungalow and more efficient help than I was able to render.

"At that she emitted a deep sigh and I eased her to the ground where after a few moments she opened her eyes and asked what had happened. I pointed to the overturned canoe which I now proceeded to land, it having drifted close to the shore. Then I rowed her to the bungalow, as per dream schedule.

"To have held her in my arms and kissed her made my malady a thousand times worse than it was before. The following day, which was to be the last before the last of their departure, I went up to the observatory which overlooks the lake and the entire range, to take a last view of the region and to be alone with my misery.

"All I was wishing for now was that the time would pass quickly, so that I could be on the way to the jungles of Africa, where I hoped to partially forget my folly of falling in love with an unattainable girl, in the pursuit of really dangerous game. Sitting in front of the observatory on the moss covered rock you admired so much when you were up there with me, I had covered my face with my hands in unrestricted abandon of grief when a soft arm stole around my neck and a sympathetic voice asked softly:

"What is the matter with you, Joe'

"I need not tell you, Walt, that I was then nearly as much scared as when I thought the owner of that voice dead the day before. I would have been glad to see the ground opening at my feet and swallow me. As it was, there was nothing else to do but take my medicine and confess what there was to be confessed.

"And the dear girl? She admitted that she had overturned the canoe purposely and played 'possum—just to see if I cared for her a little in the way she did for me, she hating to leave this time without being certain that she was in possession of my love. 'And,' she smiled, 'father, who long ago teased me that I would die an old maid because I found no attraction in men, will be glad to know; he told me so only yesterday after you brought me home and I confided in him.'

"Our wedding will be the twenty-fifth of this month, two weeks from this day, and I insist that you be my best man when the finest girl on earth, as far as I am concerned, is to be made the life partner of yours truly.

JOE BROWN."

"P. S. That hunting party which Lucile's friend is to entertain this fall at the Clubhouse is to be made up of only a very few, very intimate friends of whom it is understood you are one. Of course, I expect you to remain at the bungalow as Lucile's and my guest, tho the owner of the Clubhouse, who thinks very highly of you, so Lucile tells me, may want you there. Her name is Irma Browning."

Will I go to S—— Lake this fall and be Joe Brown's best man? An obvious question. I will start by daybreak for Montana in an airplane.

THE END.

* * *

A Diamond and a Heart.

(Continued From Page 13.)

from a bandage he had just paused to tighten about his ankle.

"Just to the mines," he said.

"Jump aboard!" Billy commanded good-naturedly. "I'm going past the Mountain Queen myself."

Without in any way acknowledging gratitude the traveler limped into the seat beside Billy, who started the car at once.

The man proved to be most uncommunicative, answering friendly questions with rude brevity. Billy attributed his curtness to weariness and his wound, and felt sympathetic. The stranger had an odd trick of keeping his face averted and his head bowed. Not once did Billy, naturally curious, secure a full view of his passenger's face under his broad sombrero.

AT THE top of the grade, from which point miles of road could be seen in either direction, Billy, whose entire attention was occupied with a dangerous curve ahead, felt the stranger turn to look back.

"Pretty steep climb you've had with that game leg of yours," Billy ventured, determined to draw out his uncompanionable guest.

"Yes," came the reply in the same curt, cold voice. "And I'll ask you to stop your car here!"

Billy was startled, then indignant. Something in the unexpected command—it was no request—was too close to threatening to be pleasant. He turned to look squarely into the end of an automatic pistol. A black cloth mask suspended from a pair of smoked goggles formed a wierd background.

Billy Tower needed no introduction to the auto highwayman.

He had stopped the car instinctively. The highwayman sprang lightly to the road beside him, without displaying a trace of his former limp. A rush of healthy anger seized Billy.

"Treacherous kind of a cur you are ——" he started.

"Cut—that—out!" The tone was flinty. The automatic threatened murder.

"I want your watch, money and everything of value you have, that's all!"

Billy hesitated, his muscles tightening. A quick spring and, with luck, he would have an even break with this coward.

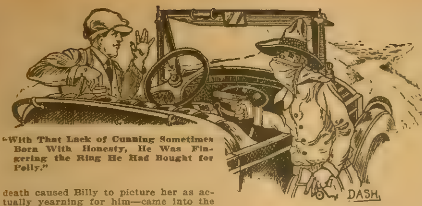
Swiftly a vision of Polly, waiting for him up there at Witch Glen—excitement over contemplating an even break with

A Successful Man

Among the notable professional men of this country who achieved great success along strictly legitimate lines was Dr. R. V. Pierce. Devoting his attention to the specialty of women's diseases, he became a recognized authority in that line.

Over fifty years ago this noted physician gave to the world a Prescription which has never been equaled for the weaknesses of women. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., long since found out what is naturally best for women's diseases. He learned it all thru treating thousands of cases. The result of his studies was a medicine called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This medicine is made of vegetable growths that nature surely intended for backache, headache, weakening pains, and for the many disorders common to women in all ages of life. Women who take this standard remedy know that in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they are getting a safe woman's tonic so good that druggists everywhere sell it in both tablet and fluid form.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. Write for free medical advice.



"With That Lack of Cunning Sometimes Born With Honesty, He Was Fingering the Ring He Had Bought for Polly."

death caused Billy to picture her as actually yearning for him—came into the young man's distressed mind. He must see Polly again!

Gloomily Billy delivered unto the lawless one his money, scarf pin and watch.

"Is that all?"

Was it all? Again came the impulse to risk everything in a quick grapple with this unfair antagonist. If he could only see the face behind that mask, the eyes behind those goggles, he might know whether the man would actually shoot.

"Dig up what ever it is you have in that vest pocket!"

Billy's hand had gone instinctively to protect his newest and most valued treasure. With that lack of cunning sometimes born with honesty he was fingering the engagement ring he had bought for Polly.

Would he fight for it, take the chance of being killed for it?

Not with such a vision as came again to confront him. In the vision Polly was weeping.

The highwayman, a smile forming in the cloth which clung to his lips, reached forth and deftly extracted the little box from Billy's pocket.

"I want your rifle, too!" he commanded, the smile in the mask vanishing.

Billy handed him the weapon.

"That's all," said the highwayman in a voice so changed that Billy was startled. Actual regret was in it.

"Now," he went on, "you drive to wherever you're going. And don't stop! I'm death itself with a rifle."

Billy pressed the starter. With the roar of his motor came uncontrollable outbursts of righteous indignation.

"You dirty coward!" he sneered.

The highwayman winced. His reply was the last thing, even in such an adventure of unusual things, that Billy anticipated.

"I'm sorry," said the voice behind the mask. "You're the gamest man I ever stuck up!"

Billy Tower turned, shifted gears, and sped down the grade. The bandit stood motionless in the road until the car had disappeared. He stood there a dangerously long time considering certain vows made publicly by a sheriff experiencing the insane fury which follows humiliation. Then he removed the mask from his face, which he proceeded to mop with a spotlessly white handkerchief. It was anything but the face of a typical criminal. As he examined his booty he gave a low whistle of astonishment over the apparently high value of the ring.

"D—n it!" he muttered. "I'll bet it was his engagement ring!"

Something caused him to smile as he held the stone into the sun's rays. Then, pocketing the ring, the bandit disappeared into a thicket.

TOWER returned to the city at a speed commensurate with the velocity of his furious thinking. By the time he entered the outskirts of town calm judgment advised him against seeking help from the law's officers. Obviously it would be unwise to publish the fact that he had been robbed of an engagement ring when he was not yet engaged.

His immediate plan was to buy another ring, a duplicate of the one now in the bandit's possession, and return with it to Witch Glen at the earliest possible moment. But unexpected business demands held him in the city for almost a week, and, on the day he planned to start, a letter from Polly arrived at his office. That letter caused Billy Tower to wilt down into his chair as tho mortally wounded.

It announced her engagement to another man, a Wade MacDonald, whom she had met and, evidently, quickly succumbed to at Witch Glen. Later, when somewhat revived from his attack of utter despair, Billy read between the lines of that note her effort to tell him in such a way that he would not regard himself as jilted.

"We will always be chums, just as we always have been, won't we, Billy?" was the concluding paragraph.

Billy Tower was a man who could hide his own suffering, even the anguish from such a blow. He wrote her a note expressing sincere wishes for her future happiness. He hoped that he had succeeded in so wording it that she would feel herself free from any necessity of worrying over him. Polly must devote all her thoughts to happiness with her future husband, not let the period of her engagement be marred by the heartaches of another.

But his shock of hope-destroyed was as nothing compared with that of hope revived when another note from Polly arrived after several torturing days.

"Come to the Glen at once, Billy," it implored. "I have made a terrible mistake. He simply overwhelmed me—I lost my head. I read between the lines of your letter, dear Billy, and know I can ask you to come and help me. I want you!"

Billy Tower broke every traffic and speed law ten minutes later. He arrived at Witch Glen late in the evening, and Polly contrived to meet him alone. Apparently she was under a great emotional strain, for she could not speak. Looking appealingly into his eyes she held out her hand before him. On her finger was a new engagement ring.

Billy Tower was struck dumb. A glance sufficed to tell him that it was the same stone, in the same distinctive setting, that the bandit had taken from him on the grade. In his pocket was its duplicate

Later, when the two men met, it was Wade MacDonald who was startled. Billy Tower's sickening suspicion required only this second meeting to become a certainty.

Wade, a handsome, dashing young man with a daredevlish magnetism undeniable, passed off his first shock with a reckless laugh. Billy Tower could not compel himself to reveal the truth to Polly, for to do so must be to wound her grievously. He forced himself to resist impulses to get MacDonald away where he could square accounts on an equal footing—the account which had so endangered Polly especially.

A remarkable agreement between the two men was reached on the next day. Billy agreed to refrain from exposing

Price Cutting Sale
SWEATER FREE
2 Gray Flannel Shirts $3.95
The Greatest Bargain Without Exception
Think of it! [illegible] wool mixed gray flannel [illegible] $1.95, and heavy knit wool [illegible] yarn slip-on sweater FREE. Why, you would rightfully expect to pay $4.50 to $5.00 for the two shirts alone. [illegible] SEND NO MONEY [illegible] your name address and size wanted [illegible] send them back and we refund your money [illegible] But act quick before this offer is withdrawn.
INTERNATIONAL COMM HOUSE, Dept A-61
433 Broadway New York, N. Y.

ALL THIS FREE
Gold-plated Lavaliere and Chain, pair Earbobs, Gold-plated Expansion Bracelet, with fine Watch, guaranteed quality and 3 Gold-plated Rings. ALL FREE for selling only 15 pieces Jewelry at 10 cents each.
EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept 111 East Boston, Mass

Who Else Wants a New Head of Hair?

No matter how nearly bald you are—no matter how many kinds of treatments you've tried without results—this method is *guaranteed to grow hair for YOU—or your money will be instantly refunded!* Simply mail the coupon below for free proof.

By Alois Merke, Founder of Merke Institute

ACTUAL RESULTS
Scores of Other Letters Tell the Same Story

Can't Praise Too Much
"I have been bothered with Dandruff for 20 years and had lost nearly all of my hair. I have used your treatment 30 days now and have a good growth of hair coming in. I cannot say too much in praise of the Merke Treatment."
C. H. B., *Parsons, Kansas.*

Bald for Years
"Kindly allow me to praise and recommend the wonderful Merke Treatment to any one who may be looking for a hair treatment which positively shows quick results. After 5 weeks' treatment a new growth of hair has shown on each side of the temple where I have been bald for years."
O. B., *New York City.*

Does Everything Claimed
"Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Treatment. I can't say enough for it. It will do everything you claim it to do."
Mrs. G. G., *Houston, Tex.*

Improvement Daily
"After using the Merke Treatment as per your instructions, my scalp is now showing improvement daily, and I think in time I will have more hair than I had two years ago. I was practically bare on the top, but now it is gradually filling in from the back."
J. S. W., *Attleboro, Mass.*

Was Skeptical Once
"I must frankly state I was decidedly skeptical as to your claims for the Merke Treatment, but a faithful use of it for a month has removed all doubt, and three of us are obtaining unbelievable results both in looks and steady growth. It has also worked wonders with the scalp, stopping all dandruff and falling hair."
L. W. F., *Chelsea, Mass.*

Head Covered With Hair
"I am dropping you a few lines to let you know about your Wonderful Merke Treatment. The top of my head is almost covered with new hair. I have been trying for the last 5 years but [illegible] anything that could make hair grow until I used your treatment."
T. C., *Cleveland, Ohio*

FOLKS wonder how I can make such an amazing offer. No one ever dared to do it before—to guarantee absolutely to grow hair or the treatment costs nothing at all! Here's the answer. Read the letters printed on this page—letters from those who have tried this startling new method. These are just a few of the many that pour into my office every day—letters which show without a shadow of doubt that my home treatment—in the great majority of cases—**positively does grow hair!**

I don't say my treatment will grow hair in **every** case. There are some cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But I've secured such amazing results in so many other cases that I am perfectly willing to have you try my treatment at my risk! And if after [illegible] days you are not more than delighted with the results—if you cannot actually see a new growth of hair—then all you need to do is tell me—and without the slightest question I'll mail you a check refunding every bit of your money! **I don't want a cent of your money unless I can actually grow hair on your head—and you are the sole judge of whether or not it grows!**

Entirely New Method.

My treatment is the result of 17 years of experience gained in treating thousands of cases of baldness. [illegible] included many long years which I spent in such famous scientific research centers as Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris, Cairo and Geneva. At the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue New York, many have paid as high as $500 for the results brought. Yet now—through the Merke Home Treatment—these same results may be secured at home—for just a few cents a day!

My method is entirely different from anything known or used before. There is no massaging—no singeing—no "mange cures"—no unnecessary fuss nor bother of any kind. Yet results are usually noticeable after the very first few treatments.

My treatment proves that a big percentage of baldness even of years standing, is caused—not by dead hair roots—but by dormant hair roots which now can be awakened and made to grow again. Already scores of men and women who suffered for years from falling hair and partial baldness have acquired a thick healthy growth of hair through this amazing method, which for the first time provides a way of penetrating to the hair roots and furnishing nourishment direct to them

Free Booklet Explains Treatment.

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation—[illegible] interesting 32-page booklet describing my treatment in detail.

This booklet contains much helpful information on the care of hair—and in addition shows by actual photographs what my treatment is doing for thousands of others.

If you are bald—or if right now you are merely troubled with falling hair and dandruff—this free book will prove to be of the greatest value to you. So mail the coupon now—and it will be sent you by return mail without cost or obligation

ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTES, INC.,
512 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 329, New York City.

MORE RESULTS

Bald Spot Growing Smaller
"Concerning the Merke Treatment will advise that it has undoubtedly benefited my hair and scalp. The 'bald spot' seems slowly but surely growing smaller, and Merke Treatment seems to be doing the work."
H. C. G., *Baltimore, Md.*

Hair Growing Again
"I wouldn't take $50 for your treatment. It was far beyond my expectations. My hair was dead and had no [illegible]. Now it is restored to its [illegible] and has begun to grow again. Thanks."
J. B. C., *Hillsboro, Tex.*

New Hair in 20 Days
"Have been using Merke Treatment 20 days and have received great results. My hair has been falling out for 4 years and your Treatment has checked it. I had two bald spots on my head where there was not even any fuzz, and there is new hair growing on them now. I wouldn't take $[illegible] for the Merke Treatment. I think it's the best in the world."
J. M., *Smackover, Ark.*

Satisfied With Results
"I am satisfied with results. Lots of hair is growing where I was bald. I mean in front where one mostly loses hair first. It was just as bare as the palms of my hands. Now hair is coming again."
C. F., *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 329, 512 Fifth Ave.,
New York City

Please send me without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Institute Home Treatment.

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

City . . . . State . . . . . .

Dr. Martel's Pills
$2.00 per box
Known the World Over—At High Class Druggists
SAFE—RELIABLE—BEST— LADIES! REFUSE SUBSTITUTES
Send 2c Stamp for "Booklet"
J. RUDSAM CO.
97 Reade St., Dept. B. New York, N. Y.

The Latest SHEIK
SET WITH RUBIES & EMERALD
LUCK IN LOVE
Get this beautiful Sheik Ring famous for its charm of LOVE, RICHES and POWER. Amazing stories [illegible] [illegible] Sent on approval. [illegible] Order Quick. State Size. Sp. Price C. O. D. $1.65 [illegible]
ELITE JEWELRY HOUSE 306 S Wabash Ave Dept 1680 Chicago, Ill

Handsome FREE Wrist Watch
Guaranteed Time Keeper GIVEN for selling only [illegible] cards of Dress Snap Fasteners at 10c per card. Easily sold. EARN BIG MONEY OR PREMIUMS. Order your cards TO-DAY. Send no money. We trust you till goods are sold.
AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
Box 25-Z Lancaster, Pa.

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?
If you are thin and want to gain weight, weak and want to be strong, I will send you a sample of famous Alexander Vitamines absolutely Free. No money, just name and address for sample. Alexander Laboratories, 1216 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

RADIO Receiving Set GIVEN
This wonderful Radio Outfit is given for selling 3[illegible] cards of dress fasteners at 10c a card. Also choice of watches, silverware and many other premiums. Write quick. Fasteners selling like wildfire. We trust you.
HOME SUPPLY CO., 428 W. 59th St., Dept. 103 Chicago

GIVEN AWAY Wm. A. Rogers 26 pc. Silver Sets, Beautiful Hand Painted Lamp, [illegible] Tea Set, Electric Iron, Wrist Watch and [illegible] WITHOUT COST TO YOU, AND [illegible] DOLLARS IN ADDITION. RUSH YOUR NAME FOR FULL DETAILS OF THIS UNUSUAL OFFER.
A. MILLER & CO., 54 W. Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

35¢ Each Men's CLEANABLE COLLARS for sale. When soiled rub off with [illegible] cloth. Will last from [illegible] months to 2 years. [illegible]
B. W. Miller, 113 Arch St. Ext., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa

BOYS of WHITE RACE
FREE COPY
WORLD'S GREATEST
BOY'S STORY PAPER
Regular Price 10c—To You FREE
The latest [illegible] of the famous "Lone Scout" magazine 32 pages filled with the most [illegible] fascinating stories ever written for boys of all [illegible], games, athletics and other boys' departments. Also, wonderful pictures in four colors—true to life. The only boys magazine with four color [illegible] nothing else like it.
JOIN LONE SCOUTS OF AMERICA
The great organization of 500,000 white boys [illegible] in Washington in 1915. Now making a drive for 200,000 new members. Its members learn [illegible] woodcraft, signaling, athletics, how to make and do things [illegible] During drive for new [illegible] if you are a white boy and [illegible] years or older, send 4c to help pay [illegible] enrolled as a regular member.
No Dues. Does not require members to pay dues or [illegible] scouting goods necessary to buy—nothing to pay—the 4c is all that is necessary to become member during this drive. You will receive membership [illegible] and a [illegible] page hand-book [illegible] requires you to leave home. [illegible] for boys everywhere. Just the kind of [illegible] [illegible] special offer [illegible]
Each Lone Scout Gets Hand-Book
which tells all about Lone Scouts of America. It tells him how to trail people and animals in the forest, how to tell different kinds of birds, animals and [illegible]. How to [illegible] camp, make [illegible] other boys cannot do.
SEND COUPON NOW!
LONE SCOUTS OF AMERICA,
Dept. 112 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 4 cents. I am a white boy. Please enroll me as a member of the Lone Scouts of America with all the advantages that Lone Scout members are entitled to. I understand this is the only expense I have to make. Also send me a free sample copy of the "Lone Scout" Magazine [illegible]
Name .... Age
R. F. D.
[illegible] ....
Town State

his rival on condition that Wade would tell Polly the truth himself.

WADE approached her in a sheltered summer house. His face was drawn and haggard. He had made to Billy a confession of his life of crime from the day upon which he made his mother a pauper thru an unfortunate land speculation in which she had entrusted him with her entire fortune. Efforts to make good her loss by honest methods had failed. Then had commenced a life of crime astonishingly successful.

Wade planned to tell Polly this story of his mother first, hoping against hope that it might influence her judgment after his full confession. But she spoke first, before he had uttered a word, tearfully murmuring things which would have caused him bottomless sorrow under other circumstances. Then she handed back the ring he had placed upon her finger.

"I find I acted too hurriedly, Wade," she said.

She wondered why he gave up with so little protestation. She had expected extravagant declarations from him. But he did not even ask the name of the lucky man.

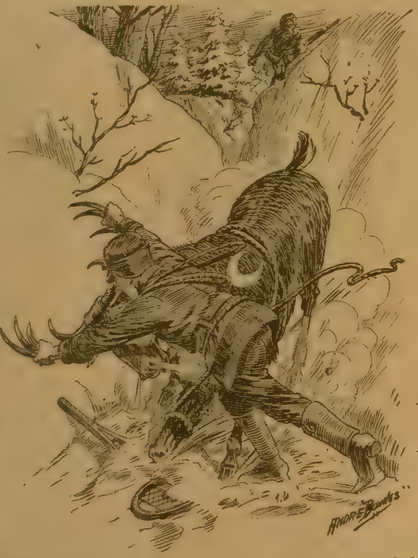
Wade MacDonald knew it.

And the strangest part of this story, which is not complete without it, is that Wade MacDonald is now Billy Tower's business partner, and that all the victims of a certain highwayman, including a sheriff, were ultimately paid back every dollar stolen from them.

* * *

The Moon Buck

By Leon W. Dean



Before the Creature Could Strike He Had Pulled the Rope Taut and the Hobbled Leg Buckled Beneath It, Tripping It. He Caught It by the Horns, and the Battle Raged.

THE chill of autumn—quiet waters at dusk—a canoe creeping along a marshy shore.

Suddenly, with a deft twist of the paddle, it was stopped. Thru the twilight haze the man in the bow saw a deer. It was standing knee-deep in water, looking at them. Why he did not raise his gun he could not himself have said. He experienced a singular desire to spare the creature's life, to see what would happen. He felt his guide in the stern shake the boat, trying to attract his attention. He felt like laughing—the guide would not understand. It would be curious—to see what the deer itself would do.

The shaking was growing more pronounced. Evidently old Tim was becoming exasperated. A man with eyes in his head ought to be able to see a deer at a hundred paces, even tho it was getting dark and there was an evergreen background behind it.

"Closer, Tim—work her closer."

The old man almost choked. To him such behavior was sacrilege. What he wanted to say he dared not say for fear of alarming the deer. He was the steaming teapot with the dancing lid.

"Keep quiet," cautioned the man, facetiously—"you sound like a motorboat!"

He could see for certain now that the deer was a buck, and a big one. He was almost sorry he had not shot, but the game had gone too far. He wondered how much longer the animal would stand—heard the irate guide reaching for his own gun. The movement must have frightened the deer.

"Quick, Tim!" he cried—"hurry!"

His voice frightened it still more. It wheeled, splashing in mighty leaps ashore. The crack of the guide's rifle sounded, but the canoe was rocking—and the shot hasty. The bounding deer bounded on, disappearing in the forest silence. Only the lapping of the disturbed water against the shore. Even the old man was beyond words of more than an awestruck nature.

"Well," he said, "you've done it."

"Yes," admitted the man, "I've done it."

As the deer had turned they had seen a mark above its left foreshoulder—a white mark, in the form of a crescent moon. It was the Moon Buck.

A moment later the spell broke. The old guide began to laugh—long, loud, hoarsely.

"By the salt of the Red Sea," he cackled, "ye came a two hun'erd miles ter git him—and lost him. Chance ain't no one else had fer a decade—and ye lost him! Oh, my word, ye had him and let him go! Ye let the Moon Buck go!"

"And I'm glad of it."

"Heh?"

The old man came out of his insane laughter.

"I'm glad of it. I am glad right this minute that the Moon Buck is still alive. He might not have been. A thousand hunters if one have tried to bag him, and he's been too smart for them — Tell me this, Tim. You're a man of the woods and have seen me take my kill of deer. Why was it I didn't shoot? Something told me not to. What was it?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders.

"Ye have called me a man of the woods," he said. "Yes, I've spent my days in 'em. The ways of the woods are mysterious. Tell me why for a dozen years, ay, and for years beyond that, no man has been able to kill the Moon Buck, and I'll tell ye why yer hand was stayed this night."

"You don't believe——"

"I ain't saying. They's something queer about the Moon Buck."

"DARN it, there isn't any fun in it!" he complained. "I wonder if there ever will be again. What's got into into me, Tim?"

"Funny thing," remarked Tim, musingly.

"What's funny? I just said it wasn't funny."

"That Moon Buck. Never heard of him being down this way before—not so far. He's off his regular beat."

"We can't be more than half a dozen miles from home, can we?"

"That's what. If it was the mating season now——"

"You don't think——"

"Well, it might be. The old fellow might be interested in one of the does on the Scranton estate, but it ain't the mating season."

"No, it isn't the mating season. Maybe he just wandered down here. He's a canny old buck, you know. He might have scented trouble, and——"

Speculations were interrupted by a whistle of understanding from the guide.

"It's the fire!" he exclaimed. "A fire crossed his range a couple of weeks ago."

"And because he was off his range he probably let himself in for what he did tonight. He wouldn't have done it up there. Suppose it had been a doe, tho. What do you think Scranton would have said to wake up some morning and find the Moon Buck in his preserve."

The old guide spat reflectively.

"I reckon," he said, "he'd be just about the tickledest human being in this neck of the woods. Heard what he did at the last legislature, didn't you?"

"No."

"Tried to get a special bill put thru

FREE TO ALL WOMEN
Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY Co., Box E, South Bend, Ind.

Don't Wear a Truss!
After Thirty Years' Experience We Have Produced an Appliance for Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.
WE SEND IT ON TRIAL.
If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success, send attached coupon today

The Above is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 30 Years Ago and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured, Write Today to the Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Michigan.
and we will send you free our illustrated book on rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It gives instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.
We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.
Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine.
FREE INFORMATION COUPON
Brooks Appliance Company
318N State St., Marshall, Mich.
Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.
Name..
Address..
City........................ State............

to prevent this here buck from being hunted."

"Failed, I take it."

"In course."

"It wouldn't have been so bad, would it?"

The old guide stared.

"By time!" he ejaculated, "I can't make you out tonight! You used to be—well, er—different."

"Moon Buck fever perhaps!"

The canoe had stopped, was rolling idly to the gentle slap of the waves. More than one man had forgotten to use his paddle when the Moon Buck was under discussion. A shrewd look came into the old man's eyes. The other man, half turned in his seat, could see it.

"'Tain't Moon Buck fever," observed the old man, succintly—a bit sadly, as tho hopeless—"it's the woman fever."

"Well," admitted the other—"maybe."

"Scranton's darter."

It was said with a finality that demanded no comment.

"No won'ner you were glad that there buck got away."

"I'd give a hundred dollars to get him."

"Eh?"

The old man almost shouted it. Evidently the affair was getting beyond his depth.

"I mean alive—not dead."

"You would give a hundred dollars for the Moon Buck?"

"Alive—yes. It would—well, I reckon it would mean a good deal to me. And now let's put back to Scranton's. They don't like their guests to keep late hours—not out hunting. If I wasn't a hunting man, Tim—just between you and me—maybe I would stand a better show. They don't see why a creature like me wants to take another creature's life. Hanged if I don't sometimes sort of see it that way myself—since coming to know them better, and to learn their creed.

"I didn't use to think much about it. Let the other fellow look out for himself, said I. But it's kind of a decent way of living, after all—taking an interest in something besides ourselves. They've got money—a big estate. If they want to make it into a sanctuary for the wild things of the forest—well, I will say this for Scranton, he's as level headed a man as I ever knew—and she, she's the salt of the earth, Tim, you know it. All you folks up here in the woods know it—and a good many of us down in the city.

"Just before coming up here they took me to see a big hospital that they had donated—built and equipped for the treatment of all kinds of animals. You wouldn't believe it—wouldn't believe a thing could be done like that. I wouldn't if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes—seen its comfort and luxury, the work it was doing.

"I tell you it sets a fellow thinking. Why did I spare the Moon Buck? I don't know. Perhaps your guess was the right one. Maybe—maybe I am becoming a convert—not to the girl alone, that happened long ago, but to the idea. I've got a deer here. I killed him thinking I was becoming soft, but it doesn't please me. There is his blood on the gunwale. It doesn't delight me—not any more. Yes, I'd give a hundred dollars—two hundred to get the Moon Buck alive. If we can't protect him by law, then—well—confound it, Tim, I'm getting as bad, or as good, as Scranton himself. What do you think of me, Tim? Your condid opinion, Tim?"

"A hundred dollars!" murmured Tim—"a hundred dollars!"

HE WAS not thinking of law and the Moon Buck, of Scranton and the love affair of the man before him. He was thinking of his son—of his son, who, like hundreds of other American boys born in obscure circumstances, had taken it into his head that he wanted an education. No one would have suspected of old Tim, the guide, that he was hoarding money from his little store of annual income—hoarding it that the boy's ambition might be realized. Even the boy did not know it. He was saving his own money—hunting, trapping, even guiding. He did not know that his father was saving his.

"A hundred dollars—two hundred dollars, maybe!" murmured old Tim to himself.

"What's the matter, Tim? What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, Mr. Kent—nothing. Only a hundred—two hundred dollars would—would——"

Martin Kent rubbed his chin reflectively.

"You aren't turning miserly, are you, Tim?" he asked anxiously. "This country, that I once thought was God's country, it isn't bewitched, is it? Let's go home, Tim. Let's go home before the evil spirits get us."

They went, promising to meet again the coming night—but they didn't. Martin Kent was called hurriedly to the city. He left word that it was a matter of important business. Old Tim wondered if it was—if it might not have been business nearer home—on account of the slain deer perhaps.

He knew Martin Kent—knew he would say nothing in defense, nothing of the life he had spared. Maybe it was because he was thru that he had gone—thru with the old game of the hunt and the kill. Two weeks passed, and no word in explanation. It was not like Martin, not to write. The old guide began to lay it up against the girl—only he saw her sometimes, and she did not seem to be looking well. It was hard to hold a grudge against one in misfortune. Besides, old Tim was a friend of the Scrantons, as he was to Martin Kent—as he was to all who entered the woods on missions of which he approved. An intimacy was granted him by young and old, rich and poor, that carried with it a universal license such as only a priviledged few enjoy.

"What's the matter with her?" he asked the elder Scranton. "Took her up the Big Beaver yesterday to watch the critters making ready fer winter. Usually has a head full of ideas that it would stump a cyclopedie to answer, but yesterday she acted just like that fellow Kent last time I had him out, when he threw up a chance at the Moon Buck. Never saw such——"

"What's that you say? Threw up a chance at the Moon Buck?"

The guide's complaint was rudely interrupted.

"Sure," he grumbled, "didn't he tell you? Had the Moon Buck dead to rights, and up and let him go. And now he's offered me a hundred dollars, maybe two hundred, to get him."

"Oh, he did, eh?"

"Yes—alive."

"Alive? What's Kent up to now?"

The old guide shrugged his shoulders, as before he had shrugged them—as often he shrugged them. It was a habit of his.

"I don't know," he confessed.

"Has my daughter heard of this?"

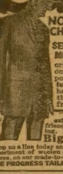
"I don't know." Old Tim's eyes were twinkling sagely. "Maybe you'd better tell her."

"Perhaps I had," agreed Scranton.

THE next day snow fell. In the weeks to come it fell more, until it lay deep in the mountains. It was a hard winter. The Scrantons returned to their city home. Old Tim was among those who cared for the herds of deer and other stock that they left behind on their preserve.

"Dogged if the critters ain't lucky," he grudgingly admitted one day to a fellow helper. "Their kind be perishing on the mountains."

And they were. Food was scarce, snow was deep. Deer were yarding up.



MADE TO YOUR MEASURE Suit $14.95 NO EXTRA CHARGES Postage Prepaid

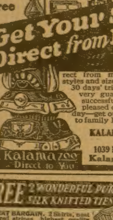
SEND NO MONEY We make this special offer to prove the wonderful value, style and fit of **Progress** tailoring. We will tailor to your special order one of these fine suits, send it to you postage prepaid and **guarantee absolute satisfaction** for only $14.95. We have other equally striking bargains in the finest made-to-order **suits** at from $14.95 up to $39.50.

AGENTS WANTED—Earn $30 to $35 extra every week, taking orders from your friends and neighbors for our high-class tailoring. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

Big Sample Outfit FREE

Drop us a line today and we will send you **absolutely free**, our big assortment of woolen samples, style book and special wholesale prices, on our made-to-measure suits.

THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO., Dept. X-110, CHICAGO

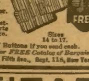

Factory to Family Bargain Book
Kalamazoo Direct to You

Book Free

Get Your Stove Direct from Factory

SAVE $5.00 to $40.00—get finest quality stove, range, heater or furnace made, direct from manufacturers. 200 styles and sizes. Easy payments, 30 days' trial. Quick safe delivery guaranteed. 22 years' successful dealing—500,000 pleased customers. Write today—get our new big "Factory to family Bargain Book" *Free.*

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
1039 Rochester Ave.
Kalamazoo, Mich.



FREE 2 WONDERFUL PURE SILK KNITTED TIES

GREAT BARGAIN. 2 Shirts, neat colored stripes, highest quality madras and poplin. Soft Cuffs. Finished beautifully.

FREE 2 Ties of finest SILK KNIT. Fast colors. Full length. With every shirt order.

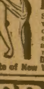
SEND NO MONEY

Just name and size of shirts. Pay postman $3.79 on arrival of 2 shirts and 2 ties. We pay postage. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Sizes 14 to 17.

FREE, Pair of snap on Cuff Buttons if you send cash.

RUSH ORDERS NOW. Send for FREE Catalog of Bargains

PUBLIC TRADING CO., 203 Fifth Ave., Dept. 118, New York



Get Rid of Your FAT

Free Trial Treatment

Sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thousands of persons, often at the rate of a pound a day, without diet or exercise. Let me send you proof at my expense.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician State of New York, 286 Fifth Ave., N. Y., Desk E-3

GOLD FILLED

FREE BRACELET WATCH

RUSH your name and we will tell you HOW you can get this handsome 7-jewel 10-year guaranteed gold-filled Bracelet Watch

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Bracelet Watch comes in an elaborate velvet box. Write at once for FREE Watch Plan.

HOME SUPPLY CO.
131 Duane St., Dept. 956, N.Y.

STERLING SILVER

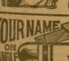
Sheik Lucky Ring!

Valentine's own lucky ring will bring you happiness, love-luck, money-luck! Solid Sterling Silver, richly carved with mysterious lucky letters.

Send No Money!

Paper strip for finger size. State if men's, women's, girl's or boy's. C. O. D. $1.85. Cash with order $1.75, two for $3.25. Order today.

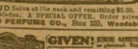
KOSMOS CO., Dept. 402, 179 W. Washington St., Chicago



20¢ A DAY PAYS for a Piano

Before you buy a Player-Piano or Piano, get our beautifully illustrated FREE Book showing popular models of famous sweet-toned Symphonic. Easy payments. Save $100 or more. 25-year Guarantee. Write TODAY.

Larkin Co Inc. Dept. P-107
BUFFALO, N. Y. Peoria, Ill. Chicago, Ill.



YOUR NAME ON HANDLE KNIFE FREE for SELLING 8 BOXES

ROSEBUD Salve at 75c each and remitting $2.00. Knife has best steel blades. A SPECIAL OFFER. Order salve at once.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 220, Woodsboro, Md.

GIVEN! GENUINE HAWKEYE CAMERA as pictured. Regular size, uses films, snap-shot and time exposure. It's a beauty. Yours for selling only $3.00 worth (12 boxes) famous Mentho-Nova Salve which everybody should buy on sight. Send no money. We trust you till goods are sold. Many other valuable premiums. What do you want? Write today.

U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. HO-51, Greenville, Pa.

REMNANTS 66c A Yd.

Beautiful assortment of serges, Tricotines and Suitings at less than wholesale prices. All newest colors. Each Remnant Sufficient To Make Complete Suit or Dress.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

Save money. Make your own clothes. These mill remnants save you up to $1.50 a yard. WRITE FOR FREE LIST.

—TEXTILE MILLS CO., DEPT. 247, KANSAS CITY, MO.—

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

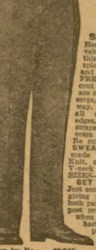
Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail with full instructions. Address

PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

SWEATER FREE

Fine Serge Pants BARGAIN

$7.00 VALUE Now $3.98



Postage Paid

THIS SWEATER FREE

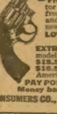
SEND NO MONEY

Here is one of the biggest values offered to readers of this paper. Will send this splendid pair of serge pants and with it this fine sweater FREE—without asking for one cent with the order. **PANTS** are made of extra quality blue serge, well tailored in every way. Extra heavy pocketing, all seams serged, no raw edges, bar tacking, strong belt straps. Waist 30 to 44, inside seam length 30 to 36 inches. Be sure to give inseam length. **SWEATER** we give free is made in the popular Shaker Knit, of commercial wool yarn, V-neck style. COLOR—Khaki. SIZES—36 to 46.

GET A SWEATER FREE

Just send your name and address, giving sizes wanted. We'll send both pants and sweater by parcel post prepaid. You pay mailman when delivered. Your money back if not pleased. Here is positively a big $7.00 value for only $3.98. Send NOW as the number of free sweaters is limited.

Order by No. 17C55.
HOWARD LUX CO., DEPT. 17 CLEVELAND, O.



$13.95 $35 VALUE **FRONTIER SPECIAL FAMOUS SIDE SWING**

BRAND new blue steel, 6-shot, famous **Frontier Special,** swing-out hand-ejector revolver with 5-inch barrel. Imported from Spain, the **equal of any $35 model,** and specially priced for limited time to add new customers.

LOW PRICE SPECIAL in 32, 32-20, or 38 cal., OUR No. 38—$13.95

EXTRA SPECIAL, our No. 200, latest 1924 model of tool steel,—32 cal.—6 shot—$15.50. 32-20 or 38 cal.—6 shot—$16.50. Above guns all shoot any standard American cartridge.

PAY POSTMAN ON DELIVERY plus postage. Money back promptly if not satisfied.

CONSUMERS CO., Dept. 12E, 1265 Broadway, New York

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Men and Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are among the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patients, *who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects,* while the *original disease* constantly undermines the system.

Weak kidneys may *cause* lumbago, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints or muscles, at times have headache or indigestion, as time passes you may have a sallow complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes feel as though you had heart trouble, may have plenty of ambition but no strength, get weak and lose flesh.

If such conditions are permitted to continue, serious *results* are sure to follow; Kidney Trouble in its very worst form may steal upon you.

If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or run down condition, begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the famous kidney, liver and bladder medicine, because as soon as your kidneys are well, they will help the other organs to health.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular medium and large size bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

SPECIAL NOTE—You may obtain a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. They will also send you a book of valuable information, containing many of the thousands of grateful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample size bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention this paper.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912:

Of **Chicago Ledger,** published weekly at Chicago, Ill., for October 1, 1923, State of Illinois, County of Cook (ss.). Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. D. Boyce, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the **Chicago Ledger,** and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. D. Boyce Company, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Editor, W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Managing Editor, W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Business Manager, W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

2. That the owners are: W. D. Boyce, 9,749 shares, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, trustee for B. Boyce, 250 shares; 9,999 shares out of 10,000.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: No bonds; no mortgages. In regard to section 2 of the law, the **Chicago Ledger** does not accept payment for any editorial or other reading matter printed as news.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

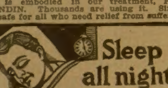
Signed: W. D. BOYCE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2d day of October, 1923.

[Seal] FLORENCE A. SMITH,
Notary Public.
(My commission expires Sept. 21, 1926.)

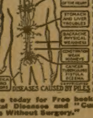
SEND NO MONEY!
FOR THIS FINE
.38 SPECIAL
A REAL "HE-MAN" GUN
ONLY $18.75
($35.00 Value)
Leather holster FREE for full cash with order
CALIBER—.38 Special or .32-.20
Beautiful blue steel six shooter, New 1923 model, used by police and secret service. A straight-shooting, hard-hitting, "regular" gun. Left swing cylinder, checked grips, wonderful balance and smooth action. Absolutely guaranteed in every way. Protect yourself with a dependable weapon NOW!
NOTE: Do not confuse this gun with others of similar appearance. We can furnish the cheaper model without thumb latch or inspection plate, for $15.00.
Order No. K-5911
SEND NO MONEY:—Just deposit our low special price, plus a few cents postage, with your postman when your gun arrives. Remember, it is guaranteed to more than please you, or your money will be returned to you at once. Order today!
FREE GUN AND NOVELTY CATALOG
AMERICAN NOVELTY CO. 2455 Archer Ave., CHICAGO

BLADDER WEAKNESS
A famous European chemist has given the world a rare discovery that soothes and allays inflammation and Weakness of Bladder, and the
PROSTATE GLAND
It is embodied in our treatment, PRO-GLANDIN. Thousands are using it. Simple and safe for all who need relief from suffering.


Sleep all night no getting up

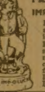
If you want to enjoy unbroken rest all night, with ease, comfort and contentment, then use PRO-GLANDIN on Free Trial.
50c Pkg'e FREE
ALSO "SELF CARE" LEAFLET
To introduce we will give away 100,000 Packages sent FREE, postpaid anywhere. Contains Trial supply of PRO-GLANDIN, and "Self Care" Leaflet telling how to treat yourself. Every Bladder or Prostate sufferer should read it. Send no money, just your address, and get all by return mail. Free.
E. P. WORTH, 74 Cortlandt St., New York

PILES
CAUSE MANY DISEASES



—Yet you will NEVER be rid of such diseases until YOUR Piles are REALLY CURED—and in a NATURAL way.
(The best proof of all this is that nothing you have ever done has given you any permanent relief.)
My proposition to all:
"I CURE every case of Piles treated by my Mild Serum-like Treatment or you need not pay me a cent.
Write today for Free book on Rectal Diseases and "Curing Piles Without Surgery."
FREE
DR. McCLEARY 220 The Parkview, 10th & Paseo KANSAS CITY, MO.

Make Things Come Your Way
Let the magic power of IMP-O-LUCK add to your riches & happiness



Make him your slave, touch his charmed and golden form, whisper your wishes into his sharp, knowing ears.
Bring this smiling Imp and magic horseshoe into your home or office now. Send no money Pay postman only 98c when he comes with all his *wishing* and good luck formulas. The biggest hit of the age. Don't wait. Address
Dept. W, Imp-O-Luck Co. Spencer, Ind.
In Old Gold ~ 6 inches high ~ 98¢

$1.97

GUARANTEED WATCH
AGENTS WANTED to advertise our business and introduce our bargain price list of Elegant Watches. We will send this elegant guaranteed watch as a sample by parcel post C. O. D. $1.97 ONLY. Nickel plated case, stem wind and stem set, genuine American lever movement, guaranteed a reliable timekeeper. Pay your postman $1.97 and it is yours. Satisfaction guaranteed.
BOSTON JEWELRY CO. 39 W. Adams St. B-20 CHICAGO

FREE GIFT CATALOG Don't buy your Gifts until you get our big free catalog! Positive guarantee to save you 1-3 or more on 1000 beautiful and practical gifts. Write today!
KOSMOS, The Gift House, Dept. 207, 179 W. WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO

FREE NOVELTY CATALOG—Tricks, jokes, magic goods, mind-reading stunts, books, etc. Send 2c postage.
American Sales Co., B-900, Springfield, Ill.

It grew worse, not better. One day young Tim, old Tim's son, came in off the trail. He got his father aside. The excitement that was in him, despite his training, was almost overflowing.

"Dad," he said, hoarsely, "I've found 'em!"

The man's hand dropped to the boy's shoulder. An emotion that men seldom saw there showed on his face.

"I hope ye'll do as well with the books, son."

The next day the two did not put in an appearance on the estate. No one knew where they had gone. It was known that for weeks the boy had been searching for something—some rare catch it was thought on the mountains—and perhaps he had found it.

He had. He had found the Moon Buck—found where he was yarded with a score of does and young males. He led his father—old Tim—to the spot. It was not a novel sight to the old man—the beaten runways, extending in all direction thru the forest, the pawed earth, the close-cropped bushes that pricked thru the snowy walls. The state of the deer, however, interested him.

"They're looking bad," he commented.

They were. It was a big yard—a yard befitting the big buck that led the herd, but the snow had come early and heavy, and they had been penned up a long time. It was telling on them. They were emaciated, starving. They took fright at the appearance of the humans, and tried to break from their confinement, but the steep walls that they had builded, that had grown up about them, held them in.

Stampeding, they plunged at them, raced in panic around the runways, the Moon Buck among them, seeking to protect them, to lead them to safety. It was the boy who finally got him cornered, who sought to cast a rope upon him, and saw him charge headlong.

The charge of the buck was straight at him—and he was near the edge. The soft snow gave way beneath him as the rushing animal struck, and he shot downward into the trail. The details of the fight that followed were more or less lost to him, to be recalled later only one at a time, when perhaps he was least thinking of it. The fall of the snow for an instant blinded the buck.

In that instant the boy seized him—did it as much for his own protection as for the animal's capture. Indeed, he had no time to do otherwise. He was almost under its feet. He grabbed its horns as the first and only thing he could do. At his touch it became a living dynamo. He half clambered, was half jerked, to his feet. The animal backed, flung itself, rushed again—all it seemed in a single instant, the space of a watch-tick. He hung grimly, desperately on. He had not even time or thought to call out. He was driven up against the snow-bank, slipped, kept his feet. The buck shook itself, twisting, thrusting, jerking.

It was but a foretaste of what hoofs and horns could do had they the chance. The rope that he had meant to use was strewn and twined about them as they struggled. As he staggered to his feet once more, he strove with every ounce of weight and muscle to twist the antlered head around, to throw the buck upon its side.

But he was tired now—his arms. His breath was coming hard and short. An unexpected movement broke his hold. He was butted to earth, and the buck dropped on him, kneeing him, trying to crush him. One of the animal's feet was off the ground. A length of the rope lay near it. Quick as forest trained muscles could work in an emergency, he had looped it about the leg. The animal leaped to its feet, meaning to gore, to pound him. It was all happening with indescribable quickness—in a breath.

Before the creature could strike, he had pulled the rope taut, and the hobbled leg buckled beneath it, tripping it. He caught it by the horns with a fresh grip—the battle raged. Came a shout. His father was above, leaped down to join the conflict. In a few moments the buck was thrown and tied. By night he was within the enclosures on the Scranton estate. The next day hay was taken up to the yarded herd. Also a telegram was sent. It was addressed to Martin Kent.

"Got the Moon Buck," it read.

Back came the answer:

"Got the girl."

A check for two hundred and fifty dollars followed by mail. Young Tim went out of the big woods to school.

"Why didn't you tell me about it?" wrote Martin Kent, when he heard. "I'll take care of him."

There is talk of studying law.

"Do you know," said the boy, on his last trip home, "if ever a bill comes up like that bill on the Moon Buck, and I'm in the Legislature, where I can do some good, I'll do it."

Old Tim's jaw dropped open. He turned to Martin's wife. There was a helpless, whimsical light in his eyes.

"Yer spiling him," he grumbled—"jes' like you've spiled Martin. Go ahead an' spile 'em."

* * *

Bulgaria Home of Costliest Perfume.

ROSES are not doing so well in Bulgaria this year.

This is not the casual statement that it may appear. It amounts to a great deal more than a statement, for example, that California's poppies are suffering, that the blue-bonnet crop is not up to the standard in Texas, or that the daisies in Maryland are scarcer than usual. A bulletin from the National Geographic Society's headquarters here tells why.

"Roses are not merely things of beauty in Bulgaria," says the bulletin. "They constitute a real crop, and mean as much to some parts of the country as cotton means in Georgia, or potatoes in Maine. It is literally true that the rose means bread and butter to thousands of Bulgarian country folk. Great fields of roses are grown that the petals may be made to yield each its infinitesimal share of attar of roses, the last word—and the most expensive—in perfumery.

"It is in the valleys on the southern slopes of the Balkans that roses have been grown for generations for the perfumery industry, for there the climate, soil and drainage are just right in normal seasons for this most exacting flower. Before the World War there were probably between 25,000 and 50,000 acres of rose gardens in the Bulgarian 'rose belt,' and the annual yield of the attar was about 150,000 ounces. But perfume was not greatly in demand in the German and Turkish world to which Bulgaria's exports were confined during war time, and roses gave way to the tobacco plant whose particular fragrance was more appreciated by the millions of men under arms. Since the war rose growing has recovered, but in no postwar year has the acreage climbed above 15,000.

"Attar of roses is one of the most concentrated 'agricultural products,' if it may be so called, produced anywhere in the world. The countless rose petals grown on an acre yield only a few tablespoonfuls of the fragrant oil. The attar is in effect the materialized and captured fragrance of the rose, and probably 50,000 or more flowers must contribute their share in making each ounce of the completed product.

"The roses are largely gathered before sunrise, or at least before the dew has dried; for the moisture helps to preserve the fragrance. The peasants seem to enjoy their aesthetic job. Troops of gaily dressed girls and young men go through the gardens stripping the buds from the plants. They are dumped in piles before older women who sort them in readiness for their trip to the nearby factories. The buds are placed in retorts with about twice their weight of water and the liquid is then distilled. The resulting liquor is allowed to stand over night in pans. By morning a thin film of a solid oil has risen to the top. This, the attar, is carefully skimmed off, and the remaining rose water is in most cases thrown away.

"The genuine attar of roses is so strong that its odor is not very pleasant. When combined with other materials and so properly diluted, however, the fragrance is delightful. One drop is sufficient to give a pleasing rose odor to a gallon of cologne.

"In 1919 the United States imported over a thousand pounds of attar of roses from Bulgaria. Its cost there was only about $150 a pound. The price of the attar is much greater, of course, by the time it reaches the consumer. The best grades have sold at times for $100 or more an ounce.

"Though Bulgaria is perhaps the best known source of attar of roses, it has no monopoly of the production of this most highly prized of perfumes. In the celebrated Vale of Kashmir, in some parts of China, in some of the oases of Persia, in Egypt, and in Asiatic Turkey the flowers from many acres of roses are concentrated in much the same way. The industry has even invaded the West and is carried on near Leipzig, Germany, and around the famous 'City of Perfumes,' Grasse, in southern France."

* * *

Sand Paintings of Navajos Reproduced.

THE famous sand paintings of the Navajos have been preserved for posterity and the old Indian prophecy of "The Holy Ones," that when all the sand paintings are forgotten and all religious chants die out, the end of the world will come, can be laid aside.

For the sand paintings have been transferred to the walls of the Hotel El Navajo. In placing the paintings on the walls the artists were particular not to depart in the slightest degree from the originals made by "White Singer" and other chiefs.

In the art of the Navajos, painting, music, the dance, poetry and the drama are indivisible and all are the expression of religion. The medicine man is high priest, physician, singer and dancer. He depends upon his memory for every detail and teaches the cult in turn to his followers. The legend reads that when "The Holy Ones" gave the ceremonies to man, the priests were enjoined to memorize them and destroy the originals. This was done, not only to avoid their falling into sacrilegious hands, but principally to write them on the hearts of living men.

They were therefore made in colored sand and destroyed the same day they were made. Thus both paints and charts passed on from generation to generation, changing gradually and many of them fading from the memory of even the oldest priests.

Thus many Indian medicine men were called upon to assist in furnishing the true paintings that remained in their memories, and these were checked by an authority on Navajo customs.

The paintings, all of the sacred rituals of the Navajo, are not intended to be pictorial, but every figure, every line and every dot is a symbol. By the use of symbols only, their painter-priests appealed to the imagination and the heart.

When the Navajo tribe heard that the sand pictures were to be transferred and perpetuated they insisted on dedicating the hotel with the ritual of "The Blessing of the House."

LEG SORES
The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.
Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.
—Adv.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MAKE $5.00 A MONTH PAY YOU $25.00 monthly; you get deed to land—safest thing next to Government bonds. Magnolia figs pay big returns. Demonstrated success. Write for facts about this wonderful industry. Co-operative plan. Endorsed by banks and Chambers of Commerce. Valley Fruit Farm & Garden Co., 462 Union Nat'l Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$5000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUSANDS who invested in Texas lands. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed, interest in well, participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Make no delay. Invest where it pays to win. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

MONEY IN GRAIN.—$12.50 BUYS GUARANTEES 10,000 bu. wheat; no further risk; movement 5c opportunity take $500. Particulars, market letter free. Investors' Guide, 203 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MOVIE STAR PHOTOGRAPHS

MACK SENNETT BATHING BEAUTIES, books, cards, tricks, magic goods, catalog free. Photographic sales, 6975 Pingree, Chicago.

FOR SALE

ALL WOOL YARNS FOR SALE FROM MANUFACTURER 95c up per lb. Golf socks. Free samples. H. A. Bartlett, Dept. K, Harmony, Maine.

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE, $5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $200. Box 425, Carthage, Mo.

TEXAS LANDS

50C ACRE CASH; 50c ACRE MONTHLY buys Texas and Arkansas grazing, farm, of timber land. May become worth thousands in oil. Get particulars. No obligation. Gulf Realty Company, 705 Bedell Building, San Antonio, Texas.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

LANDSEEKERS! ATTENTION! OPPORTUNITY awaits in Michigan; 20, 40, 80 acre tracts; only $10 to $50 down; balance long time. Write for free booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Company, X-1245 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

HOMES

FLORIDA—COMFORTABLE HOME MAIN road, 4 rooms, barn, chicken house, outbuildings (one acre); snap $1000. Terms. Owner, Hannam, Lake City, Fla.

BOOKS

"FROM THE BALLROOM TO HELL."—Mailed anywhere, 25c. L. E. Muncy, 138 E. Pleasant Ave., A, Syracuse, N. Y.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

AMERICA'S GREATEST FORTUNES MADE in this business. Complete outfits sold on easy payments. No experience needed. Opportunities everywhere. Free catalog. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. 15, 724 So. Wabash Av., Chicago.

FOR SALE—MOTORCYCLES

USED MOTORCYCLE BARGAINS—INDIANS, Harleys, Excelsiors at big reductions. $50.00 up. Guaranteed and shipped on approval. Easy payments. Big fall sale now on. Send stamp for free catalog. F. Clymer, the Motorcycle Man, Denver, Colo.

MEDICAL

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book; symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

EYES GRANULATED, INFLAMED OR weak. Guaranteed remedy. Nobles Company, 461-L, Jefferson City, Mo.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROCERY store? Our proposition is better. You can handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries as well as paints, roofing and automobile oils with no rent to pay; no money invested; take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Steady profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 215, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any Bank or Express Co.

$769.10 COFFMAN'S SALES FIRST 2 weeks, town 2500. Sensational Talco kettle corn popper costing $57.50. Shipped on trial. Every owner successful. Talbot Mfg. Co., Dept. 100, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED

MAKE $5 TO $15 DAILY EASY, INTRODUCING latest guaranteed hosiery, for all climates, weather. Must wear, or replaced; 54 styles, 27 colors. No experience or capital needed. Just show samples, take orders; we deliver and collect. Your pay daily in advance; transportation charges paid, monthly bonus besides. 12-hour service. Elegant outfit furnished, all colors, grades, including silks, wools, heathers. Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Square 900102, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MAKE $120 WEEKLY IN SPARE TIME. Sell what the public wants—long distance radio receiving sets. Two sales weekly pays $120 profit. No big investment, no canvassing. Sharpe of Colorado made $955 in one month. Representatives wanted at once. This plan is sweeping the country; write today giving name of your county. Ozarka, 832 Washington Blvd., Chicago.

START AND OPERATE YOUR OWN BUSINESS. Our system proprietary specialty manufacturing offers wonderful opportunity to make $100 to $500 weekly. Openings everywhere. Either men or women. We furnish everything and show you how. Big explanatory book, "The Open Door to Fortune" free. Write for it now. National Scientific Laboratories, 219 Monroe, Richmond, Va.

PHOTO MEDALLION SALESMEN. EARN $100 to $200 every week selling P. & G. photo medallions. No investment—free equipment. Guaranteed 4 day service—send for sales plan and free 1923 catalogue with 102 beautiful designs including clock and religious medallions. Pudlin & Goldstein, 259 Bowery, Dept. C, New York.

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN EVERYWHERE, earn $10.00 to $12.00 daily selling "Superior" products; complete line of rubber specialties for women, misses, children; quick cash sales, permanent business for you. Let us start you in business; write for free folder. Superior Specialty Co., Mfgrs., North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS—CLEAN UP $100 WEEKLY WITH "Nifty Nine"; weekly average 100 sales—dollar profit each. 30-40 sales daily frequently made; demonstrating outfit cinches order. 30 other coin-coaxers, all daily necessities. Postal brings our unique plans. Davis Products Co., Dept. 409, Chicago.

EARN $10 TO $25 A DAY. SELL BEAUTIFUL, durable "Novo" hosiery, knitted neckwear and full-cut shirts. Direct mill to wearer. Complete family line, silks, sport wools. Customer satisfaction defies competition. All or spare time. Investigate. Novo Mills, Dept. B, 3rd & Sedgley, Phila., Pa.

BIG STEADY INCOME. NO INVESTMENT. Protected territory. Sell Harper's ten-use brush set. Sweeps, scrubs, washes windows, cleans walls, etc. Big seller 14 years. Scores making up to $30 daily. Investigate this. Harper Brush Works, 102 B St., Fairfield, Iowa.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHING everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

SELL TAILORING DURING SPARE TIME. Make $10 daily selling our $50 virgin wool tailored to measure suits & overcoats, $31.50 direct to wearer. Beautiful samples free. Monarch Tailoring Co., 100 Fifth Ave., Dept. J-68, New York.

$100 WEEKLY. FREE AUTO. SELLING "Klean-Rite." Washes clothes without rubbing. Sells fast. Quick repeater. Premium plan gets big business. Sample free. Bestever Products Co., 1943-S Irving Park, Chicago.

AGENTS, SELL RICH LOOKING IMPORTED 36x66 rugs, $1 each. Carter sold 115 in 4 days, his profit $57. You can do the same. Write for sample offer. Sample prepaid $1.39 each. E. G. Condon, Importer, 77 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS $5 TO $10 DAILY SELLING DECO Washing Compound. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women wild about it. Big repeater. Free samples boost sales. Exclusive territory. Sample free. Earl J. Degan, 105 Herkimer St., Albany, N. Y.

100% PROFIT IN SELLING BEAUTIFUL imitation diamond stickpins. Have wonderful brilliancy. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send 25c (coin) for sample pin and agents' proposition. Franco, 6423 Vernon Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LIBERAL PROPOSITION FOR LIVE MEN selling new product. Removes iron rust, mildew, ink, grass and fruit stains. Bleaches clothes, cleans straw hats. Write for free sample and start taking orders. C. H. Stuart & Co., 6012 B'Way, Newark, New York.

MEN'S SHIRTS. EASY TO SELL. BIG DEMAND everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Exclusive patterns. Free samples. Chicago Shirt Manufacturers, 241 W. Van Buren, Factory 101, Chicago.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights, tableware, stoves. Complete outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS. LADIES' SILK AND WOOL HOSIERY $2.00 per pair. Over 65% commission. 10 other numbers; we deliver; get the Christmas orders early. Dept. 1924. The Lexington Co., Lexington, Kentucky.

AGENTS: $8 TO $16 A DAY. BRAND NEW cutlery set. You display and take orders. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Sample free. Try it out. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 1615, Dayton, Ohio.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO money required. Lincs Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED (Continued)

AGENTS CLEAR $50.00 WEEKLY SELLING Opaline portraits. Expense money advanced. Credit given. Big line now ready. Samples & catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk 1, Chicago.

SELL MADISON "BETTER MADE" SHIRTS direct from our factory to wearer. No capital or experience required. Easily sold. Big profits. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

THE WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SEX HEALTH and beauty should be in every home. Earn a good living by helping other women. Write for sample outfit. S & V Co., 2539 S. State St., Chicago.

MAKE MONEY SILVERING MIRRORS, all kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfits furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 311 Fifth Ave., New York.

$100.00 WEEKLY WRITING ORDERS FOR sensational $3.95 raincoat. $1.00 gift free to customer makes sales easy. Commission advanced. Jackson Raincoat Co., 1145 Blue Island, Chicago.

WANTED. AN ENERGETIC MAN OR woman to distribute samples and write orders for the greatest household necessity and seller. Home Supply Co., Box A463, Scottsboro, Ala.

PORTRAIT AGENTS—GET MY BOOK ON canvassing, also sample roll free. 24 hour service; prints, portraits, frames. Picture Man Friedman, Dept. 100, 673 Madison, Chicago.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS "CLEANING UP." HOUSEWIVES everywhere talking about wonderful new invention—Perfection Pressure Cooker. Saves money, time, labor. Easy to sell. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 214 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

AGENTS: WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG. 200 sure sellers. House dresses, hosiery, wearing apparel, household articles, novelties, etc. Economy Sales Co., Dept. 257, Boston, Mass.

$60-$200 A WEEK. GENUINE GOLD LETTERS for store windows. Easily applied. Free samples. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 435B, North Clark, Chicago.

ABSOLUTELY FREE BOX BASSETT'S NATIVE Herbs sent to introduce. For constipation, indigestion, headache, rheumatism. Big money, selling all or part time. Established 1879. Bassett, Dept. H, Columbus, Ohio.

EIGHT DOLLARS FOR SEVEN HOURS! Peck's Rivets quickly mend leaky kitchenware. Sell everywhere on sight. Samples free. Box 25c. Peck Company, 3, Medina, N. Y.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARTICLE plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 114 Locust, St. Louis.

START YOUR OWN BUSINESS AS OUR sole agent, selling 100 famous home products. All or spare time. Dr. Blair Laboratories, Dept. 529, Lynchburg, Va.

AGENTS. FREE OFFER CAPTIVATES customers. 20 first day—$20.00 profit. 100 celebrated necessities. National Products Co., 858 Grand, St. Joseph, Mo.

PICTURE FRAMES. ALL SIZES AND styles. Samples absolutely free. Agents send for catalog. Friedman & Co., Martinsburg, Mo.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 126, St. Louis.

THE AUTO-OIL-TESTER SELLS FAST AND is cheap. Use half the oil and eliminate motor troubles. Viscositor Mfg. Co., Toledo, Ohio.

GET OUR FREE SAMPLE CASE—TOILET articles, perfumes and specialties. Wonderfully profitable. La Derma Co., Dept. B, St. Louis, Mo.

CAN YOU SELL FORD SIZE TIRES AT $3.50 each? Write for plan. Details free. American Auto Accessories Co., Sales Dept. 13, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WE PAY $50 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give Ford auto for men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D-40, Parsons, Kansas.

ARMY SHOE AGENTS WANTED: $75 WEEK selling to wearer from sample. No experience necessary. Write Berman's Army Store, Dept. A31, 404 4th, Evansville, Ind.

EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED PEOPLE. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 1333 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

REMNANT STORE: CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—MEN 18 UP. COMMENCE $133 month. Steady. Railway mail clerks. Travel—see country. Schedule examination places—free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 25, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE school. 20 lessons $3. Thousands of students. Emerson Manning, Tappahannock, Va.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS. $1400-$2300 yearly. Many openings. Thirty-six page information booklet free. Chicago Civil Service College, B-51 Kesner Building, Chicago.

EARN $3000 TO $10,000 PER YEAR AS INCOME tax experts and public accountants; send for full details and pamphlet. Adams & Adams, 303 C Broad street, Newark, N. J.

EARN $10.00 TO $35.00 WEEKLY MAILING circulars at home. Outfit, instructions 25c. Damorris, 2205 Gratz, Philadelphia, Pa.

SONG POEMS WANTED

POEMS WANTED—SELL YOUR SONG verses for cash. Submit MSS at once or write New Era Music Co., 103 St. Louis, Mo.

MALE HELP WANTED

RETIRED RAILWAY POSTAL CLERK writes: "My proudest moment was when telegram came to report for duty in Uncle Sam's mail cars. Wish I could live it over again." You can experience that "proud moment" by preparing for railway postal service. Start $133 month; railroad pass; hotel expenses paid. Hold your present job and study for examination held near you. When ready, cut loose and take better job with Uncle Sam. Chance to run on railroad through your town. Older men retiring with pensions. Young men must take their places. Why not you? Test examination free. Columbus Institute, D-17, Columbus, Ohio.

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS MEN. RAILWAY mail clerk examination coming. Let our expert (former Government Examiner) prepare you for this and also rural carrier, post office, customs, internal revenue and other branches. Write today for free booklet. Dept. 64, Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards; established 1909; particulars free. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1964 Broadway, New York.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BEGINNERS $150- $250 monthly, railroads everywhere (which position?). Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

BOYS-MEN. BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXPERTS. $35.00 week. Learn while earning. Write. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 404, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY, travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Columbia, St. Louis.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED. RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. Particulars free. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 6, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN WANTED AS REPRESENTATIVES of Priscilla dress fabrics, dry goods, hosiery, etc. Pleasant work. Good pay. Beautiful samples, instructions furnished. Write Fitzcharles Dry Goods Company, 635 Fitzcharles Bldg., Trenton, N. J.

BIG PROFITS—$60 TO $100 A WEEK— selling exceptional line of sanitary rubber goods from manufacturer to consumer. Household necessities. Quick sales. Get details. American Rubber Products Co., Dept. 1016, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPENING THOSE DESIRING plain home sewing. No canvassing. City; country. To prevent curiosity seekers send twelve cents for sample, information. Good Wear Cloth Co., Inc., Asbury Park, N. J.

WANTED: WOMEN TO DO FANCY WORK at home. Spare hours. Material furnished. Good pay. Stamped envelope brings particulars. Underwood Art Goods Company, Portsmouth, Ohio.

WANTED — WOMEN — GIRLS. LEARN gown making at home. $35.00 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 505, Rochester, N. Y.

$6-$18 A DOZEN DECORATING PILLOW tops at home, experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 188, La Grange, Ind.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODESTONE tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. PATENTED or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

ARMY GOODS

FOR SALE: GENUINE McCLELLAN ARMY saddles, brand new with fenders and luggage carriers $5.95, reclaimed $4.95, army bridles $2.45 f. o. b. Moultrie. Will ship C. O. D. Parcel post or express and allow inspection. Ask for special bargain bulletin. Friedlander Bros., Dept. D, Moultrie, Ga.

PERSONAL

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE SUFFERING from chronic, nervous, blood, skin, kidney or bladder diseases, remember; we have been treating these diseases for over a quarter of a century. Established in 1896. Write; book, symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

CIVIL ENGINEER: 30; BLONDE; WILL marry. No marriage bureau. Please give full descriptions and surroundings of yourself in first letter. Correspondence strictly confidential. No triflers and schemers. Abel, Box 413, Chicago, Ill.

MARRY—JOIN THE HIGH CLASS SELECT club. Many wealthy, honorable, refined members everywhere. Confidential descriptions in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction assured. Long established, reliable. People's Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, Calif.

WORLD'S LEADING MATRIMONIAL CLUB —Thousands worth $5,000 to $400,000, willing to marry. List free. Quick results guaranteed. Honorable Ralph Hyde, 86, San Francisco.

LONELY HEARTS. JOIN OUR CLUB. BE happy, correspondence everywhere, many wealthy; descriptions, photos free; either sex, most successful method. 23 years' experience. Standard Corr. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

100,000 RUSSIAN RUBLES 25c. DRAFTS, currencies and bonds of Germany, Austria, Poland and Hungaria. Write for dealers' terms and territory. George Grigoleit, 20 East Jackson, Chicago.

FRIENDSHIP MAGAZINE—LEADING MATRIMONIAL and correspondence publication. Free. Address, Lacy Brothers, Medina, N. Y.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MEN — OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

WOMEN—ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. NO harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

HAPPY MARRIAGE; CONFIDENTIAL DESCRIPTIONS free in plain sealed envelopes; many wealthy; reliable; established 19 yrs. Bank references. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

LONESOME LADIES! MARRY FOR COMFORT, happiness. Large list descriptions wealthy gentlemen, free. Long established. Confidential. Welfare Club, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

LONELY WIDOW WITH HOME AND ORANGE grove worth $20,000 wishes correspondence with honorable gentleman desiring marriage. Write Adele Church, Box 94, Los Angeles, Calif.

LONELY? BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH our desirable members (many wealthy, marry soon). Each member given personal attention. Very private & confidential. Box 771, Reno, Nevada.

YOUR HOROSCOPE—BUSINESS CHANGES, social, matrimonial prospects. Send birthdate and 10 cents (stamps) for remarkable test reading. Zanya, 202-S, West 105th St., New York.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY? JOIN THE "HOME CORRESPONDENCE Club." Particulars free, confidential. Mrs. Keena, B-23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS. DIRECTORY and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamme Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

JOIN THE CLUB OF JOLLY PEOPLE. EXCHANGE letters and make real sweethearts. Send stamp. Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Florida.

ARE YOU BASHFUL, SELF-CONSCIOUS, easily embarrassed? These troubles overcome. Send dime for particulars. O. Veritas, 1400 Broadway, New York.

LONELY HEARTS—I HAVE A SWEETHEART for you. Exchange letters; make new friends. Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Florida. Send stamp.

MARRY IF LONELY; "HOME MAKER"; hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years' experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

MARRY; MANY RICH. PARTICULARS for stamp. F. Morrison, D-3053 W. Holden St., Seattle, Wash.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DESCRIPTIONS and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

BRITISH GIRLS DESIRE AMERICAN CORRESPONDENTS. Proposition 10c. Clara, 16, Cambridge street, London, S. W., England.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAPER published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

IF SINGLE, SEND 10c FOR PROPOSAL. Largest marriage club in world. Violet Ray, Dennison, Ohio.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS. WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

WEALTHY, PRETTY, AFFECTIONATE girl, would marry. Write enclosing envelope. Doris Dawn, South Euclid, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLICATION for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

HUNDREDS SEEKING MARRIAGE. IF SINCERE enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

MAGIC WORDS! SECRET, SURE METHOD of obtaining anything you want; postpaid for dime. Smedley, 140 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DECIDEDLY ATTRACTIVE LADY WORTH $22,000. Lonely. Will marry. Club, B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

WESTERN WIDOW, RANCH OWNER, 26, would marry. T-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTING introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

BEAUTIFUL, REFINED, EDUCATED, wealthy little widow will marry. Box 511, Huntsville, Ala.

MARRY ME—WEALTHY, BUT OH, SO lonesome. Girlie, Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

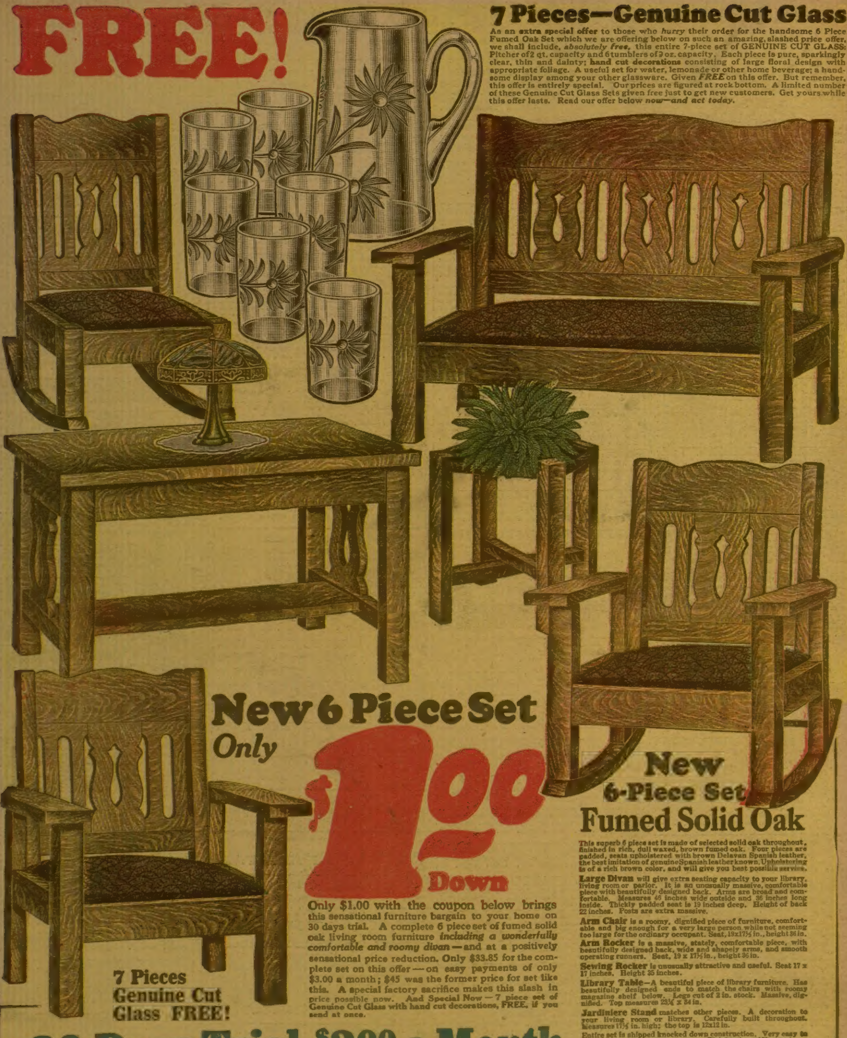
1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Fred Bettscher, 3, Wolf Point, Wisconsin, wishes to hear from or concerning son, George Bettscher, 19 years old. Last heard from in Minneapolis, Minn., on March 1st, 1923. Height, 6 ft.; weight, 160 lbs.; slim; fair complexion, dark hair. Was student in chemistry at University of Minnesota. Father will appreciate information regarding son's whereabouts.

FREE!



7 Pieces—Genuine Cut Glass

As an **extra special offer** to those who *hurry* their order for the handsome 6 Piece Fumed Oak Set which we are offering below on such an amazing, slashed price offer, we shall include, *absolutely free,* this entire 7-piece set of GENUINE CUT GLASS: Pitcher of 2 qt. capacity and 6 tumblers of 9 oz. capacity. Each piece is pure, sparkingly clear, thin and dainty; **hand cut decorations** consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. A useful set for water, lemonade or other home beverage; a handsome display among your other glassware. Given *FREE* on this offer. But remember, this offer is entirely special. Our prices are figured at rock bottom. A limited number of these Genuine Cut Glass Sets given free just to get new customers. Get yours while this offer lasts. Read our offer below *now—and act today.*

New 6 Piece Set

Only

$1.00 Down

Only $1.00 with the coupon below brings this sensational furniture bargain to your home on 30 days trial. A complete 6 piece set of fumed solid oak living room furniture *including a wonderfully comfortable and roomy divan*—and at a positively sensational price reduction. Only $33.85 for the complete set on this offer—on easy payments of only $3.00 a month; $45 was the former price for set like this. A special factory sacrifice makes this slash in price possible now. And Special Now—7 piece set of Genuine Cut Glass with hand cut decorations, FREE, if you send at once.

7 Pieces Genuine Cut Glass FREE!

New 6-Piece Set Fumed Solid Oak

This superb 6 piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Four pieces are padded, seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. Upholstering is of a rich brown color, and will give you best possible service.

Large Divan will give extra seating capacity to your library, living room or parlor. It is an unusually massive, comfortable piece with beautifully designed back. Arms are broad and comfortable. Measures 46 inches wide outside and 36 inches long inside. Thickly padded seat is 19 inches deep. Height of back 22 inches. Posts are extra massive.

Arm Chair is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat, 19x17½ in., height 36 in.

Arm Rocker is a massive, stately, comfortable piece, with beautifully designed back, wide and shapely arms, and smooth operating runners. Seat, 19 x 17½ in., height 36 in.

Sewing Rocker is unusually attractive and useful. Seat 17 x 17 inches. Height 35 inches.

Library Table—A beautiful piece of library furniture. Has beautifully designed ends to match the chairs with roomy magazine shelf below. Legs cut of 2 in. stock. Massive, dignified. Top measures 23¼ x 34 in.

Jardiniere Stand matches other pieces. A decoration to your living room or library. Carefully built throughout. Measures 17½ in. high; the top is 12x12 in.

Entire set is shipped knocked down construction. Very easy to set up. Saves in freight charges. Weight about 175 pounds.

7 Pieces, Genuine Cut Glass FREE

Order by No. B7593VA. $1.00 with coupon, $3.00 a month, price $33.85

30 Days Trial—$3.00 a Month

When you get this magnificent 6-Piece Set, put it in your living room or library and use it freely for 30 days. Note the massive, solid construction, the beautiful fumed oak finish—the fine upholstery and graceful lines. Compare it with anything you can buy locally at anywhere near the same price—even for spot cash. Then if not satisfied for any reason, return the set at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 at once, plus any freight charges you have paid. If you decide to keep the set, start paying only $3.00 a month until you have paid $33.85—payments so low and so convenient that you will scarcely feel them. A full year to pay—at the rate of only a few cents a day. This wonderful value is not listed in our regular catalog. We trust honest people anywhere in the United States. We have only a limited number of sets—so send your order today. **No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit.** No C. O. D.

Free Bargain Catalog

Shows thousands of bargains in home furnishings: furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, phonographs, stoves, dishes, aluminum ware, porch and lawn furniture, etc. All sold on easy terms. Catalog sent free, with or without order. See the coupon.

Cut Price—Send Now!

Don't delay. Just send $1.00 along with the coupon. If you wish to return the set after 30 days, your dollar will be refunded, plus all freight charges which you paid. Remember, this is a special, limited, reduced price offer. **(7 Piece Set of Genuine Cut Glass FREE to those who order at once.)** Get your set while this offer lasts. 30 days trial—we take all the risk—costs you nothing if not satisfied. No obligation. Send counon today—NOW!

Straus & Schram, Dept. 3537, Chicago, Ill.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 3537 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1. Ship special advertised 6-piece Fumed Oak Library Set, with 7-piece Genuine Cut Glass Set, FREE. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set, I will pay you $3.00 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set with the 7-piece cut glass set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 6-Piece Library Set No. B7593VA, $33.85.

Name ....

Street, R.F.D., or Box No. ....

Shipping Point ....

Post Office.............................. *State*..............................

If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here: ☐